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Vol. IV.

No. 1.

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for November 15, 1895.

THE CRY OF THE ARTIST

HAMLIN GARLAND

INGRATES AT BAGSHAW'S

ARTHUR MORRISON

DRAWING

RAYMOND M. CROSBY

ROMEO AND JULIET AND OTHER LOVE STORIES

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THE CRY OF THE ARTIST

I AM afloat now !
O strange and treacherous power,
Where will you carry me ?
I swim like a swimmer at sea.
My arm is strong now,
My face is to the sky,
I see my ideals soar like eagles above me—
But how long can I swim ?
Dare I look down ?
Under me swim my passions and my fears ;
Around me on the shining level of the sea
Others are struggling with weaker arms,
Old men, young lads,
Girls with voices sweet as smitten bells,
And hair floating wide on the water—
They all swim
With faces strained upwards ;
Under them monsters gape,
Over them clouds lure.
Will they sink with me ?
Will they swim when I am sunk ?
O art and song, wheeling high up there
To you I lift my eyes !
For you my arms still throb and swell—
O, shadow me with your promises,
Let your wings drop down on me
Their dapples of purple light !
Shadow me, lure me,
Strengthen me !

Make me forget what swings beneath.

I would swim a little longer.

The cold, green caverns of silence

They do not heed me.

I would swim just a little while—

Strengthen me!

I know that I must fail.

The green deeps are waiting me!

They reach their cold hands for me!

When the sun fails and the clouds grow gray,

Then I must sink.

But help me to live out the day,

In the night I will not care.

I will sink with folded hands,

Content in caves of silence

When the dark night comes—

But not now—not now!

HAMLIN GARLAND.

INGRATES AT BAGSHAW'S

THOUGH it was not in the main road Bagshaw's was a place as well-known as the parish church. It was, indeed, in a by-street, but hard by the end that joined the chief market of the neighbourhood. Bagshaw was a chemist and druggist, and his shop, once filling no more than the space of one room in a six-roomed house, had grown into the houses on each side and up toward their roofs, till, like a great flaming cancer, it had assimilated and transformed the whole triple structure, and, with shop, store-rooms, and what not, left but one old room at the first floor back that was unused by way of trade. It was in this room that old Nye and his wife bestowed themselves at night.

Well it was for them, said many, that they had fallen into the hands of such a man as Mr. Bagshaw : else the work-house had been their portion long since. Old Nye had been a soldier, but all that now remained of his soldiering was a Crimean medal that was never seen. He was a grey, neutral sort of old man, a docile fulfiller of orders, prompted through the world by his wife, and aimless away from her. She grew old, unsteady, and peevish, as, indeed, did he. They snarled at each other by fits, but they were never far apart. To all who would see they stood a monument of Mr. Bagshaw's zeal in good deeds. For twelve years and more had they enjoyed of his charity the shelter of the top back room, such cast-off clothes as could not be sold, and a not infrequent shilling. On their part they

Scrubbed the floors,
Cleaned the windows and the paint,
Polished the brass plates,
Washed the bottles,
Swept,
Dusted,
Carried coals,
Cleaned stoves,
Washed towels and dusters,
Ran on errands,
Licked labels,

and when Mr. Bagshaw was too busy to go home at mid-day they cooked chops and washed plates. When it was muddy, too, old Nye cleaned Mr. Bagshaw's boots, and when it was dry summer he refreshed the shop-front with new paint. What the old couple did with their leisure was not known ; some feared they wasted it in idleness. Others held it ill that comfortable berths should exist for them that had pensions, though most knew that old Nye had none. He was not an interesting old soldier ; he told no stories, and even his

limp, he said, he got from falling off a ladder. When first he came under Mr. Bagshaw's protection he would have liked to wear his medal on his waistcoat, as he had done aforetime; but Mr. Bagshaw taught him that he should rather be ashamed of having once given himself to the trade of murder, and the medal was hidden shamefacedly away.

For Mr. Bagshaw was a man of influence among the meaner minds about him: an elevating force through all Bow. Not a chapel revival meeting but was the goodlier and the juicier for his fervid exhortings—even for his presence: not a prayer-meeting but gained in desert by his copious invocations. He had become stout and round-faced in his prosperity, but the face was pale, smooth and flat, and bore no trace of bodily indulgence that was not respectable. He walked in the street with his head thrown back, the cape of his Inverness cloak flung wide over his shoulders, black silk lining outward, and his expression that of joyous piety. Altogether a man of great popular account. He was a guardian of the poor, and in that capacity had long maintained a dignified struggle against oakum picking in the casual ward: a task dishonouring to the workers, a thing destructive of the dignity of labour and an insult to the higher humanity. More, he was a vestryman: and the navvies found him a ready champion in their protest against the use of pauper labour on the roads. So that his virtues were not unregarded of the people, and, indeed, he had his reward, even in business. In his shop, withal, his excellences shone undimmed. He had no medical or surgical qualifications, yet he freely gave the best advice he could to the suffering poor who came for drugs, and not one was sent empty away, so long as he had some money to offer, however little, for medicine. For, once the sum available were ascertained, it were hard indeed if something could not be made up that should come within the price, and more-

over, leave the shade of profit that was Mr Bagshaw's just due. But some payment there must be, for then was the beneficiary's self-respect and independence maintained; and there was no credit, for debt destroyed the moral fibre. It is the duty of a philanthropist to consider such things for his ignorant neighbours.

And so Mr. Bagshaw, diligent in his business, prospered in well-doing. Even his maintenance of Old Nye and his wife was not all loss. In addition to the services their natural gratitude prompted them to render, there came two several five pound notes from an officer of Nye's old regiment whose servant the old man had been, and these went some way toward repayment for their lodging and expenses, which, indeed, were not over-large after all. Moreover, there was no necessity for a boy, nor for a charwoman. Still, there were vexations. The Nyes grew old and ineffectual. Their admiration of their patron's discourses and invocations led them to his chapel in clothes that were disgraceful to a respectable place of worship, and reflected discredit on himself; to these intrusions, however, he put an end. Then it was found that Nye had pawned his old silver watch—had gone straight from Mr. Bagshaw's establishment into a low pawnshop, and had probably been seen. True, he was penitent, when taxed with the fault, but the thing was done.

But chiefly, the old couple aged fast. There came a time when old Nye was unsafe on the steps as he cleaned the windows, and when, in fact, the windows were very ill cleaned. His sight was bad, too, and he knocked down jars. He grew slow on errands, and forgot them half-way. Once he broke a window as he staggered by with a shutter; he could not carry a scuttle without dropping a trail of coal, and bottles, in the washing, slipped from his shaking hands and smashed. The mild young shop assistant helped him, but he had work of his own, and there was no concealing

the old man's uselessness. He felt it himself, and strove to hide it in a show of alacrity and nimbleness that made things worse. As for the old woman, though her wits remained the clearer, she failed otherwise worse than he. She would drop in a heap from her chronic rheumatism, and her share of the charing would fall to be done by Old Nye, unequal to his own. Old Nye and his missis were worn out.

Clearly, the thing could not go on thus. Bagshaw's with smeared windows, half-polished brass, dirty floors—it would never do. Somebody else must be found to do the work. Certainly it would come more expensive, but it could not be helped; and by the favour of providence the business could well afford it. The question was how to get rid of old Nye and his wife. Popular as Mr. Bagshaw was, a little thing might destroy the general remembrance of his years of patient benignity. Fortunately a way presented itself.

Not far from Bagshaw's was a public-house where forms and trestle-tables still stood in front as they had done when Bow was a green village. Old Nye was passing this place on some dimly-remembered errand, when a greengrocer's man said to three soldiers with whom he sat, "Look at that; 'e's a old soldier—Crimea. Ain't very bloomin', is 'e, not to look at?" Old Nye heard himself hailed, and one of the soldiers reaching out, seized him by the arm. "'Scuse me, guv'nor, you're going past the canteen. Come—do n't be proud, if we *are* on'y young 'uns." And he drew old Nye to the seat beside him.

The old man would not stay long, for he had his errand, and must not seem slow. He was dull and pre-occupied, and only answered "Thank ye kindly," and replied to whatever was said with doubtful stammers and mumblings. But the beer comforted him, and presently he went his way with firmer steps.

Few of her neighbours' faults escaped the eyes and ears of Mrs. Webster, moralist. Indeed, she had observed the whole circumstances of old Nye's detention, from the door of the adjoining greengrocer's. Determined that Mr. Bagshaw should at least know how his forbearance was abused, she hastened at once to that philanthropist with a full report. Was it right that his dependent should thus openly disgrace him, carousing with common soldiers before a public-house?

Deeply pained as Mr. Bagshaw was, he saw his duty clearly. The Nyes must go. If all his years of patient effort had failed to arouse in them the proper moral sense, then the attempt was futile. Sorrowfully, but with unmistakable firmness, he announced his determination to old Nye. The old man stared and gulped, and clutched at the counter with the nearer hand. His gaze wandered round the shop and he mumbled dismally, but he said nothing. Having discharged a painful duty with a proper observance, Mr. Bagshaw retired behind the shop.

It was at least an hour ere old Nye came to Mr. Bagshaw, and, feebly and with a trembling dryness of the mouth, besought a reconsideration—at least a respite. His wife was bad just then (she was, indeed, in bed at the moment) but would be better soon. They separated man and wife in the workhouse; and, perhaps, in a little while he could find another place. He was truly sorry; it should not occur again; and so forth. But Mr. Bagshaw's resolve was not to be shaken by mere words. This much he conceded, nevertheless: that the pair should stay till the end of the week. For he reflected that he was not yet prepared with any one to succeed them.

Old Nye did his futile best with the duties of both till Friday, when the old woman appeared again and went about her work as she had not done for months; so that Mr. Bagshaw half thought of the possibility of keeping her without

her husband. In the dinner-hour, while Mr. Bagshaw was away, she talked to the mild assistant with deferential flattery, offered to clean down his shelves behind the dispensing screen, and asked a respectful question or two about the drugs she found there. At closing time that night as the assistant reached his coat he heard old Nye say in the back scullery:—

“There ’ll be the brass to clean fust thing in the mornin’; I’ll go down the yard an’ mix the ile and brickdust ready.”

“Not to night,” answered the old woman. “Rest now, Tom.”

The mild assistant had never heard old Nye’s Christian name before.

* * * * *

In the morning the assistant found the shutters still up. He carried a key of the shop-door, however, and passed in. Nobody was about. He called up the stairs and out into the yard, but was not answered. Then he went up to the door of the little bedroom and knocked vigorously. Still there was no sound. He called. The door was not locked, so presently he pushed it open.

The blind was down, and the old iron bedstead, with its ragged heap of bed, lay in shadow. There was a close smell of guttered candle, and another smell, slighter and subtler. He pulled the blinds aside, and the light fell on a pillow and on a man’s face, livid, blue, and staring, with set teeth and frothy lips. He started back, tearing the rotten blind from its roller; and there on the bed’s edge, as in act of mounting it, lay huddled another body, trailing to the floor a skinny shank, knotted and monstrous at the knee.

He ran into the street, aghast, shouting. People gathered and policemen came. When the stairs were mounted again the smell of guttered candle was still to be perceived, but the fainter scent of prussic acid had fled on the fresher air.

Under the woman's clenched hand lay a blue phial with a staring label. It was one, the assistant saw, from a shelf behind the dispensing screen. When they came to look at the spot whence it had been taken, there, in a little heap, lay a pierced penny-piece, three half-pence, and a blackened old Crimean medal.

Sympathy for Mr. Bagshaw was general through all Bow
ARTHUR MORRISON.

ROMEO AND JULIET AND OTHER LOVE STORIES

ROMEO AND JULIET—THE AGE OF LOVE—ROMANTIC LOVE AND MODERN LOVE—LOVE AND MARRIAGE—"SOME OLD LOVE STORIES"—THE LOVES OF THE CARLYLES.

LOVE! Love! Love! The air is full of it as I write, though the autumn leaves are falling. Shakespeare's immortal love-poem is playing amid the cynicism of modern London, like that famous fountain of Dickens's in the Temple gardens. The "largest circulation" has barely ceased to flutter the middle-class breakfast-table with discussions on "the Age of Love," and Little Billee and Trilby—America's "Romeo and Juliet"—loom large at the Haymarket. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, forgetting even Napoleon, his King Charles's head, is ruling high at the libraries with *réchauffés* of "Some Old Love Stories," and the "way of a man with a maid" is still the unfailing topic of books and plays. One would almost think that Coleridge was to be taken "at the foot of the letter"—

"All pains, all passions, all delights
That stir this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

But alas ! suffer me to be as skeptical as Stevenson in *Virginibus Puerisque*. In how many lives does Love really play a dominant part ? The average tax-payer is no more capable of a "grand passion" than of a grand opera. Natheless Love remains an interest, an ideal, to all but the hopeless Gradgrinds, and many a fashionable maid, with an eye for an establishment, will shed tears when Mrs. Patrick Campbell, martyr to unchaffering love, makes her quietus with a bare dagger.

The new reading of "Juliet" has naturally caused the doctors to disagree. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in a curious dilemma. She is an apostle with a mission—the priestess of the Natural. People are to "act" on the stage as they would "act" in real life. Unfortunately, most of the plays have already been written—by no means with a view to Naturalism. Consequently, when she comes to act in these plays, she finds herself—and makes no secret of it—at perpetual odds with her author, who is frequently deceased and inconvertible. In a play by a new author, in sympathy with the trend of things, which is undoubtedly in the direction of stage naturalism, the actress has more chance of being *en rapport*. If she could write her own plays—and there are certain parts she hankers to play—the difficulty might be eased. But even so there would remain the whole range of classic drama, particularly Shakespearian drama; and here the natural methods strike a jarring note. After all, as Goethe says, we call Art Art because it is not Nature. The atmosphere of romantic drama is not a combination of oxygen and nitrogen with perhaps—to be ultra-modern—a little argon. 'Tis mental, rather than elemental: a rare æther of æsthetic emotion. People do not talk blank-verse in drawing-rooms. The poetry of Shakespeare is as artificial as the masks and buskins of the Greek stage. Its aim is to create an artistic heightening of reality,



DRAWING BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

and, indeed, quite as much an aloofness from reality as an approximation to it. And yet, nevertheless, the finest poetry is but the quintessence of reality. Not the most gifted lovers in the world could have exchanged the speeches in the balcony-scene: Pericles colloquing with Aspasia must have been banal in comparison. But it is the genius of Shakespeare interpreting for humanity—as by exquisite music—the full poetry of young passion, itself in reality mute, and incapable of translating itself into felicitous expression. Do you remember what Stevenson says of “style”: that conversation is an attempt—mostly ineffective—to express, to picture our inner selves? Well, what the ordinary person cannot do, that the dramatist does for him; he is falsely true in expressing his characters out of their own mouths. In playing the poetic drama one must accept the convention—one must live and move several planes above mere reality. As well might an Athenian actor refuse to don the mask because Agamemnon or Antigone opposed a human face to doom. As well might a prima donna refuse to sing an operatic solo because real conversation is conducted less melodiously, or omit her share of a duet because it is not customary in society for two persons to make the same remarks in different but accidentally harmonious tones. Some one has asked: Who, listening to music, would ever say again that verbal language could be too exaggerated, too poetic? The poetry of *Romeo and Juliet* is the word-music of love. That Mrs. Patrick Campbell interprets much of it exquisitely, everybody is agreed; but in so far as she reads the temperament of our anæmic age into the robustious life of the fourteenth century, and in so far as she ignores the necessary refraction of Art, she is not the Juliet that Shakespeare drew.

Like the Bible, Shakespeare will be interpreted afresh by every age. That which is vital has always this capacity for

fresh stimulation. But there are limits to the elasticity even of texts and characters. Juliet is a child of the Mediæval, that picturesque epoch when even men and women were only splendid children. And she is also a child of the Muses, the mouthpiece of Shakespeare's own lyric rapture.

"Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed Night,
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars.
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

How speak these heaven-kissing dithyrambs "naturally"? Perhaps that is why they were cut out. If Mrs. Patrick Campbell wants to talk naturally (not to say naturistically) on the stage, let her play Miss Prue in Congreve's *Love for Love*, for Miss Prue is Juliet done into comic prose.

"*Tattle* : I must make love to you, pretty Miss : will you let me make love to you?

Miss P. : Yes, if you please.

Tatt. : Frank, egad, at least !

Miss P. : Well, how will you make love to me? Come, I long to have you begin. Must I make love, too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. : Do you think you can love me?

Miss P. : Yes.

Tatt. : You must not say yes already. I shan't care a farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miss P. : Why, must I tell a lie, then?

Tatt. : Yes, if you 'd be well-bred.

Miss P. : Oh, Gemini ! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies, but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. : Well, my pretty creature, will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. : No, indeed ; I 'm angry at you

[*Runs and kisses him.*"]

Concerning the perfections of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Romeo there is little dispute. But Mr. Clement Scott gives it as a "curious comment" of his own on the new Lyceum Romeo—and wonders if it struck anybody else—that Mr Forbes-Robertson would make an admirable Hamlet. But why this wonder? As Hazlitt long ago pointed out, "Romeo is Hamlet in love." Mr. Archer's criticism likewise seems to forget that Romeo is not merely Juliet translated into the masculine. The most dubious feature of the revival is that the play is "docked i' the tail," as Browning would say. Why sacrifice the unity of the whole—that reconciliation of Montague and Capulet over the body of the ill-starred lovers, which makes their fate widen out into larger issues? But, as Mr. William Poël has demonstrated by his reproductions of the Elizabethan stage, the real Shakespeare is very different from the Shakespeare of the footlights. 'T is not only that the plays are cut voluminously,—so much everybody knows—but that they are cut disproportionately. To enable star actors and actresses to hold the centre, the minor personages and episodes are sacrificed so ruthlessly that the balance of the characters and the perspective of the story are quite lost. Nay, in some instances characters have only become of the centre because they have been the stock rôles for the sovereigns of the footlights, the cuts being made around them. Note, in illustration, how—even without cuts the whole perspective shifts when the actor-manager plays Iago instead of Othello. And even in reading Shakespeare, so blinded are we by the long stage tradition, that we cannot easily readjust the proportions; though it must be confessed that, even in reading him, we sometimes long for the stage-manager's blue pencil. What vile puns in *Romeo and Juliet*!

"The stage is more beholding to Love than the life of man," says Bacon. The *Daily Telegraph* is perhaps even

more "beholding" to it. The ingenuity with which this great organ raises the cloyless topic every silly season under another name, is beyond all praise. No conclusion will ever be arrived at, of course, because "Love" means a different thing with each correspondent, and it is difficult to lay down general truths about a relation that varies with each of the countless couples that have ever experienced it, or fancied they experienced it. The set theme of a newspaper correspondence always reminds me of a nervous old lady crossing the roadway: she runs this way and that way, gets splashed by every passing wheel, jumps back, jumps forward again, finds temporary harbour on a crossing-stage under a lamp, darts sideways, and ends by arriving in another street altogether. So that the heading of a correspondence is scant guide as to what is being discussed under it; and no one would be surprised to find a recipe against baldness under the title of "The Age of Love." But then "The Age of Love" is an absurd and answerless question. Experience shows that all ages fall in love—and out again; so that, to quote the pithy Bacon again, "a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will." Octogenarians elope, and Mr. Gilbert's elderly baby died a *blasé* old *roué* of five. Romeo's passion was a second, not a first, love: he had already loved Rosaline. Juliet's first—and only love—came to her only eleven years after she had been weaned, "come Lammas." Save that the "Age of Love" may be said to be "Youth"—for Love aye rejuvenates—there is nothing to be said. Wherefore the German gentleman who protested against the *clichés* of novel-writers in the matter of the eternity of passion was well within the wilderness of the subject. The "*cliché*" metaphor, by the way, is itself becoming a "*cliché*," so stereotyped do we grow in protesting against the stereotyped. Germans are, perhaps, not the best authorities on passion: they are too sentimental for

love and too domestic for romance. Still our German is justified in his complaint: the love-scenes in our novels and dramas corresponds very little to human nature. In works of pure romance, as I have pointed out, this is no drawback to artistic beauty; but in much modern work purporting to mirror contemporary life, the love-making has neither the beauty that springs from idealisation, nor that which springs from reality. Property-speeches and stock-sentiments still do duty for what really takes place in modern love-making. We have played with the traditional puppets so long that we have come to believe they are alive. They may have been alive once—when life was more elemental; they still exist, perchance, in those primitive conditions which are really the past surviving into the present. But in no field of human life is there greater need of fresh observation than in this of love. The ever-increasing subtlety and complexity of modern love have not yet found adequate registration and interpretation in art. Art always seems to me a magic mirror in which the shapes of the past are held long after they have passed away. The author of to-day looks not into his heart—but into the mirror—and writes. Primitive Love found its poet in Longus the Greek, with his *Daphnis and Chloe*; but who has given us Modern Love? Not Meredith himself, despite his sonnets; though *The Egotist* is a terrible analysis of a modern lover, as saddening as the “Modern Lover” by George Moore. The poets are ill guides to love. Their passions are half-fantastic, if not of imagination all compact. Shelley’s “Epipsychidion” was the expression of a passing mood; Tennyson’s “Come into the Garden, Maud,” a lyric exaltation that must have died down when Maud appeared, and could in any case scarce have survived its fiftieth rewriting; Rossetti’s interpretation of “The House of Life” is as purely individual as Patmore’s “Angel in the House”; Swinburne sings of phan-

tasms ; we can no more take our poets for types of modern lovers than we can accept Dante or Petrarch as representatives of the mediæval lover. These poets used their goddesses as mystic inspirers. Dante was not in love with Beatrice, the daughter of Portinari, but with his own imagination ; she married Simone as he Gemma, and thus he was still able to worship her. The devotion of Petrarch to Laura did not prevent his having children by another lady. If we turn to modern prose-writers we fail to find any really subtle treatment of Modern Love. Henry James himself shrinks from analysing it, even allusively and insinuatingly. Zola's handling of the love-theme is as primary as Pierre Loti's, for Zola has the eye for masses, not for individual subtleties. Tolstoi, informed by something of the rage of the old ascetics, is too iconoclast ; Maupassant's stories sometimes suggest a cynicism as profound as Chamfort's or that old French poet's who wrote :

“Femme, plaisir de demye heure,
Et ennuy qui sans fin demeure.”

Ibsen is as idealistic as Strindberg is materialist. Shall we seek light in the modern lady-novelist, with her demand for phases of passion suited to every stage of existence? Shall we fall in with the agnosticism of John Davidson, and admit that no man has ever understood a woman, a man, or himself, and *vice versa*? 'T is seemingly the opinion of Nordau that, after the first flush of youth, we do but play “The Comedy of Sentiment,” feigning and making believe to recapture

“That first lyric rapture.”

And his friend Auguste Dietrich writes :

“Se faire vivement désirer et paraître refuser alors ce qu'elle brûle d'accorder . . . voilà la comédie que de tout temps ont jouée les femmes.”

Not quite a fair analysis, this : like all cynicism it is crude. Juliet for one did not play this comedy, though she was aware of the *rôle*.

“Oh, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo.”

Nor is it always comedy, even when played. Darwin in his “Descent of Man” recognizes a real innate coyness, and that not merely of the female sex, which has been a great factor in improving the race. And, since we are come to the scientific standpoint, let it be admitted that marriage is a racial safeguard which does not exhaust the possibilities of romantic passion. Nature, as Schopenhauer would say, has over-baited the hook. Our capacities for romance are far in excess of the needs of the race : we have a surplus of emotion, and Satan finds mischievous vent for it. We are confronted with a curious dualism of soul and body, with two streams of tendency that will not always run parallel : *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. This it is that makes M. Bourget's *Cruel Enigme*. Perhaps the ancients were wiser, with whom the woman had no right of choice, passing without will from father to husband. When the Romans evolved their concept of the marriage-contract, between man and woman instead of between father and son-in-law, the trouble began. Emancipated woman developed soul and sentiment, and when Roman Law conquered the world, it spread everywhere the seeds of romance. Romance—the very etymology carries its history, for 'tis only natural that the first love-stories should have been written in the language of Rome. Nor is it inapt that the typical lover should recall Rome by his name :

“O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?”

MR. O'CONNOR'S "Some Old Love Stories" is a notable instance of the superiority of biographies to novels. When one sees how love manifests itself in real life, when one envisages real human beings as they move and breathe under T. P.'s vivid pen, one forgives the men who refuse altogether to read novels.

The longest study in Mr. O'Connor's fascinating book is the "Carlyle and his Wife." The general impression T. P. conveys of Carlyle is so unpleasant that one only gets the taste out of one's mouth by turning to Carlyle himself, and then one asks oneself whether Carlyle's work was n't worth having even at the cost of two broken hearts. Art and literature cannot be had without pain, and the suicide of Shelley's girl-wife in exchange for some of his lyrics was a very good bargain for a world wherein so many lives are sacrificed to no obvious purpose.

Carlyle was not of the stuff of which happy souls are made; he was of the race of Prometheus, and in almost a literal sense the vultures fed on his liver. T. P. hints that Carlyle's complaints about insomnia were exaggerated; and yet what can be more pathetically demonstrative of their truth than Professor Tyndall's account of the old man's rapture after unexpectedly sleeping? "Never before did I see Carlyle's countenance glow with such happiness. It was seraphic. I have often thought of it since. He looked at me with boundless blessedness in his eyes and voice: 'My dear friend, I am a totally new man,—I have slept nine hours without once waking.' " That Mrs. Carlyle likewise suffered hopelessly from insomnia does not inculpate her husband, though it heightens the mutual tragedy. At Craigenputtock Carlyle sought isolation for his work, creating that separation "which," says Mr. O'Connor, "was one of Mrs. Carlyle's greatest grievances. He did not see her from breakfast till four p. m.: was alone at his work,

in his walks, in his talk, in his bed-chamber." But the average husband who goes to the city or "down town" is an equal absentee; and has not Andrew Lang suggested that the infelicity of literary marriages may be due to the husband doing his work at home? A certain separation is necessary to avoid mutual boredom, and to give spice to the hours of reunion. It is true that Craigenputtuck was thirteen miles from anywhere. T. P. wastes a great deal of space and ingenuity on a theory of Carlyle's deficiency in that passion "which makes the world go round." His love was too spiritual for Jane Welsh, and this, according to our essayist, was the real secret tragedy of the Carlylean *ménage*. Froude himself is supposed to indicate this "as frankly as need be." "There is not a hint in any way that he had contemplated as a remote possibility the usual consequences of marriage, a family—and children." What "a family" and "children" may be, I cannot for the life of me make out, but surely only cold-blooded lovers trouble themselves about future contingencies: most of us are absorbed in each other; and Carlyle was the last man in the world to sully his ardent and impulsive affection for his Jeanie with frigid politico-economical considerations. This is all that Froude could have meant. The theory is absurd of a virile Scotch peasant. As to T. P.'s accessory arguments, they are as absurd as the theory. *Because* Carlyle remembered that on the evening of the day on which he first met Jane Welsh there was a red, dusky sunset, *therefore* he was the very converse of Jane Welsh. She was passionate and not sentimental, he was sentimental and not passionate. "The opulent hope that is inspired by a red sunrise, the divine peace that inundates the soul from a beautiful sunset, reach us through the avenues of the senses; but such enthusiasms belong usually to the temperaments in which tenderness and sensitiveness of the nerves shut out the

robustness of ardent passion." This is about as childish as Mill's theory of the correlation of intellect and chastity; but T. P. follows his will o' the wisp through the love-passages of *Sartor Resartus*, and complacently concludes that with men of genius love produces a "ferment not so much of their passions as of their imaginations." The real truth about this immortal couple is, I have reasons to believe, quite the reverse of what T. P. suspects. He has got hold of the key that unlocks the tragic mystery, but he has turned it the wrong way. It was rather the wife who had too little capacity for passion. And, whatever she had to suffer from Carlyle's careless tyranny and gloomy humours, still it ought to have been a satisfaction to a woman of such brilliant parts to live in daily contact with such an intellect. She seems to have found Carlyle's company stimulating enough before marriage: could she not, I wonder, have taken more interest in the books he was writing, so that, instead of silently perpending, he should talk his points over with her? But, as a matter of fact, except during the Lady Ashburton period, the marriage *was* such a companionship—witness her literally killing anxiety as to the success of his Lord Rector speech.

The selfishness of Carlyle was not willful, even though it be inexcusable. It was blindness; his soul was rapt away from the real world around him, and lived amid great men and picturesque mobs. And it must not be forgotten that the artist, inasmuch as he lives a double life, comes under two sets of standards, and it is something if he satisfies one. Egoistic as Carlyle may have been as a man and a husband, as an artist he was impeccable. He yielded neither to the temptation of gold nor of shoddy work. His energy was herculean, his labour supremely conscientious, his perseverance equalled his genius. Verily he could "toil terribly," this man who could re-write *The French Revolution* after the

first manuscript had been destroyed. That men of letters and painters and musicians are not immaculate the world knows well enough; but ere it points the Pharisaic finger of scorn, let it remember to make the distinction between the conscienceless in both life and art, and those whose artistic conscience is at least clear. And let it remember that the artistic part of him is to the artist his own inmost reality, and that, as was the case with Carlyle, he may in the service of his art be even unconscious of his lapses from common morality. The prophet was a weak and sinful creature—perhaps. But did he prophesy from the heart of him, or was he a charlatan posing for money in the marketplace? That is the question to be considered in the matter of great men. Owing to the double nature of the artist, four logical possibilities arise. He may be a good man and a dishonest artist, or a bad man and an honest artist, or a bad man and a dishonest artist, or a good man and an honest artist. While there can be no question as to the supreme greatness of the fourth variety, or as to the turpitude of the third, casuists might wrangle eternally over the alternative of the first two. Should a painter turn out pot-boilers to support his family, or should he neglect his domestic duties to follow his artistic ideals? Is a highly respectable musician, who makes large royalties on his ballads, better than his neighbour who combines the unrewarded creation of the music of the future with general impropriety? In fine, whatever you may feel about Carlyle's character, pray bear in mind the terrible amount of morality that went to make those wonderful books, and which is stored up in them like force in nitro-glycerine; and if you are an ordinary hum-drum person, who contributes nothing to the world's treasury, it will become you better to say grace than to pronounce judgment. And, whatever you may think of the rights and wrongs of the

Carlyle household, remember the shrewd thing that Tennyson said about it—the shrewdest thing any one has said about it—that it was a blessing they had married each other, for otherwise there would have been four unhappy people instead of two.

Well, we have talked a great deal about love, and it all seems very sad, and one can scarcely do better than take the final word from America's *Romeo and Juliet*, from the quotation in "Trilby": "Plaisir d'amour dure pour un moment, chagrin d'amour—c'est pour la vie."

I. ZANGWILL.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- CONSTANTINOPLE: By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated, small 4to, \$1.50.
- LADY BONNIE'S EXPERIMENT: By TIGHE HOPKINS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, 75c.
- SIR QUIXOTE OF THE MOORS: By JOHN BUCHAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, 75c.
- MENTICULTURE: By HORACE FLETCHER. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 12mo.
- COLONIAL DAMES AND GOOD WIVES: By ALICE MORSE EARLE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, \$1.50.
- KITWYK STORIES: By ANNA EICHBERG KING. New York: The Century Co. 12mo, \$1.50.
- LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE: By ANNA L. BICKNELL. New York: The Century Co. Illustrated, 8vo, \$2.25.
- NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE: By E. S. NADAL. New York: The Century Co. 16mo, \$1.00.
- THE RIVALRIES OF LONG AND SHORT CODIAC: By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. New York: The Century Co. 16mo, \$1.00.
- A MADERIA PARTY: By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., LL. D., (Harvard). New York: The Century Co. 16mo, \$1.00.
- ON THE POINT: By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. Illustrated, 16mo.
- A MAD MADONNA AND OTHER STORIES: By L. CLARKSON WHITELOCK. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 16mo.
- HANDBOOK OF THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN BOSTON: Compiled by HERBERT SMALL. Boston: Curtis & Co. Illustrated, small 4to, 10c.
- THERE CAME A DAY: By HARVEY HINTON. Chicago: Allen & Co. 12mo, 50c.



THE ROPE DANCER

CLAUDE F. BRAGDON



¶ "I can't believe that," said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitiful tone. "Try again; draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed.

"There's no use trying," she said, "one *can't* believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Poor Alice, and poor moderns we, of whom she is the type! A whole philosophy of life is told us jestingly, and we cannot see it. Although nothing is so conducive to flexibility of mind and comfort of spirit as this same faculty of believing the impossible, no one is willing even to "draw a long breath and shut his eyes."

We have few beliefs where we might have many and might make life flower with beauty. If I attempt philoso-

phic dialectics I shall flounder beyond my depth, so let me say now that this goes much beyond the readings of fairy tales to children, and a cheerful belief in the "Romantic Revival." The first may well be discussed in "mother's meetings," and the second is already a fit subject for the consideration of suburban literary clubs.

Everyone of us knows—deep down in his heart—that arguments never were convincing and that logic has no more to do with beliefs than with schoolgirls. It is all a matter of will and wish ; and it is therefore

rather a pity not to cultivate a sturdy independence of truth and believe in the changeless beauty of love and hatred, the spotlessness of our childhood's heroes, the sincerity of Mr. Grant Allen, and finally the brilliant work of the younger American writers.

That I have sometimes believed so many as two impossible things before breakfast may serve to explain why, at this special season, I am thankful.

Private and personal reasons, in truth, I have not ; but publicly, it were in a manner disrespectful to the President of these United States did I not join with my neighbors in rejoicing.

Primarily I proclaim my belief in the unending supremacy of the American author : in the continual spark of genius in his work. It is true that in England they have a dozen clever writers to our one ; it is true that their younger men seem sometimes to have really unusual gifts ; it is true they have William Watson and John Davidson and Kenneth Grahame and Richard Le-



Gallienne and G. S. Street and Arthur Morrison and I. Zangwill, and H. G. Wells; but have we not—on the other hand—our own Anna Katharine Green and Marie St. Felix and Laura Jean Libby and Edward W. Bok and Elbert Hubbard and Gwendola Inch and C. Felix Tommy Lafont? Have we not Richard Harding Davis? and pray what has England to show comparable to the miraculously prolific A. Marion Crawford, who reminds one of Mr. Carruther's invention—a cross of a bumble bee and a firefly, which produced a creature that could work all night as well as all day.



Others of less buoyant natures might see in all this discouragement "Mais moi, je vois la vie en rose." Others may urge that England is favoured in its critical journals, and they may enjoy the *Saturday Review* and the *Realm* and the *Speaker*; but for me—have I not my own *Critic*, and has not the *Critic* the interest of literature and art near to the heart? Is it not also encouraging to native talent and to literary aspirants? What English papers would ever have given the space the *Critic* did to "Trilby and Trilbyana"? Would the *Athenæum* or the *Academy* ever have offered prizes for the best poem on "bicycles and bicycling"? Never, I believe. It is the American paper which shows discrimination and the true taste for literature. I am thankful for that.



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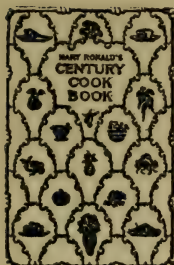
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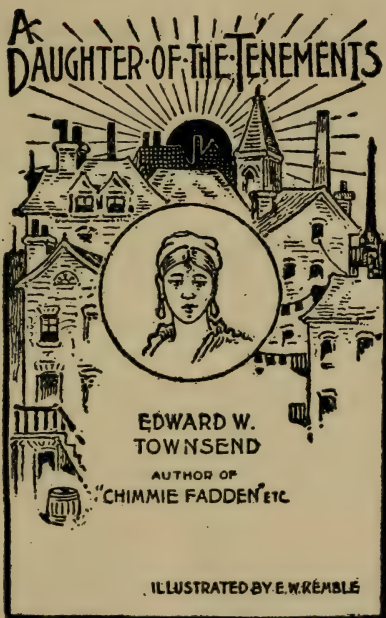
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Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for December 1, 1895.

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THE QUATRAIN

A SINGLE fancy does not do
To last an epic poem through;
The sea is more than one small drop.—
Make it a quatrain then and stop.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

O, THAT WAY MADNESS LIES

A Play for Marionettes

PERSONS

A PÈRE DE FAMILLE. (He is deaf—almost.)
A MÈRE DE FAMILLE. (She is blind—almost.)
A JEUNE FILLE, their daughter, (She is insane—almost.)
A VIEILLE FEMME.
HER PARROT,
THREE MAIDENS,
A DUMB SHOW of SEVEN PORTERS,
Seven times Seven OLD MEN who carry banners,
Other Auxiliaries.

A small room, strangely narrow and low-ceiled. At either end of it a glass door flanked on each side by a little window. Close to one door the Père de Famille and the Mère de Famille sit vis-à-vis, knees touching, and regard the sinking sun across a flat landscape set with pollarded willows. Close to the other door sits their daughter, her hands passively folded, and contemplates the rising October moon, whose full circle is reflected in marshy waters. Overhead a

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single lamp shows as a pallid opalescent disc, and underfoot a dull but continuous rumble accompanies all things said and done.

THE DAUGHTER (*speaking into vacancy*). I am at home.

THE FATHER (*anxiously, to the Mother*). Eh? What does she say?

THE MOTHER (*loudly*). She is at home. She says she is at home.

THE FATHER. She is at . . . ?

THE MOTHER. At home. She is at home.

THE FATHER. Ah!—She is at home.

THE MOTHER. Yes, but she is not at home. I think she is worse. We do well to go forward.

THE FATHER. She is not worse.

THE MOTHER. After all, she feels at home, I think she is better. We should do well to turn back.

THE FATHER. She is not better.

THE MOTHER. Not better?

THE FATHER. She is the same. Rest quiet.

[An apparition, short and sudden, of a cleft and solitary cypress-tree rising in a graveyard.]

THE MOTHER. What is she doing?

THE FATHER. What is she . . . ?

THE MOTHER. What is she doing, I ask. Tell me; tell me!

THE FATHER. She twists her hands. She stares abroad.

THE MOTHER. What does she see?

THE DAUGHTER. My sewing—will no one bring it to me? I left it above in my little chamber on the chimney-piece. The needle is sticking in the hem.

THE MOTHER (*whimpering*). My poor Ursule!

THE FATHER. What does she see? She sees the marshes, the clouds, the canals, the windmills; she sees a man just outside who presents a folded flag.

THE MOTHER. There have been others.

THE FATHER. There will be others still.

THE MOTHER (*suddenly*). She moans.

THE FATHER. She . . . ?

THE MOTHER. She moans.

THE FATHER. I do not know. There are tears on her cheek.

[Dead leaves sweep by, like a trailing flight of nocturnal birds, The sound of a bell, above all other sounds.]

THE MOTHER. Hark! It is a wedding bell.

THE DAUGHTER. My poor little garment must be ready.

THE FATHER. I hear it, too, It is a funeral-bell.

THE MOTHER. It may be both.

THE FATHER. Or neither.

THE MOTHER. She knows.

THE DAUGHTER. Will no one bring it to me?

THE FATHER. Perhaps she does, She writhes, She waves her arms.

THE MOTHER. Could *he* but see her now!

THE FATHER. We cannot blame *him*!

[The first star of evening appears, A will-o'-the-wisp rises from the marsh, attempts to mount skyward, and falls back into the weeds and the slime.]

THE MOTHER. No; he was too high,

THE FATHER. And we were too humble,

[A second star appears. The two dance toward each other and merge into one. The will-o'-the-wisp flickers and expires.]

THE MOTHER. Nor can we blame *her*.

THE FATHER. What do you say? Louder—louder! This uproar—it is too much!

THE MOTHER. I say we cannot blame her, either,

THE FATHER. Her? Whom?

THE MOTHER. Her,—her! That other, The third, (*Suddenly reaching out her arms toward her Daughter*), My poor Ursule!

THE FATHER. Leave her alone, She is better so.

THE DAUGHTER (*babbling and sobbing*). Poor flame!—so early quenched in tears!

[The marsh expands into a pond. Two white swans swim stately on its bosom. A wounded heron drags itself along the sedgy border.]

THE DAUGHTER (*sobbing more wildly*). Poor bird!—poor bird! (*She throws herself at full length on her couch.*)

THE MOTHER. It is too much. Draw the curtain. She must become accustomed to drawn curtains and to narrow rooms. (*The sun sinks.*)

THE FATHER. Yes, they will do better for her there than we can do.

THE DAUGHTER (*lifting herself*). Yes, draw it—draw it close.

[A man appears outside her window, and offers stiffly a folded flag.]

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, draw it close! He shall not see me again! He has looked in on me too many times already! I know him! Forty-four times!

THE MOTHER. There have been others.

THE FATHER. There will be others still.

[The man disappears. The Vision of a brightly illuminated Château, set on a triple terrace. A meteoric shower above its topmost turret. A parade of peacocks on the lower balustrade. The DAUGHTER screams.]

THE FATHER (*rising in all haste*). In heaven's name, let the curtains be drawn—and close!

THE MOTHER (*rising also*). What has she seen? What more is there to hide?

THE FATHER, The Château itself! The wedding illuminations! Haste—haste! (*He draws his Daughter's curtain to.*)

THE MOTHER, My poor Ursule!

[*A coup de sifflet*. The uproar beneath them grows, yet disintegrates in growing. Great rocks of sound project themselves centrifugally, and through the débris a path is picked toward silence.]

THE FATHER, Thank heaven! We are half-way there!

[*A moment of rest and quiet. The Daughter's door is opened, and Three Maidens appear and make as if to enter.*]

THE DAUGHTER (*springing up to close the door and to re-adjust the curtain*). I am not at home, For shame—for shame!

THE FATHER, She is not at home, She knows it, She is better, Let us leave here—let us return.

THE MOTHER, She is not at home, She never will be at home. We have still far to go, Rest quiet,

[*The Three Maidens retire abashed. The curtain has been torn down in the struggle and through the undraped panes there appears a Dumb Show:*

A jostling multitude on a long and narrow stage, at whose back are many doors with various inscriptions: "Salle d'Attente;" "Restaurant Ière Classe;" "Pour les Hommes;" "Chef de Gare."
A slow procession of Seven Porters, each of whom carries a heavy chest.]

THE DAUGHTER (*clasping her hands across her eyes*).—Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE FATHER, The curtain! The curtain! The cur-

tain! (*He fails to replace it, and tries to shut out the view by the interposition of his own bulk.*)

THE MOTHER (*quaveringly, after a purblind peering*). What do you see? What do you see?

THE FATHER. I see the Count. He has varnished shoes. He wears a rosette. He comes this way.

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!—Not now—not now!—Why not before?

THE MOTHER. What else? What else?

THE FATHER. Hush—hush! She carries a parasol of white lace. She shakes rice from the folds of her gown. She stumbles against an old shoe.

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER. She is beautiful?

THE FATHER. Louder! You say that—

THE MOTHER. I ask if she is beautiful. But why do I ask? I know—I know! (*Twilight falls; the air has become strangely thick and murky.*)

THE FATHER. Yes, she is beautiful—beautiful as the dawn.

THE DAUGHTER, Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER, My poor Ursule! (*She tears down the opposite curtain, and hands it across to her husband,*) Take this,

[Before he can put it in place an OLD WOMAN who carries a PARROT in a cage appears at the door, and lays her hand upon the handle as if to enter.]

THE FATHER (*to Old Woman*). Back, back! You cannot enter here.

THE OLD WOMAN. Why not, I pray? (*The Parrot gives a loud squawk.*)

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER (*rising, and approaching Old Woman*). Go away! This is no place for you.

THE OLD WOMAN. Let me be judge of that. I mean to enter here. It is my right,

THE PARROT (*repeating*). It is my right.

THE MOTHER (*helplessly*). Yes, it is her right.

[THE OLD WOMAN enters, trampling upon the torn curtain, and places her cage upon one of the seats.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*seating herself opposite, with a grunt of satisfaction*). Well, well!—A happy ending to a brave day!

[The underground roar is resumed. A shifting of lights and of doors. A quick passing of waving handkerchiefs and of many happy faces.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*gaily and forgivingly*). Aha! We are off! And *they* go on with us.

THE FATHER (*to the MOTHER*). She says that—?

THE MOTHER. She says that—

THE PARROT. They go on with us. With us! With us!

THE MOTHER. Ah! Ah!

THE OLD WOMAN. Not ten metres behind us. The Count and his bride. The happy pair.

THE PARROT, Happy pair! Happy, happy, happy pair!

[In the last fading moment of the twilight a man appears briefly just outside, presenting stiffly a folded flag.]

THE DAUGHTER (*screaming wildly*). Again—again! No, he shall not look at me again! He has looked at me forty-five times already! Nobody shall ever look at me again! (*She clutches at the curtain. There is no curtain.*)

THE MOTHER. There have been others.

THE FATHER. There will be others still.

THE PARROT. Forty-five times! Forty-five times! Forty-five ti—

THE OLD WOMAN. Peace, be still.

THE MOTHER. In heaven's name.

THE OLD WOMAN. I was there. I saw it all. My nephew is gardener at the château.

THE MOTHER. Spare us! Spare us! In heaven's name! In heaven's name!

THE OLD WOMAN. I met him in a garden walk. His eyes—how they smiled! And his lips! He was so beautiful! And he threw me this crown-piece. See!

THE PARROT (*tweaking its bars*). See! See! See!

THE OLD WOMAN. The children threw flowers before them. And the little Baroness herself—she gave me this rose. A bride rose,—But this young girl—what is it that she has?

[The forty-sixth man appears with a flag and a lantern.]

THE DAUGHTER (*throwing herself on the floor with a shriek*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER. There will be others.

THE FATHER. There will be three,—three.

THE OLD WOMAN. What is the matter?

THE PARROT. What is the matter?

THE MOTHER. We shall be there soon.

THE FATHER. One of the doctors will come down to meet us.

[Low hills begin to appear. In the moonlight an owl hoots from the branches of a blasted oak.]

THE MOTHER (*to the OLD WOMAN*). I hear an owl. Where does he sit?

THE OLD WOMAN. On that oak tree.

THE FATHER (*to the OLD WOMAN*). I see an owl on that oak tree. What does he say?

THE OLD WOMAN. To-wit, to-woo!

THE PARROT (*embellishing*). To-wit, to-woo! To-wit, to-woo, to-wed! To-woo, to-wed!

THE DAUGHTER (*screaming madly, as she tries to throw herself through the door*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

[The moonlight begins to fail; the moon is no longer a circle.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*fluttering the leaves of an almanac*). See! The eclipse begins!

[The hills grow higher. The forty-seventh flagman flashes by.]

THE DAUGHTER (*screaming and tearing her hair*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

[The glass pane in the door drops with a sudden crash. An affrighted raven perches on the ledge. The moon darkens continually. The hills become steep — precipitous — half in light and half in shadow.]

THE RAVEN (*flapping his wings*). Caw! Caw! Caw!

THE PARROT (*flapping his wings*). Caw! Caw! Caw!

[The forty-eighth flagman flashes by. The JEUNE FILLE begins to scream, and screams without ceasing to the end.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*drawing back*). Alack! What have we here?

THE PARROT. What have we here? Here? Here?

[The light overhead suddenly expires.]

THE OLD WOMAN. I am eighty years old, and never before have I seen such a——

THE MOTHER (*to the FATHER*). Is it not yet in sight?

THE FATHER. Is it——What do you say?

THE MOTHER. Is it not yet in sight?

THE OLD WOMAN. Do I not see a row of lighted windows on that hillside?

THE MOTHER. May it be so!

THE PARROT. Maybe so! Maybe so! Maybe so!

[The train suddenly enters a tunnel. Above the tenfold increase of the roar shrill the screams of the JEUNE FILLE.]

THE OLD WOMAN. I am eighty years old——

THE PARROT. I am eighty years old!

THE OLD WOMAN. And never before have I seen——

THE PARROT. Never seen——Never——never——never!

[The train and its passengers and its noise are all lost in the tunnel.]

H. B. F.

A LYRIC OF JOY

I KNOW a little henchman
Who sets a yellow star
To seal the cinders of the night
Within a hollow jar.

And when the jar is broken,
A marvel has been done;
There lies within the rosy dusk
That coal we call the sun.

But more than any wonder
That makes the rose of dawn,
Is that inheritance of joy
My heart is happy on.

BLISS CARMAN.





PIERROT

BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

SERENADE

(1250 A. D.)

WITH stars, with trailing galaxies,
Like a white rose-bower in bloom,
Darkness garlands the vaulted skies,

Day's adorn'd tomb ;

A whisper without from the briny west

Thrills and sweetens the gloom ;

Within, Miranda seeks her rest

High in her turret-room.

Armies upon her walls encamp

In silk and silver thread ;

Chased and fretted her silver lamp

Dimly lights her bed ;

And now the silken screen is drawn,

The velvet coverlets spread ;

And the pillow of down and snowy lawn

Mantles about her head ;

With violet-scented rain

Sprinkle the rushy floor ;

Let the tapestry hide the tinted pane,

And cover the chamber-door ;

But leave a glimmering beam,

Miranda belamour,

To touch and gild my waking dream,

For I am your troubadour.

I sound my throbbing lyre,

And sing to myself below ;

Her damsel sits beside the fire

Crooning a song I know ;

The tapestry shakes on the wall,

The shadows hurry and go,

The silent flames leap up and fall,
And the muttering birch-logs glow.

Deep and sweet she sleeps,
Because of her love for me;
And deep and sweet the peace that keeps
My happy heart in fee!
Peace on the heights, in the deeps,
Peace over hill and lea,
Peace through the starlit steep,
Peace on the starlit sea,
Because a simple maiden sleeps
Dreaming a dream of me!

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE DEVIL'S MANUSCRIPT

CHAPTER I.—*The Black Packet.*

M. DE BAC? De Bac? I do not know the name."
"Gentleman says he knows you, sir, and has
called on urgent business."

There was no answer, and John Brown, the ruined publisher, looked about him in a dazed manner. He knew he was ruined; to-morrow the world would know it also, and then—beggary stared him in the face, and infamy, too. For this the world would not care. Brown was not a great man in "the trade," and his name in "*The Gazette*" would not attract notice; but his name, as he stood in the felon's dock, and the ugly history a cross-examination might disclose, would probably arouse a fleeting interest, and then, the world would go on with a pitiless shrug of its shoulders. What does it matter to the moving wave of humanity if one little drop of spray from its crest is blown into nothing by the wind? Not a jot. But it was a terrible business for the

drop of spray, otherwise John Brown, publisher. He was at his best not a good-looking man, rather mean-looking than otherwise, with a thin, angular face, eyes as shifty as a jackal's and shoulders shaped like a champagne-bottle. As the shadow of coming ruin darkened over him, he seemed to shrink and look meaner than ever. He had almost forgotten the presence of his clerk. He could think of nothing but the morrow, when Simmond's voice again broke the stillness.

"Shall I say you will see him, sir?"

The question cut sharply into the silence, and brought Brown to himself. He had half a mind to say "No." In the face of the coming to-morrow, business, urgent or otherwise, was nothing to him. Yet, after all, there could be no harm done in receiving the man. It would, at any rate, be a distraction, and, lifting his head, Brown answered—

"Yes, I will see him, Simmonds."

Simmonds went out, closing the green baize door behind him. There was a delay of a moment, and M. De Bac entered—a tall, thin figure, bearing an oblong parcel, packed in shiny, black paper, and sealed with flame-coloured wax.

"Good day, Mr. Brown;" and M. De Bac, who, for all his foreign name spoke perfect English, extended his hand.

Brown rose, put his own cold fingers into the warm grasp of his visitor, and offered him a seat.

"With your permission, Mr. Brown, I will take this other chair. It is nearer the fire. I am accustomed to warm climates, as you doubtless perceive;" and De Bac suiting his action to his words, placed his packet on the table, and began to slowly rub his long, lean fingers together. The publisher glanced at him with some curiosity. M. De Bac was as dark as an Italian, with clear, resolute features, and a moustache curled at the ends, thick enough to hide the sarcastic curve of his thin lips. He was strongly, if

sparely built, and his fiery black eyes met Brown's gaze with a look that ran through him like a needle.

"You do not appear to recognize me, Mr. Brown?"—De Bac's voice was very quiet and deep-toned.

"I have not the honour——" began the publisher; but his visitor interrupted him.

"You mistake. We are quite old friends; and in time will always be very near each other. I have a minute or two to spare"—he glanced at a repeater—"and will prove to you that I know you. You are John Brown, that very religious young man of Battersea, who twelve years ago ruined a girl at Homerton, and sent her to—but no matter. You attracted my attention then; but, unfortunately, I had no time to devote to you. Subsequently, you affected a pretty little swindle—do n't be angry, Mr. Brown—it *was* very clever. Then you started in business on your own account, and married. Things went well with you, you know the art of getting at a low price, and selling at a high one. You are a born 'sweater.' Pardon the word. You know how to keep men down like beasts, and go up yourself. In doing this, you did me yeoman's service, although you are even now not aware of this. You had one fault, you have it still, and had you not been a gambler you might have been a rich man. Speculation is a bad thing, Brown—I mean gambling speculation."

Brown was an Englishman, and it goes without saying that he had courage. But there was something in De Bac's manner, some strange power in the steady stare of those black eyes, that held him to his seat as if pinned there.

As De Bac stopped, however, Brown's anger gave him strength. Every word that was said was true, and stung like the lash of a whip. He rose white with anger.

"Sir!" he began with quivering lips, and made a step forwards. Then he stopped. It was as if the sombre fire

in De Bac's gaze withered his strength. An invisible hand seemed to drag him back into his seat and hold him there.

"You are hasty, Mr. Brown;" and De Bac's even voice continued: "you are really very rash. I was about to tell you a little more of your history, to tell you you are ruined, and to-morrow everyone in London—it is the world for you, Brown—will know you are a beggar, and many will know you are a cheat."

The publisher swore bitterly under his breath.

"You see, Mr. Brown," continued his strange visitor, "I know all about you, and you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that you deserve help from me. You are too useful to let drift. I have therefore come to save you."

"Save me?"

"Yes. By means of this manuscript here," he pointed to the packet, "which you are going to publish."

Brown now realised that he was dealing with a lunatic. He tried to stretch out his arm to touch the bell on the table; but found that he had no power to do so. He made an attempt to shout to Simmonds; but his tongue moved inaudibly in his mouth. He seemed only to have the faculty of following De Bac's words, and of answering them. He gasped out—

"It is impossible!"

"My friend"—and De Bac smiled mirthlessly—"you will publish that manuscript. I will pay. The profits will be yours. It will make your name, and you will be rich. You will even be able to build a church."

"Rich!" Brown's voice was very bitter. "M. De Bac, you said rightly. I am a ruined man. Even if you were to pay for the publication of that manuscript I could not do it now. It is too late. There are other houses. Go to them."

"But not other John Browns. You are peculiarly adapted

for my purpose. Enough of this! I know what business is, and I have many things to attend to. You are a small man, Mr. Brown, and it will take little to remove your difficulties. See! Here are a thousand pounds. They will free you from your present troubles," and De Bac tossed a pocket-book on the table before Brown. "I do not want a receipt," he went on. "I will call to-morrow for your final answer, and to settle details. If you need it I will give you more money. This hour—twelve—will suit me. *Adieu!*" He was gone like a flash, and Brown looked around in blank amazement. He was as if suddenly aroused from a dream. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, although he could see the black packet, and the neat leather pocket-book with the initials "L. De B." let in in silver on the outside. He rang his bell violently, and Simmonds appeared.

"Has M. De Bac gone?"

"I don't know sir. He didn't pass out through the door."

"There is no other way. You must have been asleep."

"Indeed I was not, sir."

Brown felt a chill as of cold fingers running down his backbone, but pulled himself together with an effort. "It does not matter, Simmonds. You may go."

Simmonds went out scratching his head. "How the devil did he get out?" he asked himself. "Must have been sleeping after all. The guv'nor seems a bit dotty to-day. It's the smash coming—sure."

He wrote a letter or two, and then taking his hat, sallied forth to an aerated bread-shop for his cheap and wholesome lunch, for Simmonds was a saving young man, engaged to a young lady living out Camden Town way. Simmonds perfectly understood the state of affairs, and was not a little anxious about matters, for the mother of his *fiancée*, a widow

who let lodgings, had only agreed to his engagement after much persuasion; and if he had to announce the fact that instead of "thirty bob a week," as he put it, that his income was nothing at all, there would be an end of everything.

"M'ria's all right," he said to his friend Wilkes, in trustful confidence as they sat over their lunch; "but that old torpedo"—by which name he designated his mother-in-law elect—"she'll raise Cain if there's a smash-up."

In the meantime, John Brown tore open the pocket-book with shaking hands, and, with a crisp rustling, a number of new bank-notes fell out, and lay in a heap before him. He counted them one by one. They totalled to a thousand pounds exactly. He was a small man. M. De Bac had said so truly, if a little rudely, and the money was more than enough to stave off ruin. De Bac had said, too, that if needed he would give him more, and then Brown fell to trembling all over. He was like a man snatched from the very jaws of death. At Battersea he wore a blue ribbon; but now he went to the cabinet, filled a glass with raw brandy, and drained it at a gulp. In a minute or so the generous cordial warmed his chilled blood, and picking up the notes, he counted them again, and thrust them into his breast-pocket. After this he paced the room up and down in a feverish manner, longing for the morrow when he could settle up the most urgent demands against him. Then, on a sudden, a thought struck him. It was almost as if it had been whispered in his ear. Why trouble at all about matters? He had a clear thousand with him, and in an hour he could be out of the country! He hesitated, but prudence prevailed. Extradition laws stretched everywhere; and there was another thing—that extraordinary madman, De Bac, had promised more money on the morrow. After all, it was better to stay.

As he made this resolve his eyes fell on the black packet

on the table. The peculiar colour of the seals attracted his attention. He bent over them, and saw that the wax bore an impress of a V-shaped shield, within which was set a trident. He noticed also that the packet was tied with silver thread. His curiosity was excited. He sat down, snipped the threads with a penknife, tore off the black paper covering, flung it into the fire, and saw before him a bulky manuscript exquisitely written on very fine paper. A closer examination showed that they were a number of short stories. Now Brown was in no mood to read; but the title of the first tale caught his eye, and the writing was so legible that he had glanced over half a dozen lines before he was aware of the fact. Those first half-dozen lines were sufficient to make him read the page, and when he had read the page the publisher felt he was before the work of a genius.

He was unable to stop now; and, with his head resting between his hands, he read on tirelessly. Simmonds came in once or twice and left papers on the table, but his master took no notice of him. Brown forgot all about his lunch, and turning over page after page read as if spell-bound. He was a business man, and was certain the book would sell in thousands. He read as one inspired to look into the author's thoughts and see his design. Short as the stories were, they were Titanic fragments, and every one of them taught a hideous lesson of corruption. Some of them, cloaked in a religious garb, breathed a spirit of pitiless ferocity; others were rich with the sensuous odours of an Eastern garden; others again were as the tender green of moss hiding the treacherous deeps of a quicksand; and all of them bore the hall-mark of genius. They moved the man sitting there to tears, they shook him with laughter, they seemed to rock his very soul asleep; but through it all he saw, as the mariner views the beacon fire on a rocky coast, the deadly plan of the writer. 'There was money in them—thousands—and

all was to be his. Brown's sluggish blood was running to flame, a strange strength glowed in his face, and an uncontrollable admiration for De Bac's evil power filled him. The book, when published, might corrupt generations yet unborn; but that was nothing to Brown. It meant thousands for him, and an eternal fame to De Bac. He did not grudge the writer the fame as long as he kept the thousands.

"By God!" and he brought his fist down on the table with a crash, "the man may be a lunatic; but he is the greatest genius the world ever saw—or he is the devil incarnate."

And somebody laughed softly in the room.

The publisher looked up with a start, and saw Simmonds standing before him.

"Did you laugh, Simmonds?"

"No sir!" replied the clerk with a surprised look.

"Who laughed, then?"

"There is no one here but ourselves, sir—and I didn't laugh."

"Did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Strange!" and Brown began to feel chill again.

"What time is it?" he asked with an effort.

"It is half-past six, sir."

"So late as that? You may go, Simmonds. Leave me the keys. I will be here for some time. Good evening."

"Mad as a coot," muttered Simmonds to himself, "must break the news to M'ria to-night. Oh, Lord!" and his eyes were very wet as he went out into the Strand, and got into a blue omnibus.

When he was gone, Brown turned to the fire, poker in hand. To his surprise he saw that the black paper was still there, burning red hot, and the wax of the seals was still intact—the seals themselves shining like orange glow-lights.

He beat at the paper with the poker; but instead of crumbling to ashes it yielded passively to the stroke, and came back to its original shape. Then a fury came on Brown. He raked at the fire, threw more coals over the paper, and blew at the flames with his bellows until they roared up the chimney; but still the coppery glare of the packet-cover never turned to the grey of ashes. Finally, he could endure it no longer, and, putting the manuscript into the safe, turned off the electric light and stole out of his office like a thief.

CHAPTER II.—*The Red Trident.*

When Beggarman, Bowles & Co., of Providence Passage, Lombard Street, called at eleven o'clock on the morning following DeBac's visit, their representative was not a little surprised to find the firm's bills met in hard cash, and Simmonds paid him with a radiant face. When the affair was settled, the clerk leaned back in his chair, saying half-aloud to himself, "By George! I am glad after all M'ria did not keep our appointment in the Camden Road last night." Then his face began to darken. "Wonder where she could have been, though?" his thoughts ran on; "half sorry I introduced her to Wilkes last Sunday at the Victoria Park. Wilkes ain't half the man I am, though," and he tried to look at himself in the window pane, "but he has two pound ten a week—Lord! There's the guv'nor ringing." He hurried into Brown's room, received a brief order, and was about to go back when the publisher spoke again.

"Simmonds!"

"Sir."

"If M. De Bac calls, show him in at once."

"Sir," and the clerk went out.

Left to himself, Brown tried to go on with the manu-

script ; but was not able to do so. He was impatient for the coming of De Bac, and kept watching the hands of the clock as they slowly travelled toward twelve. When he came to the office in the morning Brown had looked with a nervous fear in the fireplace, half expecting to find the black paper still there ; and it was a considerable relief to his mind to find it was not. He could do nothing, not even open the envelopes of the letters that lay on his table. He made an effort to find occupation in the morning's paper. It was full of some absurd correspondence on a trivial subject, and he wondered at the thousands of fools who could waste time in writing and in reading yards of print on the theme of "Whether women should wear neckties." The ticking of the clock irritated him. He flung the paper aside, just as the door opened and Simmonds came in. For a moment Brown thought he had come to announce De Bac's arrival ; but no—Simmonds simply placed a square envelope on the table before Brown.

"Pass-book from Bransom's, sir, just come in ;" and he went out.

Brown took it up mechanically, and opened the envelope. A type-written letter fell out with the pass-book. He ran his eyes over it with astonishment. It was briefly to inform him that M. De Bac had paid into Brown's account yesterday afternoon the sum of five thousand pounds, and that, adjusting overdrafts, the balance at his credit was four thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds thirteen shillings and three pence. Brown rubbed his eyes. Then he hurriedly glanced at the pass-book. The figures tallied—there was no error, no mistake. He pricked himself with his pen-knife to see if he was awake, and finally shouted to Simmonds : "Read this letter aloud to me, Simmonds," he said.

Simmond's eyes opened, but he did as he was bidden, and there was no mistake about the account.

"Anything else, sir?" asked Simmonds, when he had finished.

"No—nothing," and Brown was once more alone. He sat staring at the figures before him in silence, almost mesmerising himself with the intentness of his gaze.

"My God!" he burst out at last, in absolute wonder.

"Who is your God, Brown?" answered a deep voice.

"I—I—M. De Bac! How did you come?"

"I did not drop down the chimney," said De Bac with a grin; "your clerk announced me in the ordinary way, but you were so absorbed you did not hear. So I took the liberty of sitting in this chair, and awaiting your return to earthly matters. You were dreaming, Brown;—by the way, who *is* your God?" he repeated with a low laugh.

"I—I do not understand, sir."

"Possibly not, possibly not. I would n't bother about the matter. Ah! I see Bransom's have sent you your pass-book! Sit down, Brown. I hate to see a man fidgetting about—I paid in that amount yesterday on a second thought. It is enough—eh?"

Brown's jackal eyes contracted. Perhaps he could get more out of De Bac? But a look at the strong, impassive face before him frightened him.

"More than enough, sir," he stammered; and then with a rush, "I am grateful—anything I can do for you?"

"Oh! I know, I know, Brown;—by the way, you do not object to smoke?"

"Certainly not. I do not smoke myself."

"In Battersea, eh?" And De Bac, pulling out a silver cheroot case, held it out to Brown. But the publisher declined.

"Money would n't buy a smoke like that in England," remarked De Bac, "but as you will. I would n't smoke if I were you. Such abstinence looks respectable and means

nothing." He put a cigar between his lips, and pointed his forefinger at the end. To Brown's amazement an orange-flame licked out from under the finger-nail, and vanished like a flash of lightning; but the cigar was alight, and its fragrant odour filled the room. It reached even Simmonds, who sniffed at it like a buck scenting the morning air. "By George!" he exclaimed in wonder, "what 'baccy!"

M. De Bac settled himself comfortably in his chair, and spoke with his cigar between his teeth. "Now you have recovered a little from your surprise, Brown, I may as well tell you that I never carry matches. This little scientific discovery I have made is very convenient, is it not?"

"I have never seen anything like it."

"There are a good many things you have not seen, Brown—but to work. Take a pencil and paper and note down what I say. You can tell me when I have done if you agree or not."

Brown did as he was told, and De Bac spoke slowly and carefully.

"The money I have given you is absolutely your own on the following terms. You will publish the manuscript I left with you, enlarge your business, and work as you have hitherto worked as a 'sweater.' You may speculate as much as you like. You will not lose. You need not avoid the publication of religious books, but you must never give in charity secretly. I do not object to a big cheque for a public object, and your name in all the papers. It will be well for you to hound down the vicious. Never give them a chance to recover themselves. You will be a legislator. Strongly uphold all those measures, which, under a moral cloak, will do harm to mankind. I do not mention them. I do not seek to hamper you with detailed instructions. Work on these general lines, and you will do what I want. A word more. It will be advisable whenever you have a

chance to call public attention to a great evil, which is also a vice. Thousands who have never heard of it before will hear of it then—and human nature is very frail. You have noted all this down?”

“I have. You are a strange man, M. De Bac.”

M. De Bac frowned, and Brown began to tremble.

“I do not permit you to make observations about me, Mr. Brown.”

“I beg your pardon, sir.”

“Do not do so again. Will you agree to all this, I promise you unexampled prosperity for ten years. At the end of that time I will want you elsewhere. And you must agree to take a journey with me.”

“A long one, sir?” Brown’s voice was just a shade satirical.

M. De Bac smiled oddly. “No—in your case I promise a quick passage. These are all the conditions I attach to my gift of six thousand pounds to you.”

Brown’s amazement did not blind him to the fact of the advantage he had, as he thought, over his visitor. The six thousand pounds were already his, and he had given no promise. With a sudden boldness he spoke out.

“And if I decline?”

“You will return me my money, and my book, and I will go elsewhere.”

“The manuscript, yes—but if I refuse to give back the money?”

“Ha! ha! ha!” M. De Bac’s mirthless laugh chilled Brown to the bone. “Very good, Brown—but you won’t refuse. Sign that like a good fellow,” and he flung a piece of paper towards Brown, who saw that it was a promissory note, drawn up in his name, agreeing to pay M. De Bac the sum of six thousand pounds on demand.

“I shall do no such thing,” said Brown stoutly.

M. De Bac made no answer, but calmly touched the bell. In a half minute Simmonds appeared.

"Be good enough to witness Mr. Brown's signature to that document," said De Bac to him, and then fixed his gaze on Brown. There was a moment of hesitation, and then—the publisher signed his name, and Simmonds did likewise as a witness. When he had gone, De Bac carefully put the paper by in a letter-case he drew from his vest pocket.

"Your scientific people would call this an exhibition of odic force, Brown—eh?"

Brown made no answer. He was shaking in every limb, and great pearls of sweat rolled down his forehead.

"You see, Brown," continued De Bac, "after all you are a free agent. Either agree to my terms and keep the money, or say you will not, pay me back, receive your note-of-hand, and I go elsewhere with my book. Come—time is precious."

And from Brown's lips there hissed a low "I agree."

"Then that is settled." and De Bac rose from his chair. "There is a little thing more—stretch out your arm, like a good fellow—the right arm."

Brown did so; and De Bac placed his forefinger on his wrist, just between what palmists call "the lines of life." The touch was as that of a red-hot iron, and with a quick cry Brown drew back his hand and looked at it. On his wrist was a small red trident, as cleanly marked as if it had been tattooed into the skin. The pain was but momentary; and, as he looked at the mark, he heard De Bac say, "Adieu, once more, Brown. I will find my way out—do n't trouble to rise." Brown heard him wish Simmonds an affable "Good-day," and he was gone.

S. LEVETT YEATS.

(To be continued.)



THE SUICIDE

BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

NOTES

¶ *Je n'aime pas les si jeunes gens: ils sont ennuyeux et sentimentals comme les harmonicas.* Henri Murger,

As the details have transpired concerning the new English magazine, "The Savoy," my astonishment at its first announcement has been increased. I had supposed the vogue of artistic quarterlies at an end, and in spite of the merit of recent "Yellow Books" I had not thought their success with the public such as would lead another publisher to imitation. I presume I was wrong.

The prospectus contains names of considerable prominence: Mr. George Moore, M. Paul Verlaine, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mr. Frank Harris, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Miss Mathilde Blind, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Signor Cesare Lombroso, M. Degas, M. Forain, Mr. Will Rothenstein, Mr. C. H. Shannon and M. Anquetin. A formidable and interesting array, in spite of which I feel that the enterprise is impossible from the start. The editors are Mr. Arthur Symons and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

They are men of great cleverness and no little real ability, but men who are decadent in the unpleasant sense of the word. Mr. Symons has become notorious for his immoral pose; he has sought a reputation for wickedness and, in some quarters he has, doubtless been successful. His latest book, "London Nights," is a simple calendar of depravity, a record of prostitutions. Had Mr. Symons been a religious fanatic, laboring with flagellant intent he could not more completely have abased him.

Perhaps the most generous view to take of his writing is to believe it sincere. While in doing this you damn him completely for a man wholly vicious, to believe him merely

posing—to think his expression of vice no more than an assumption—is to damn his task and sense of decency with equal vigour

As for Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, he is a man of such splendid gifts that one had hoped to overlook qualities less attractive. His work, however, has often been so obtrusively indecent that this is impossible, at best—one has many misgivings as to the morality of his future work.

The announcement of the new magazine would hardly lead us to believe that decadent days are over or that degeneration is any the less pronounced. The reaction against the “new school” which followed the Wilde trial and which gave Mr. Henry Quilter the opportunity for asinity he so blatantly embraced, was not lasting; the *fin-de-siècle* pose was not worn out, and now it comes to us again in all its unattractiveness. It cannot last. “The Savoy” is absurd, impossible, and Mr. Leonard Smithers, the publisher, will soon find it out—probably to personal discomfiture of himself and his associates.

¶ A while ago I printed a quaint bit of doggerel entitled, “Ye Ballad of Betsy.” A correspondent sends me another ballad of the same date, which I print as interesting for the curious modernity of its tone,

THE BALLAD OF PATTY AND THE DOOK.

Patty she was a maiden fair:—
To London town she did repair.

She was a maid of low degree
But she trusted much to her beautee.

She found a place in Cavendish square—
A widowed duchess was living there.

The duchess had an only child :

He was her son and rather wild.

Patty was fly and she quickly took
The ardent heart of the youthful dook.

He whispered to her one evening fair ;—

“Patty, Patty, I like your hair.

“I like your eyes and I like your style,

“I ’ll try to love you a little while.”

But Patty repulsed the ardent dook

With a witching frown and a stern rebuke ;—

“I am perfectly willing to be your wife

“And wear your coronet all my life,

“But you ’re mistaken if you think

“I ’ll take on any other link.”

The youthful dook was fairly won

(He was his mother’s only son).

“I swear I’ll make you my duchess,” he said,

“As soon as I ’m of age we ’ll wed.”

His eager suit and his ardent word

His mother the widowed duchess heard,

And she said to herself, in French said she :—

“Je leur casserai les coeurs, pardi!”

And so next morning she arose

And she says to her son : “Put on your clothes,

Put on your ducal coronet,

Take your umbrella, it may be wet.”

The dook arose, put on his clothes,

His coronet and eke his hose.

A ship lay ready at the wharf ;

The dook and his mother, they are off.
When Patty found her dook was gone
Like a raving lunatic she took on.
But wiser counsels soon prevailed
And in a second ship she sailed,
She chased them across the raging main—
The duchess's ruse was all in vain,
For Patty snatched her dook awa'
And the duchess became her mother-in-law.

¶ Since the days of Edward Lear or the appearance of "Alice in Wonderland," I have not met with any more charming bit of nonsense than a sentence an exchange prints from the advance sheets of Miss Gertrude Smith's "Arabella and Araminta Stories," which Messrs. Copeland and Day are to publish for Christmas. The book is to have illustrations by Miss Ethel Reed and a preface by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and—if it is all as delightful as this—it is certain to become a classic.

"And Arabella picked a poppy and Araminta picked a poppy and Arabella picked a poppy and Araminta picked a poppy and Arabella picked a poppy and Araminta picked a poppy (*et sic ad nauseam*) until they each had a large bunch!"

¶ It is an interesting comment on the financial success of books written by women that a London publisher lately offered a distinguished novelist an extra £200 if the latter would consent to have his latest story issued under an assumed and feminine name.

¶ There has appeared recently in some of the Literary Journals, the advertisement of a man who offers to furnish plots for aspiring novelists. At first blush it seemed a shocking thing and I was anxious to overthrow the man. He was

an outsider—a philistine—entering a sacred field and he deserved destruction. On second thoughts, however, he brings up the whole question of collaboration, which is, to say the least, a debatable one. The furnishing of plots is precisely the function of many a worker in double harness. And it is certainly no greater sin to buy a plot outright than to purchase it on the half-profit plan. The advertiser's scheme is a perfectly legitimate one, and it is, moreover, capable of splendid elaboration. I myself, for instance, have a collection of excellent titles, for which I despair of finding suitable stories; I have, too, wonderful stories which I am quite unable to write; and there come moments of self-confidence when I feel capable of the lasting lyrical expression of great thoughts, had I but the great thoughts. And so on. The advertiser was right; his plan was the only sensible one and it would be well for others to follow the example. If only Mr. Eric Mackay had bought some ideas; if Mr. Hamlin Garland would invest in a style; if Mr. J. K. Bangs could rent a sense of humour—purchase a means of expression and steal an excuse for writing;—what charming compositions we should have! If—as the “Yellow Dwarf” suggests—Mr. George Moore's “Mildred Lawson” could be rewritten by some one who knows English—what a masterpiece it would be!

¶It can hardly be doubted that long before the present emancipation of woman there were many ladies who, while leading an orderly and secluded life, had cultivated and refined minds, and possessed no mean amount of general knowledge. The charm of their intelligence was felt as an attainment, their study and reading was a thing taken for granted as an occupation of their solitary hours. At present the conditions seem much changed and we see rather the pursuit, than the results of culture. Women hunt it down in regiments, study behind the footlights, as it were, and

among other women rather than among books. Wisdom is communicated wholly by word of mouth, and there is nothing for a knowledge of which womankind may thirst, but there is also a woman ready to lecture upon it.

Learning from lectures is, of course, in no wise impossible; it is indeed an accepted academic method. But the qualifications of a university lecturer have been more strictly examined into than those of the ordinary female priestess of culture. Indeed for her there are but two alternative requisites; she must have an attractive presence and personality, or, usually, as the result of an unfortunate married life, she must stand in present need of charity. She may then go "parlor-lecturing" before an infinity of clubs. One is reminded of John Davidson's doggerell:

"For a caravan is the only plan;

Hurry my toms and trulls!

Ho-ye-ho, and a rumble-low!

Pay your penny, and see the show:

This is the age of gulls."

The "lady lecturess" has discovered that the inner meaning of the Wagner Cycle is that Brunhilde's father was not kind to her, that the marvel of Renaissance architecture is that it has three dimensions; such are her profundities. She confuses the charm of Greek sculpture with the merits of Jaeger flannels, and the appreciation of Elizabethan Lyrics with questions of "voice culture" and the "Delsarte method." She interlards her remarks with "art truths," "cultural effort," and like terms of the technique of inanity. And while she flounders before her hearers, the books of the masters gather dust in the recesses of our libraries.

The decay of private life among women has perhaps made it inevitable that culture should become a public function rather than a private delight. But it is surely sad that so fine an energy should show no real result, and that eagerness

in the chase has come to excuse the emptiness of the game bag.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE WISH: By HERMAN SUDERMAN. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 12mo.

LITTLE RIVERS: By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$2.00.

THE ART OF LIVING: By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated, \$2.50.

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS AND OTHER STORIES: By ROBERT GRANT: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated, \$1.50.

THE ACADEMY SONG BOOK: By CHARLES H. LEVERMORE and FREDERIC REDDALL. Boston: Ginn & Co. Small 4to.

WATCHERS OF TWILIGHT AND OTHER POEMS: By ARTHUR J. STRINGER. London, Ontario: T. H. Warren.

PAULINE AND OTHER POEMS: By ARTHUR J. STRINGER. London, Ontario: T. H. Warren. Small 4to.

SONGS OF SPRING: By LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co. Illustrated, 16mo.

THE MOODS OF A SOUL: By LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS. Buffalo: Charles W. Moulton. 16mo.

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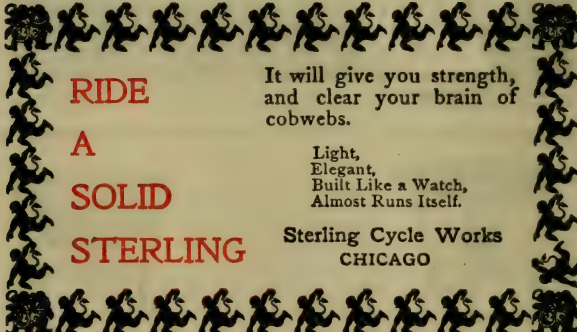
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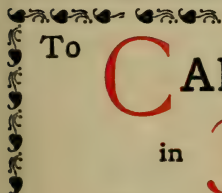
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SEMI-MONTHLY

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SEA WITCHERY

YON headland, with the twinkling footed sea
Beyond it, conjures shapes and stories fair
Of young Greek days: the lithe immortal air
Carries the sound of Siren-song to me;
Soon shall I mark Ulysses daringly
Swing round the cape, the sea-wind in his hair;
And look! the Argonauts go sailing there
A Golden Quest, shouting their god-like glee.
The vision is compact of blue and gold,
Of sky and water, and the drift of foam,
And thrill of brine-washed breezes from the west;
Wide space is in it, and the unexpressed
Great heart of Nature, and the magic old
Of legend, and the white ships coming home.

RICHARD BURTON.

ABOUT THE STAGE DOOR

TAUNTS are the inevitable lot of a man who is seriously interested in personal relations with women of the stage. His friends suggest, with varying directness and unbroken monotony, that he is young. If his critic happens to be old no answer is possible. Whether the critic be old or young he suggests that his superiority to the interest at which he smiles, is the result of experience. This is usually untrue.

This person always remarks that women of the stage are of slight character, trivial—in the vernacular, nine-spots. They lack breadth and depth of any kind. They are insin-

cere, pretentious, vulgar, narrow, and vain. Their conversation is of clothes, of personalities, of shop, and even their talk of shop is conventional and prejudiced. The youth who thinks he is interested in one of them has had his head turned by the atmosphere in which she moves. His imagination has been touched by her publicity, or by her social barrier and the facts on which it is founded. In short, her charms are notoriety and naughtiness.

Some color is lent to this attitude of the man of sense by the general imbecility of the chappies who haunt the stage entrance, and some color is lent to it also by the general truth of the analysis on which it rests. Looked at from the point of view of character, actresses are on the whole not an imposing lot. They are loaded with vanity, they have little moral or social taste, and their intelligence is slight. Their power is mainly instinct, and this imitative instinct has small part in the development of fine individualities. An actress has no responsibility for a character of her own. Her whole attention is given to being the part for which she is cast. She thinks it, dreams it. It is the ideal part of her life. All that remains as a permanent individuality is the practical side of her, the egotistic instincts. Among these those that are most evident in stage people are petty. Extreme attention to personal appearance is inevitable. It is necessary to success. An actress who neglects it, loses years of her career and is less successful even while she is young. Attention to applause is also inevitable. Applause is the measure of her success. It is no wonder, then, that she is vain; that whatever of her is ideal is assumed. So few are the exceptions to this rule that they are conspicuous.

Yet all these admissions do not convict of absurdity the man who likes actresses and likes to have them for his friends. Suppose he does care for them partly because their life on the stage appeals to his imagination; is that a loss?

Is it not well that his imagination should be appealed to? In most men the poet dies young, and the man of sense is the man without imagination. Our characters may become stronger and stabler when we lose our highly colored imaginings, but character in that sense is not everything. The change means more monotony and more bigotry. It increases the habit of judging everything from one standpoint, the very essence of the unimaginative mind. Anything that leads one of our mass of sensible people to see, even for a short time, the charm of something outside of his own nearest environment brings him a trifle nearer to the poet's point of view, from which even the things that work on principles opposed to his have their eloquence. Even the snake is beautiful and consistent though it may be an enemy to human society. In the eternal conflict that makes up life in the ideal world as in the material world, we are most of us blind. The young man of Puritan stock who at forty will be unable to judge ideal things in any other scales than those of moral worth does a pleasing thing when he becomes excited about the stage, even though the parts of it that fascinate him are the tinsel. He has at least felt to some degree the magic of something that has not its meaning in the world of routine intelligence.

It is true, also, that a far greater insight may be gained by the man who is fascinated by women of the stage if the parts of them which touch his imagination are not the tinsel. If his mind is limber and vital he will get important experience from them that he could not get among more reliable people. We have a curious phrase, "for good," to mean permanently. We say that we are interested in a thing for good when we mean that our interest in it is lasting. This expresses a limitation of our minds. We do not understand the value of ties that are fleeting. "You will get over it" is often used to carry an implication that the idea or interest

referred to is not worth having at all. It is part of the difficulty we find in valuing a thing for its own sake. Few things are as likely as an experience with stage women to show a young man of regular social and intellectual training the force and eloquence of natures essentially out of sympathy with his final standards. It will do him incalculable good to know a woman who cares for him only as long as his champagne, his newness, or his horses, entertain her. It will chasten him and teach him a good deal about relativity. He will learn that there is something in the world beside personal sympathy. He will have to see the world from the point of view of a woman who plays instinctively for certain definite ends which are not his. This makes her an enigma to him. She seems unreliable and capricious, hard and without character, because he does not understand the laws of her temperament. In time he may see that she is as simple and consistent as a plant, and that all the mystery was caused by his constant unconscious effort to believe that really at bottom she must be the same as he. When he sees this he will have gained some real imaginative power. If by good luck he really loves a woman of this temperament it will do him as much good as though he loved the moon, or another object equally unyielding and unreciprocating.

In place of the power of real sympathy that the best women of character have, the actress has more often the instinct for direct charm, for charm that does not come through the reason or the affections, but from a thousand meaningless but effective details of action which appeal directly to the attention. She knows better her *métier de femme*. She is more mistress of the tricks that have their value in themselves and not in their motives. A smile, a shrug, a blank look, a caprice, are put in at the right time by her by virtue of the same instinct that makes her successful in her art, a blind instinct which she does not understand.

That is why artists and men of letters, especially in France, have so often been charmed by actresses; they like to see little things well done. The artistic has a value for them apart from its moral significance. They need no social justification for a charming caprice. The sincerity of the feeling expressed is irrelevant. The important thing is that it should be well expressed and *à propos*. Even among the humbler grades of actresses this skill is often found to a considerable degree. It is part of their profession. The woman whose description of Portia's character would be absurd may in action make Portia convincing and charming. She carries the same power into private life. She has the great power of expression. She is always expressing something, usually something of which she has no conception. She lives with *élan*, with spirit, with enthusiasm. This reaches to the paltriest details,—to the excitement over dress, to the petty jealousies of the profession,—everything is vivid. Frankness is a natural part of it,—not honesty, but freedom, *abandon*. From the point of view of conversation and spicy sociability reserve is a far worse sin than duplicity. That is one reason that the French talk so well and the English so badly. One of the things that surprises a man when he first gets into the company of the people of the stage is the profusion with which they throw out intimate private facts and feelings.

Of course this emphasis of one side of the histrionic temperament and the stage code of behavior would be misleading if it were taken too absolutely. We know that many an actress who seems to be living entirely for effect is sacrificing everything for a child or a mother. This knowledge adds to the subtlety of the attraction and to its value. It keeps us studying over just how far the woman is in our world and just how far she is out of it.

“There is a smile of Love,

And there is a smile of Deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles,
In which the two smiles meet."

Doubtless this bit of Blake adds nothing to the argument, and perhaps poetry is out of place in a matter-of-fact defense; but the stanza does express the rational essence of the attractiveness of the actress from the imaginative point of view. After all, there is poetry in any intelligent interest in things essentially foreign to us; and from this follows what has to be demonstrated, that there is nothing necessarily callow in a love of the private life behind the foot-lights

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

WHERE ONCE PAMELA SAT

AT Angel Inn, tho' sweetly shrined
With roses—curtains—all of that—
My quest is vain unless I find
The chair where once Pamela sat.

Where once her slipper tapped the floor—
Where once her form of grace reposed—
Ah! there indeed might fancy soar,
And gain a glimpse by heaven disclosed.

Where once Pamela sat—alas!
All trace is gone—no dream I win;
Let breezes moan, and maidens pass—
The charm is fled from Angel Inn.

EMMA CARLETON.





DRAWING

BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

THE DEVIL'S MANUSCRIPT

CHAPTER III.—“*The Mark of the Beast.*”

It was early in the spring that Brown published “The Yellow Dragon”—as the collection of tales left with him by De Bac was called—and the success of the book surpassed his wildest expectations. It became the rage. There were the strangest rumours afloat as to its authorship, for no one knew De Bac, and the name of the writer was supposed to be an assumed one. It was written by a clergyman; it was penned by a school-girl; it had employed the leisure of a distinguished statesman during his retirement; it was the work of an ex-crowned head. These, and such-like statements, were poured forth one day to be contradicted the next. Wherever the book was noticed it was either with the most extravagant praise or the bitterest rancour. But friend and foe were alike united on one thing—that of ascribing to its unknown author a princely genius. The greatest of the reviews, after pouring on “The Yellow Dragon” the vials of its wrath, concluded with these words of unwilling praise: “There is not a sentence of this book which should ever have been written, still less published; but we do not hesitate to say that, having been written and given to the world, there is hardly a line of this terrible work which will not become immortal—to the misery of mankind.”

Be this as it may, the book sold in tens of thousands, and Brown's fortune was assured. In ten years a man may do many things; but during the ten years that followed the publication of “The Yellow Dragon,” Brown did so many things that he astonished “the city,” and it takes not a little to do that. It was not alone the marvelous growth of his business—although that advanced by leaps and bounds until it overshadowed all others—it was his wonderful luck on the stock exchange. Whatever he touched turned to

gold. He was looked upon as the Napoleon of finance. His connection with the yellow sovereign was remembered. He had a palace in Berkshire; another huge pile owned by him overlooked Hyde Park. He was a county member and a cabinet-minister. He had refused a peerage and built a church. Could ambition want more? He had clean forgotten De Bac. From him he had heard no word, received no sign, and he looked upon him as dead. At first, when his eyes fell on the red trident on his wrist, he was wont to shudder all over; but as years went on he became accustomed to the mark, and thought no more of it than if it had been a mole. In personal appearance he was but little changed, except that his hair was thin and grey, and there was a bald patch on the top of his head. His wife had died four years ago, and he was now contemplating another marriage—a marriage that would ally him with a family dating from the Confessor.

Such was John Brown, when we met him ten years after De Bac's visit, seated at a large writing-table in his luxurious office. A clerk standing beside him was cutting open the morning's post, and placing the letters one by one before his master. It is our friend Simmonds—still a young man, but bent and old beyond his years, and still on "thirty bob" a week. And the history of Simmonds will show how Brown carried out De Bac's instructions. When "The Yellow Dragon" came out and business began to expand, Simmonds, having increased work, was ambitious enough to expect a rise in his salary, and addressed his chief on the subject. He was put off with a promise, and on the strength of that promise Simmonds, being no wiser than many of his fellows, married M'ria; and husband and wife managed to exist somehow with the help of the mother-in-law. Then the mother-in-law died, and there was only the bare thirty shillings a week on which to live, to dress, to pay

Simmonds' way daily to the city and back, and to feed more than two mouths—for Simmonds was amongst the blessed who have their quivers full. Still the expected increase of pay did not come. Other men came into the business and passed over Simmonds. Brown said they had special qualifications. They had ; and John Brown knew Simmonds better than he knew himself. The other men were paid for doing things Simmonds could not have done to save his life ; but he was more than useful in his way. A hundred times it was in the mind of the wretched clerk to resign his post and seek to better himself elsewhere. But he had given hostages to fortune. There was M'ria and her children, and M'ria set her face resolutely against risk. They had no reserve upon which to fall back, and it was an option between partial and total starvation. So "Sim," as M'ria called him, held on and battled with the wolf at the door, the wolf gaining ground inch by inch. Then illness came, and debt, and then—temptation. "Sim" fell, as many a better man than he has fallen.

Brown found it out, and saw his opportunity to behave generously, and made his generosity pay. He got a written confession of his guilt from Simmonds, and retained him in his service for ever on thirty shillings a week. And Simmond's life became such as made him envy the lot of a Russian serf, of a Siberian exile, of a negro in the old days of the sugar plantations. He became a slave, a living machine who ground out his daily hours of work ; he became mean and sordid in soul, as one does become when hope is extinct. Such was Simmonds as he cut open the envelopes of Brown's letters, and the great man reading them quickly, endorsed them with terse remarks in blue pencil, for subsequent disposal by his secretary. A sudden exclamation from the clerk, and Brown looked up.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"Only this, sir," and Simmonds held before Brown's eyes a jet black envelope; and as he gazed at it, his mind travelled back ten years, to that day when he stood on the brink of public infamy and ruin, and De Bac had saved him. For a moment everything faded before Brown's eyes, and he saw himself in a dingy room, with the gaunt figure of the author of "The Yellow Dragon," and the maker of his fortune, before him.

"Shall I open it, sir?" Simmond's voice reached him as from a far distance, and Brown roused himself with an effort.

"No," he said, "give it to me and go for the present."

When the bent figure of the clerk had passed out of the room, Brown looked at the envelope carefully. It bore a penny stamp, and the impress of the post-mark was not legible. The superscription was in white ink, and it was addressed to Mr. John Brown. The "Mr." on the letter irritated Brown, for he was now The Right Hon'ble John Brown, and was punctilious on that score. He was so annoyed, that at first he thought of casting the letter unopened into the waste-paper basket beside him, but changed his mind, and tore open the cover. A note-card discovered itself. The contents were brief and to the point.

"Get ready to start. I will call for you at the close of the day. L. De B."

For a moment Brown was puzzled, then the remembrance of his old compact with De Bac came to him. He fairly laughed. To think that he, The Right Hon'ble John Brown, the richest man in England, and one of the most powerful, should be written to like that! Ordered to go somewhere he did not even know! Addressed like a servant! The cool insolence of the note amused Brown first, and then he became enraged. He tore the note into fragments and cast it from him. "Damn the madman," he said

aloud, "I'll give him in charge if he annoys me." A sudden twinge in his right wrist made him hurriedly look at the spot. There was a broad pink circle, as large as a florin, around the mark of the trident, and it smarted and burned as the sting of a wasp. He ran to a basin of water and dipped his arm in to the elbow; but the pain became intolerable, and finally, ordering his carriage, he drove home. That evening there was a great civic banquet in the city, and amongst the guests was The Right Hon'ble John Brown.

All through the afternoon he had been in agony with his wrist, but towards evening the pain ceased as suddenly as it had come on, and Brown attended the banquet, a little pale and shaken, but still himself. On Brown's right hand sat the Bishop of Browboro', on his left a most distinguished scientist, and amongst the crowd of waiters was Simmonds, who had hired himself out for the evening to earn an extra shilling or so to eke out his miserable subsistence. The man of science had just returned from Mount Atlas, whither he had gone to observe the transit of Mercury, and had come back full of stories of witchcraft. He led the conversation in that direction, and very soon the Bishop, Brown and himself were engaged in the discussion of *diablerie*. The Bishop was a learned and a saintly man, and was a "believer"; the scientist was puzzled by what he had seen, and Brown openly scoffed.

"Look here!" and pulling back his cuff, he showed the red mark on his wrist to his companions, "if I were to tell you how that came here, you would say the devil himself marked me."

"I confess I am curious," said the scientist; and the Bishop fixed an inquiring gaze upon Brown. Simmonds was standing behind, and unconsciously drew near. Then the man, omitting many things, told the history of the mark on his wrist. He left out much but he told enough to make the

scientist edge his chair a little further from him, and a look of grave compassion, not untinged with scorn, to come into the eyes of the priest. As Brown came to the end of his story, he became unnaturally excited, he raised his voice, and, with a sudden gesture, held his wrist close to the Bishop's face. "There!" he said, "I suppose you would say the devil did that?"

And as the Bishop looked, a voice seemed to breathe in his ear—" *And he caused all . . . to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads.*" It was as if his soul was speaking to him urging him to say the words aloud. He did not; but with a pale face gently put aside Brown's hand. "I do not know, Mr. Brown—but I think you are called upon for a speech."

It was so; and, after a moment's hesitation, Brown rose. He was a fluent speaker, and the occasion was one with which he was peculiarly qualified to deal. He began well; but as he went on those who looked upon him saw that he was ghastly pale, and that the veins stood out on his forehead in blue cords. As he spoke he made some allusion to those men who have risen in eminence from an obscure position. He spoke of himself as one of these, and then began to tell the story of "The Devil's Manuscript," as he called it, with a mocking look at the Bishop. As he went on he completely lost command over himself, and the story of the manuscript became the story of his life. He concealed nothing, he passed over nothing. He laid all his sordid past before his hearers with a vivid force. His listeners were astonished into silence; perhaps curiosity kept them still. But, as the long tale of infamy went on, some, in pity for the man, and believing him struck mad, tried to stop him, but in vain. He came at last to the incident of the letter, and told how De Bac was to call for him to-night. "The Bishop of Browboro," he said with a jarring laugh,

"thought De Bac the fiend himself," but he (Brown, knew better; he—he stopped, and with a half inarticulate cry, began to back slowly from the table, his eyes fixed on the entrance to the room. And now a strange thing happened. There was not a man in the room who had the power to move or to speak; they were as if frozen to their seats; as if struck into stone. Some were able to follow Brown's glance, but could see nothing. All were able to see that in Brown's face was an awful fear, and that he was trying to escape from a horrible presence which was moving slowly towards him, and which was visible to himself alone. Inch by inch Brown gave way, until he at last reached the wall, and stood with his back to it, with his arms spread out, in the position of one crucified. His face was marble white, and a dreadful terror and a pitiful appeal shone in his eyes, His blue lips were parted as of one in the dolours of death.

The silence was profound.

There were strong men there; men who had faced and overcome dangers, who had held their lives in their hands, who had struggled against desperate odds and won; but there was not a man who did not now feel weak, powerless, helpless as a child before that invisible, advancing terror that Brown alone could see. They could move no hand to aid, lift no voice to pray. All they could do was to wait in that dreadful silence and to watch. Time itself seemed to stop. It was as if the stillness had lasted for hours.

Suddenly Brown's face so white before, flushed a crimson purple, and with a terrible cry he fell forwards on the polished woodwork of the floor.

As he fell it seemed as if the weight which held all still was on the moment removed, and they were free. With scared faces they gathered around the fallen man and raised him. He was quiet dead; but on his forehead, where there was no mark before, was the impress of a red trident.

A man, evidently one of the waiters, who had forced his way into the group, laid his finger on the mark and looked up at the Bishop. There was an unholy exultation in his face as he met the priest's eyes and said :

"He's marked twice—*damn him!*"

S. LEVETT YEATS.

A NOTE ON THE BELGIAN RENAISSANCE

IN literary uses, the word Renaissance is bruited about too loosely. It is applied hap-hazardly to a new movement, even to a fugitive vogue. In a sense, 'Renaissance' should never be applied to the writings of this or that author, or to this or that group of authors, but only to an *ism*: the renaissance of Romanticism, of Classicism, of Realism, of Idealism, of Dilletanteism, and the like.

Every half dozen young men in Paris who start a new fifty-centime 'organ' believe that they represent the Renaissance. I have known many such 'Renaissances'—from, so to say, fifty-centimes up to one franc seventy-five apiece. In England a young writer of, possibly, respectable ability, and of more than ordinary egotism (another *ism* closely connected with 'Renaissance' as commonly applied), opines that he is "The new man", until he falls into the grave of *The Athenæum*, and is there decently buried as an out-of-date commentator. In each instance the re-birth is premature: the matter is never a public rumour: and in death as in its passing breath of life, none laments what all have ignored.

The Belgian literary Renaissance, however, is an actuality. True, Belgium had never any great, or even memorable literary period: but what activity of independent national life it displayed—that is, on its Franco-Belgian as distinct from its Flemish development—appeared to be definitely on the wane with the death, or rather with the cessa-

tion of original creative work on the part of Charles de Coster and Henri Conscience.

When Baudelaire was an unwilling resident in Brussels, he saw clearly that the drift of Belgian literature was influenced overwhelmingly by the great current of French literature. True, there was also a German influence. For all Baudelaire cared there might also be a Dutch, an English, a Scandinavian influence. What he did discern was the dominating French influence, with its outcome in a slavish and even vulgar imitativeness. For Belgian art, Belgian letters, Belgian manners, and Belgian life, he had a supreme contempt. For much of his attitude, in the instance of a man such as Baudelaire, there was ample ground. What he failed to see was that Belgium was merely passing through a phase: that, even less in a literary than in any other sense, it was not really provincial to France, but only superficially so; or that, fundamentally, the Belgian was as distinct from the provincial Frenchman as the Hollander, the German, or the Swiss.

It is, broadly speaking, the Belgium of Baudelaire that most of us have in view when we speak or hear of Belgian literature. Until a few years ago, and to a certain extent even yet, it was the vogue in literary Paris to adopt the same attitude. As the Londoner smiles when he hears the 'provincial' (whether from Edinburgh or Dublin or the darkest of the most shires) speak of 'society,' so the Parisian man of letters condescended towards any new Belgian poet or novelist.

Thus, naturally, the good opinion of 'Paris' became all important to the ambitious young men of Brussels and Antwerp, Ghent and Liège. In another generation Belgian literature would have become an appendix to the literature of France—and of about as much interest to Frenchmen in general as, to Englishmen, say the literature of the British colony in the Straits Settlements.

Obviously, the primary and almost overwhelming handicap lay in the fact that the official and literary language of this small country—this vague *congerie* called the Belgic Netherlands, with its two Brabants, its two Flanders, its Dutch province, Walloon Luxembourg—was that of its most powerful neighbour, a neighbour upon whose amity its very existence depended, or all but depended. The young Belgian had, like the young Celt of western Ireland or the Scottish Highlander, no alternative. He had either to use the dominant official and literary language, or to be content to have no audience, no reader. Fifty years ago and less, Celtic Irish and Celtic Scots obscured rather than obtruded their Celticism, partly out of persecution or active annoyance, partly out of weakness and folly, but mainly because of a perverse utilitarian instinct. So fifty years ago and less, the young Flemings of Brabant and Flanders began to despise Flemish life, Flemish sentiments, Flemish speech and manners, and even Flemish literature, as vulgar. They were ‘Belgians,’ and by Belgians they meant Franco-Belgians. Even when the tide had turned, and political and other circumstances had involved the growth of a genuine and vigorous national sentiment; when, too, the desire of a national expression born in literature and the pictorial arts had become wide-spread; even then, critics, students, general readers, and poets and novelists themselves, saw that Flemish was a steadily narrowing and inevitable doomed language. By this time, however, the clearest-eyed had realized that the Flemish constituent was the most vital in the Belgic nature. Still it was realized that it would be madness to attempt the cult of what is of necessity transient.

It was out of the ferment thus caused that arose the contemporary Belgian Renaissance. This was not, of course, an abrupt, inorganic uprising. Men like De Coster, Conscience, and others had paved the way.

A group of writers, all young in heart and mind, if not all youthful in point of age, cohered in a common bond: the bond of a national, independent, original literature. The whip of Baudelaire, if it had lashed some into servility, had stung others into revolt. It was not now a question of the Franco-Belgian, but of the Belgian. Moreover, the 'Belgian' now meant a nationalist, not merely a Fleming, a Walloon, still less merely a Brabantois or a Flandricist, and now not at all a mere Bruxellois or Anversoise, a Gandoise or Liègoise.

Foremost in this renaissance of nationalism were Max Waller and Edmond Picard, two writers whose names are little known out of Belgium, but whose influence has been almost incalculable. To Max Waller is due the foundation of the league (and its literary organ) "*La Jeune Belgique*;" and the history of "*La Jeune Belgique*" is the story of the contemporary Belgian Renaissance.

I will not attempt, here, a summary of this important, highly suggestive, and in every way interesting literary development, or even an enumeration of all its noteworthy exemplars, whether as poets, novelists, essayists, historians and critics. I have already, (in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere,) in some measure done so: but in any case can not do more, here, than specify a few men of singular note, and this, moreover, only in connection with the extremely interesting, because adequately representative volume, by Mrs. Wingate Rinder, which has just been added to the "Green Tree Library."

It goes almost without saying that the Belgian writer best known abroad—indeed, if France be excepted, and even of France little more than literary Paris, the *only* Belgian really widely known out of Belgium—is Maurice Maeterlinck. The vogue of this author has bewildered the Belgic critics as much as it has astonished those of other countries. Even

now, M. Maeterlinck is more talked about than read. One of the most distinguished men of letters in Brussels told me the other day that the Belgians are proud of the author of *La Princess Maleine*, but are so proud of him that they are content to read foreign praise of his work, and leave actual perusal of that work till another occasion.

There are, however, few even of M. Maeterlinck's admirers who are aware that he made his debut in literature with a prose narrative, and still fewer who have read "The Massacre of the Innocents." I recalled the appearance of this remarkable composition a good many years ago, and before anyone beyond a small circle of friends had heard the name of the author as that of a youth of promise. "The Massacre" saw the light in an obscure, early defunct, and now and for long exceedingly rare French magazine, and I remember that this strange and fascinating Flemish version of a Biblical episode, after the manner of the old Flemish and Dutch painters, was above a Flemish name, Mooris Mâterlinck.

Mrs. Wingate Rinder has been fortunate as well as judicious. Fortunate in her opportunities, both in the discovery of this 'lost' tale and in having gained the author's consent to its translation. Nor could she have begun her delightful volume more happily. "The Massacre of the Innocents" is a notable achievement by a notable man: it is, moreover, representative of a phase of literary work that is attracting much attention at present—that of a vividly contemporaneous re-setting of ancient legends or Scriptural episodes: and it was the first composition of its kind, in Belgium at any rate.

The writer who has most distinguished himself in this *genre* is M. Eugène Demolder. His *Contes d'Yperdamme* and *Récits de Nazareth* are perhaps as interesting, in their own way, as the old Flemish painters of Biblical scenes

are in theirs. If it were not for a certain art of self-conscious effort throughout, and for a style more derivative than native, and hence lacking in precision and lucidity, these stories of M. Demolder would take a high place in imaginative literature of their kind; as it is, they are simply interesting. The 'school,' if it may be so called, is well represented by M. Demolder's "The Denial of St. Peter," and M. Maeterlinck's "Massacre of the Innocents." There is more realism of insight in the latter; more realism of detail in the former. Both are admirable examples of a new and fascinating literary *genre*: new, at least, in America and Great Britain, so far as I am aware.

But though M. Maeterlinck's name is better known abroad than that of any of his countrymen, there is one author who in Belgium holds a commanding place. George Eckhoud is one of the most remarkable novelists of the Realistic School. He resembles Guy de Maupassant more than Zola; but, again, is much more akin to the author of *Germinal* and *La Terre* than to the Goncourts and others of the so-called Realists, who are simply narrative documentarians. His true analogue, indeed, is Giovanni Verga, an Italian writer whose great talent is nearer genius than that of any other living Italian, except, perhaps, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Unquestionably, nine out of ten of the reading public in Belgium would at once name Mr. Eckhoud as the most eminent living Belgian; and, I think, justly. From his early *Kees Doorik* to his latest *Kermesses*, to *Le Cycle Patibulaire*, and *Mes Communions*, he has displayed the signs of master-hand. His foreign reputation is only a question of time. He is a Fleming of the Flemings; and though he no longer writes in Flemish, his stories are charged with Flemish sentiment, idioms, enthusiasms, and prejudices. In his work, as in that of some of his abler confrères, there is a remarkable strain of brutality, a peculiarly characteristic Flemish coarse-

ness. 'This may militate against his full acceptance in America and Great Britain, though so original is this coarse fibre in his genius that, without it, the charm of verisimilitude would be lost. I do not recollect a more powerful story of its kind than his "Marcus Tybout": but though none of the three which Mrs. Rinder has selected is equal to it in dramatic intensity and vivid life-colour, it is easy to understand why she could not include it in this volume.

"Ex Voto," however, is an excellent example of M. Eckhoud's method. Indeed, "Ex Voto," "Kors Davie," and "Hiep-Hioup" are, together, very fairly representative of this remarkable Belgian writer.

After Georges Eckhoud the most eminent of the Belgian realists is M. Camille Lemonnier. Circumstances have made M. Lemonnier a Parisian rather than a Belgian, and there are certainly many people in France who would be amazed if told that the powerful, if sombre, realist, of *Un Mâle*, *Thérèse Monique*, and other books, was not a Frenchman. It is only in his early compositions, moreover, that he is distinctively Belgic. Mrs. Rinder has shown true insight and understanding of this author in her choice of "Fleur de Blé" and "The Bargees' Fête" ("La St. Nicholas du Batelier"). The second is, in particular, eminently characteristic of "the Belgian Renaissance," as well as of M. Lemonnier. Readers should note the freshness and vivid colour in the details.

While M. Eckhoud remains the formost exemplar in prose of the Flemish genius, as Emile Verhaeren in verse, the Walloons are best represented by M. Louis Delattre and M. George Garnir. Here, however, I do not think that Mrs. Rinder has been so fortunate. At any rate, I cannot discern anything very distinctive either in "Jacclard" or in "Pierre de la Baraque," and recall more convincing and abler stories by M. Garnir and M. Delattre. However,

these are sufficiently representative; and, though the least interesting part of an extremely interesting and suggestive volume, are good in their kind. Readers specially interested in the Walloon side of this new Belgian literature should turn to M. Garnir's *Contes à Marjolaine*, and to M. Delattre's *Contes de mon Village*.

There is another, and more distinctively Teutonic side of this Belgian literary development: the mystic, the symbolical. It is here that M. Maeterlinck stands first, and in psychological drama, alone—or alone save for his friend and forerunner, Charles Van Lerberghe, author of *Les Flaireurs*. His methods have been carried to an extreme by M. Auguste Jenart in his extraordinary drama of *Le Barbare*. M. Jenart is also a poet of remarkable, if almost unduly sombre, imagination, and a prose-writer of signal individuality. In style he is akin to the Germans, however; not to the French. It was conscientious of Mrs. Rinder not to shrink from adequate representation of this 'symbolist' school, but she might well have done so on account of the extreme difficulty in translation. Sometime ago I read "Trompe-la-Mort" in the Liège magazine, where it made its first appearance, and recollect thinking what a hopeless thing it would be to translate. When I read Mrs. Rinder's version I took up the original again, and was astonished to find how admirably she had accomplished a task that might have daunted the most experienced literary worker. Obviously the piece is an allegory: but I admit that a little less nebulosity, a little less symbolism, and a little more both of lucidity and narrative-technique, would enhance my opinion of M. Jenart as a writer of prose romance. Mrs. Rinder could have had scarcely less difficulty with "L'Ame Errante" of M. Stéphane Richelle. M. Richelle is one of the ablest of the exemplars of that eminently Belgic literary genre, the short episodic prose-poem. Here, too, in "The

Wandering Soul," we have an allegory. Of the two compositions, there will probably be less vituperation for the "Errant-Soul" than for "Trompe-la-Mort," where the most signal merit is in the alluring title.

I am glad to see that Mrs. Rinder has taken cognizance of the youngest 'school,' as represented by that able new writer, M. Hubert Krains. I recollect having read "The Mountebanks" as "Les Saltimbanques," in, if I remember aright, *La Jeune Belgique*. M. Krains has something of the large air, of the fine march, of the wide vision of the author of *The Return of the Native* and *The Woodlanders*, though he has yet to prove that he has anything of the narrative-mastery of Thomas Hardy.

It is remarkable how well Mrs. Wingate Rinder has represented this new Belgian literature, so far as its expression in fiction is concerned. In her always careful and sympathetic, and often admirable translation, she has caught both the manner and the atmosphere of the originals—and than this no better praise can be given to a translator. The task of final selection must have been a difficult one, and she is heartily to be congratulated on her critical discoment and sound editorial judgment. A volume so representative as this, and containing as it does some of the most typical work that has been done, from the veteran Georges Eckhoud to the latest comer Hubert Krains, should find an immediate welcome, not only from all who are interested in this Belgian Renaissance, but also from all who care for what is novel, vivid, and suggestive in contemporary literature.

WILLIAM SHARP





PORTRAIT OF IBSEN

BY GARDNER C. TEALL

NOTES

¶ In a recent issue I had occasion to allude somewhat harshly to the novels of a young woman whose elaborately French name suggests the sensational and vivid immorality of her work. I have now from her a note, bravely clever and amusing, in which she assures me I was cruel. "I am a very nice girl," she says, "and you must not get me mixed up with my evil heroines. They are all people I should not permit my mother to know, and I blush as I read about them."

The situation is paradoxical even for an age when purity of mind is known by strange signs. But after all the statement may be honest. I take it the young lady had to earn a livelihood, and having a small talent determined to use it in the "literary business." Strangely enough her talent was not so small that she deluded herself into believing she could write good books. She was clever enough to attempt bad ones deliberately. Apparently they *are* bad, bad as the evil heart of a railroad-train newsboy could wish them. Of course I have not read them,—such things in French are worse, and more readable. I notice however that a staid and respectable journal like the *New York Sun* devotes half a column to "the fountain of cocktails, which plays continuously through this lady's novels," while it disposes of several important and dignified works in belles-lettres in a dozen lines of the same column—all of which is a striking comment on the character of the novels in question, and incidentally on the character of the *New York Sun*.

In short, the books are bad, they sell, the lady's livelihood is assured, and she has leisure to blush, to be modest, and to protect her dear mother from the naughty world. 'T is touching and melodramatic.

Often on the stage a mother is tempted to sell her virtue to

feed her starving babes, and the situation is one of eternal delight to the populace. To an advanced playwright however, it is ridiculously out of date. I mean myself to write a play in which a daughter will be tempted to prostitute her pen to save a helpless mother. My heroine is however, to proceed on the line of the newest and most advanced doctrines. She will indignantly refuse to degrade her literary powers. She will sell her virtue, this proceeding being much less harmful to the community than the other. Then she will write noble and uplifting stories, hill-top novels as it were, which will be accepted by the leading magazines of the country. I may even have *The Ladies' Home Journal* pay her \$5 a word. She will organize leagues of women all over the country, who will work strongly together to no particular end, and she will die in the odor of New-Womanhood. I shall be hailed as the coming playwright, and my play will be very bad.

¶ I do not understand why artists are so unwilling to face this fact concerning persons of the greatest refinement of taste—"most good things please, few mediocre things please, all bad things please." By bad I do not mean immoral. Perhaps all immoral things please, but it is a doubtful question.

I was more than usually convinced about the maxim concerning bad things the other evening when I sat through an alleged "popular program" at a concert. Popularity, as the leader understood it, was to be attained by an offering of the small-fry of composers. The music was respectable, that is it was neither distinguished nor rowdy, and consequently no one was much pleased. Fidelity to mediocre standards fails of reward as perennially as do the attempts to have an opera season in Philadelphia. The experience of this conductor might have taught him that our audiences are intelligent enough to enjoy a Beethoven symphony. There

was only one alternative, to stoop to the level of the composer of "The Band Played On," and this was neither desirable nor possible.

The conductor must have known that bad music is triumphant nightly in a thousand music halls throughout the land. Leaving women out of the question,—and their position is largely the result of inexperience—I venture to assert that there is no one of us who will not confess on the day of judgement for lesser offences that he has loved the rollicking rattling music of the variety stage, the dazzle of its impressionistic paint and wigs, and the hearty vulgarity, brazen sentimentality of its songs.

¶ Perhaps it is because enjoyment of the music-hall is so universal that it offers unequalled opportunities to the "amateur aux gouts bas" for the most dandified fastidiousness.

I myself do not much mind with whom I go to the opera; if he enjoys it it will be in my way, if he does not enjoy it I pay no attention to him. But the man who goes with me to a concert-hall is the most carefully chosen of my companions. Such a visit is indeed a final test by which you may accept or reject new friends. Your companion is sure to enjoy himself, therein lies the danger. His enjoyment may take forms most distressing. He may not realize that he is having a debauch of bad taste. He may be moved to uproarious laughter, whereas in fact a music hall is the place to which one goes for impressions of sadness. Again he may feel real pathos in some maudlin ballad, while you are placidly and daintily mirthful, and tingling with satire. Then there will come moments when you will want to change face and yourself riot in an abandon to vulgar humor and pathos. Your apparent inconsistency will not be comprehended. Probably the unsympathetic companion will listen to everything, not realizing that "turns" of insistent dullness offer the only opportunity you get to attain perfect

abstraction from the world, moments in which to think continuously and to talk of things really serious.

¶ Every time that I have been in England I have vainly attempted to reconcile the England I knew from my books and the England I saw about me. The first is a land of beautiful women attired in the most dashing French gowns, the second is full of women who wear ill-fitting gowns of barbarous colors and have tousled hair and excrescent "buns." Never have I been able to make chic and English synonymous. But now I have a hope. Dudley Hardy and his fellow poster-makers have been revealing to me the grotesque charm of bonnets worn on the nape of the neck, and the artistic possibilities of buns. When I next go to London I expect a revelation. We hear painters talk of learning to see things flat; I expect to see English women poster-wise and I fairly long for them, "les délicieuses misses."

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THE TRIBUTE OF FROST

THE rose, retired within the stem,
Was dreaming of the spring to come;
The Southwind's band of harp and lute
Was changed for Winter's fife and drum :
The barns had golden bread to hoard,
The blue was fainter in the skies ;
Jack Frost turned over in his sleep,
Muttered, arose, and rubbed his eyes.

His fingers gripped an icy rod,
And out into the road he stepped ;
At once from all excited stars
Their brightest salutations leapt.
Within the wood he roared a song
That startled oak and beech, I trow,
And there it stayed, a ballad writ
In rimy notes upon the bough.

He pinched the berry in the hedge,
He nipped the spider in his lure ;
On many a window-pane he set
His fine and flowing signature ;
But when my nesting Love was spied
He laboured at a rare device,
And fondly treasured on the glass
His breath in daffodils of ice.

NORMAN GALE.

ONE WORD MORE

THE contemporary writing which is commonly called "decadent" has one quality which is likely to be fatal to its permanence,—it wears out the reader's interest. On the first reading it has a certain newness of manner, a certain unconventionality of form and idea, which catch the attention; but these qualities catch the attention, they do not hold it, with each successive reading the spell weakens until it is entirely spent. We discover that the manner which caught us, so to speak, at the start, is either self-conscious or tricky; and both qualities are fatal to permanence. There is nothing so inimical to the highest success in art as self-consciousness, and nothing is so soon discovered as tricks of style. It is, of course, both unintelligent and idle to characterize a considerable mass of writing in general terms; but, even with such differences of insight and ability as the decadent literature reveals, it has certain characteristics in common, and these characteristics disclose its essential qualities. They are significant enough to furnish a basis for a dispassionate opinion.

With the revolt against the conventional and the commonplace, especially on the part of the youngest men, every lover of sound writing must be heartily in sympathy. In a time when Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austin and Lewis Morris are gravely brought forward as fit candidates for the laureateship which Wordsworth and Tennyson held in succession, it is not surprising that young men with a real feeling for literature, fall to cursing and take refuge in eccentricity of all kinds. It must frankly be confessed that a great deal of current writing, while uncommonly good as regards form and taste, is devoid of anything approaching freshness of feeling or originality of idea. Its prime characteristic is well-bred, well-dressed and well-mannered mediocrity, of

contact with life it gives no faintest evidence; of imagination, passion and feeling—those prime qualities out of which great literature is compounded—it is as innocent as the average Sunday School publication. It is not without form, but it is utterly void.

That men who are conscious, even in a blind way, of the tragic elements of life should revolt against this widespread dominion of the commonplace is matter neither for astonishment nor regret; if they have blood in their veins and vitality in their brains, they can not do otherwise. The responsibility for excesses and eccentricities generally rests with the conditions which have set the reaction in motion. When men begin to suffocate windows are likely to be broken as well as opened; when Philistia waxes prosperous and boastful Bohemia receives sudden and notable accessions of population.

Among English speaking people at least, it is chiefly as a reaction that decadent literature is significant. It is an attempt to get away from the mortal dullness of the mass of contemporary writing; an effort to see life anew and feel it afresh. In many cases, it is, however, mistaken not only in morals, but in method: it confuses mannerism with originality, and unconventionality with power. A manner may be novel, and, at the same time, bad; one may be conventional and, at the same time, essentially weak. In moments of hot and righteous indignation a little cursing of the right sort may be pardonable; but cursing has no lasting quality.

A revolt against too many clothes, or against a deadly uniformity of cut and style, is always justifiable; but nudity is not the only alternative; there is an intermediate position in which one may be both clothed *and* in his right mind.

Now, there is nothing more certain than that the originality of the greater and more enduring books is free from self-consciousness, mannerisms and eccentricity in any form.

As a rule, the greater the work the greater the difficulty of classifying it, of putting one's hand in the secret of its home, of describing it in a phrase. The contrast between Shakespeare and Maeterlinck is, in this respect, so striking that one wonders how the admirers of the gifted Belgian were led into the blunder of forcing it upon contemporary readers. Maeterlinck has unmistakable power; his skill in introducing atmospheric affects, in assailing the senses of his readers without awakening their consciousness that powerful influences are in the air, his genius in the use of suggestion, are evident almost at a glance. But when one has read "The Intruder" or "The Princess Maleine" one has, in a way, read all these powerful and intensely individual dramas. They are all worked out by a single method, and that method is instantly detected. Maeterlinck's manner is so obvious that no one can overlook or mistake. With Shakespeare, on the other hand, there is the greatest difficulty in discovering any manner at all. At his best Shakespeare is magical; there is no getting at his way of doing things. His method is so free, so natural, so varied, and moves along such simple lines that we take it for granted, as if it were a part of the order of things. There is a kind of elemental unconsciousness in him, which gives his artistic processes the apparent ease, the fullness and range of the processes of nature.

"The great merit, it seems to me," writes Mr. Lowell to Prof. Norton, "of the old painters was that they did not try to be original. 'To say a thing,' says Goethe, 'that everybody else has said before, as quietly as if nobody had ever said it, *that* is originality.'" In other words, originality consists not in saying new things but in saying true things. It is for this reason that the great writers have no surprises for us; they lift into the light of clear expression things that have lain silent at the bottom of our natures; things profoundly felt, but never spoken. In like manner, originality

in form and style is not a matter of novelty, but of deeper feeling and surer touch. A piece of work which, like a popular song, has a rhythm or manner which catches the senses, may have a lusty life, but is certain to have a brief one. There is nothing "catching" or striking, in the superficial sense, in the greater works of art. Their very simplicity hides their superiority and the world makes acquaintance with them very slowly.

A genuine reaction, of the kind which predicts a true liberation of the imagination, is only momentarily a revolt against outgrown methods and the feebleness of a purely imitative art; it is essentially a return to the sources of power. It begins in revolt, but it does not long rest in that negative stage; it passes on to reconstruction, to creative work in a new and independent spirit. Goethe and Schiller went *through* the *Sturm and Drang* period; they did not stay in it. "The Sorrows of Werther" and "Goetz" were followed by "Tasso" and "Faust;" and "The Robbers" soon gave place to "William Tell." The Romanticists who made such an uproar when "Hernani" was put on the stage, did not long wear red waist-coats and flowing locks; they went to work and brought forth the solid fruits of genius.

The man on the barricade is a picturesque figure, but he must not stay too long or he becomes ridiculous; the insurrection, if it means anything, must issue in a permanent social or political order. Even genius will not redeem perpetual revolt from monotony, as the case of Byron clearly shows. Revolt is inspiring if it is the prelude to a new and better order; if it falls short of this, achievement is only a disturbance of the peace. It means, in that case, that there is dissatisfaction, but that the reaction has no more real power than the tyranny or stupidity against which it takes up arms. The new impulse in literature, when it comes,

will evidence its presence neither by indecency nor by eccentricity ; but by a certain noble simplicity, by the sanity upon which a great authority always ultimately rests, by the clearness of its insight, and the depth of its sympathy with that deeper life of humanity, in which are the springs of originality and productiveness.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

HEAVY SEA

THERE was rumour along the southern coast of a wild man, who, when storms raged and waves were high, ran from the mountains to plunge into the sea. It was done in the night, and no man had gone too near.

In the chaparel of a little bluff—a lowering November midnight—I lay watching the sea spit storm. Time became elemental and slipped into the eternal. Suddenly, without noise, a naked figure slid the bluff and stood, boldly dark, upon the opposite horn of the beach. The sands curved delicately, like a new moon. The figure was sturdy, with compactness seen in a Shetland pony—not overly tall ; shoulders rounded and head thrust a little forward, as though by the shooting quality of a projectile.

Immediately after, a beautiful mountain cat stood over the verge of the cliff.

The wild man waited before the sea, the Puma majestically arrested above ! As a great wave came seeking the shore, the man plunged to meet it, and the beast gave a superb spring to the sand.

It padded up and down, hugging the cliff, while the wild man played with the sea—now carried far out, now riding gallantly in ; buffeted, tossed, turned beneath, rising with a shout which was borne by the wind into chasmed howls answering from the beach.



Albert E. Sterner . 95.

FROM A SKETCH

BY ALBERT E. STERNER

Finally, an enormous wave lifted him, and slammed the body ashore. He spread his arms and laughed, as though this was *his* will, not the sea's.

And the Puma came and licked him.

Then the man rose and ran.

And after waiting a befitting space, I followed.

We climbed a trail which was no trail, over bowlders and fallen trees, and round and about live ones. And we ended by being very high on the mountain where there was a cave. The man busied himself building fire, for the morning chill came to the air, and it had begun to rain.

Presently he wrapped a large fur about him and lay by the fire looking straight up to the mist in the tops of the red-woods—he was having his smoke!

The Puma curled before the mouth of the cave.

Everything was still but the drip, dripping from the trees.

Attracted by the light of the fire, two large snakes wound from the cave over the body of the dozing beast, who, startled, sprung and held one with its paw—as a cat might arrest a string.

At that, the wild man jumped to his feet, casting the fur, rushed at the cowering Puma and beat him with fury. The poor beast bounded into the cave, and the wild man paced about with a cunning, fierce, and evil look, yet a something primevally godlike in the angry stride.

Then—thinking of the godlike—I had a moving impulse to know him. And I came forth straight into sight. He stopped, stone-still, and a heavenly light flooded his eyes. He murmured, "Another human soul!" and looked devouringly upon me. Then a shiver of despair swept him, he was as weak as a lonely child—and I took him by the hand and we sat down together.

He told of the wild will that was in him, a mad strength doubling with his growth. Blasting all opposition, sweep-

to its goal—"Heavy sea! heavy sea!" Crushing the strong, carrying with it the weak—"Slammed at last on the shore," said he.

"Loving, age, loving"—for the moment upon him was the seal of the whole world's love—"And powerless to yield for the love. Seeking the savage, at last, as my kin—and crushing again, blasting again—no will against mine?"

"If the wildest opposed, I was more brutal than he—I spewed foam, I buried him under.

"Then I left them, mad, and weeping by turns—ran to the beasts and to the sea.

"The sea and I wrestle"—he laughed—"that coward, the Puma, I love!"

*

*

*

*

Of this great burning of the human spark, it has been given to me a little understanding.

ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.

THE LAST ROSE

O H, which is the last rose?"
A blossom of no name.
At midnight the snow came;
At daybreak a vast rose,
In darkness unfurled,
O'er-petaled the world.

Its odourless pallor
Blossomed forlorn,
Till radiant valour
Reconquered the morn—
Till the night
Was undone
In her fight
With the sun.

The brave orb in state rose
And crimson he shone first ;
While from the high vine
Of heaven the dawn burst,
Staining the great rose
From sky-line to sky-line.

The red rose of morn
A white rose at noon turned ;
But at sunset re-born,
All red again soon burned.
Then the pale rose of noon-day
Re-blossomed in the night,
And spectrally white
In the light
Of the moon lay.

But the vast rose
Was scentless,
And this is the reason :
When the blast rose
Relentless,
And brought in due season
The snow-rose, the last rose
Congealed in its breath,
There came with it treason ;
The traitor was Death.

In lee-valleys crowded,
The sheep and the birds
Were frozen and shrouded
In flights and in herds.
In highways
And byways
The young and the old

CONUNDRUMS

QUESTION: A visage fair
And voice is rare,
Affording pleasant charms;
Which is with us
Most ominous
Presaging future harms.



ANSWER: A Mermaid, which betokens destruction to Mariners.



QUESTION: Rich, yellow, and bright,
Long, slender, and white,
Both one in another there are;
Now tell unto me,
What this riddle may be,
Then will I your wisdom declare.



ANSWER: A Diamond ring on a Lady's finger.

FROM AN OLD CHAP-BOOK

Were tortured and maddened
And killed by the cold.
But many were gladdened
By the beautiful last rose,
The blossom of no name
That came when the snow came,
In darkness unfurled—
The wonderful vast rose
That filled all the world.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE APPEAL TO ANNE

I

FROM ROGER.

YOU are my friend. Therefore I am sure of your patience. My dearest, yield it to me now, of all times! This is a confession and prayer.

True, I might dissemble still. Chance lends the ready garment.

But I am resolved I will have no more lies. I will speak the truth, though I lose you. I never knew much good to come of lies.

Dear, if you love me much, this will pain you bitterly. I should be glad to die now, if so I rightly might, that you might think of me always as you do now, and *she* might never know, or be wounded in her faith and pride.

For me has been destined the doing of that wrong I look upon as the deadliest of all. Treachery is the crime, and the crime is mine.

Let me tell you again, you tender woman, you dearest and noblest in the world, how I love you. I think of you constantly, I yearn for your sweet companionship. You are

my dear ideal—you are to me all peacefulness, and worth, and wisdom, and womanly greatness, and incomparable grace. You are the pure air to me.

Dear, it is because my love for you is the best that is in me that I am at such pains to make my confession absolute. My heart grows imperious at thought of you, and leaps for the highest course, though that bids for the supernal sacrifice of losing you—you, so sweetly gained! For you I should be happy to die now, heart in hand.

It would be sweet, I think, to die now, to leave this black dilemma, to vanish utterly. And yet, while you live, all splendor and all grace are here!

* * * * Dear Anne, there is another woman I have been making love to—how I loathe to write the name—Doris Ewing, who loves me as I love you, and to whom I grew tender just in hopelessness of you.

So far away in the north you were, so like the figment of a fond impossible ideal, and she was here beside me, dark-eyed and sweet. I loved her. So often I said it—so sweetly she believed, and the habit grew. “I love you,” I said, even when I knew that love was just like. For often she was but as a small craft on the heaving sea of my passion, the sea that ran to its flood-tide for you!

I told her repeatedly I loved her,—and lied. Was it any the less a lie that the spirit of romance was strong within me, and my heart-hunger made me mad? I loved her in this fashion, say, because she was loving, and my heart was full of love.

It did not come to me forcibly at the time that I was lying. I had come into the habit of her, and the words did not stick in my throat, as lies usually do. I did not despise myself. My duplicity I learned to contemplate with equanimity and to forget, and so I lied ardently, and successfully. What a bad success it was!

For Doris loved me dearly, and cried over me a bit, now and then, I suspect, and was beautiful and happy. I wondered, sometimes, (forgetting the reason that lay in my larger desire—you !) why I did not really love her.

Such is my story, as well as I understand it.

She is very sweet, and I am very fond of her. I seek to extenuate nothing ; I write the crude facts as I know them. She has black hair and eyes, she is very white and slender, with nestling ways. She is not very learned or rich, but patrician and proud ; all agree that she is beautiful. She is debonair and sweet, and when I think of you she is nothing to me—nothing !

But I tried to love her just in love's despite, and she was happy in the main, and I was half-resigned. I stifle when I think of that.

How pitiful it all was !

Often she leaned, touched my shoulder, and spoke with downcast eyes :

"Do you really love me ?"

"Very tenderly."

"Passionately ?"

"Passionately."

"With all your heart ?"

"With all my heart."

"Forever ?"

"Forever."

She mistrusted me no more than the day mistrusts the sun.

And one night I sat late in my room, thinking. It was cold ; the wild wind arose, hissing in the stark trees. Out in the cold sky the stars shone white and multitudinous. There came to me a wanton mood ; I floated with it, pensive and relaxed. I had no wish to change it, but desired only to sit peacefully through the midnight until sleep should come, to lightly conjecture and mildly reflect, to clasp my

knees by the fire and await the fortunes of the hour. Life had grown trivial.

And by degrees the thoughts of you came intensely and possessed me. That was the night I wrote you that mad long letter of adoration and despair.

Ah, you were to me impossible. I had been half-resigned. But that night passion reigned. It was my dearest tribute just to tell you of the love I had for you. If it was madness it was a sweet madness.

I thought when your letter would come I would sit for a while with it in my hand, and dream the sweet, the terrible, the improbable,—before I opened it to read your kind wording (I knew it would be kind) of what my despair taught me to expect.

Then the wires shot stupefying joy.

"Everything! Why did you wait so long? Come to me now—at once! I give you all!"

I had the message there at the street. I gazed blankly. Then with realization came tumultuous sweetness that was pain. Doris, across the way, stopped singing.

"Good news, Roger?"

"The best, and the worst!"

"Oh! Tell me about it, when I come."

* * * * Do your eyebrows slope, and your lips upcurl?

I have written it all out. When she comes (she is coming soon) I shall tell her all, as I have told you. This is to be the blackest hour of my life. I have made up my mind to tell her the truth. It is her right. But my heart has so often failed me. If this is tenderness, why what a false tenderness it is!

I have no more hopes of you now than I had when I wrote you. But I belong to you, and will always belong to you, just for your once loving, even though you despise me, now and forever.

I shall tell her frankly, extenuating nothing. *For I will have no more lies.* On that I am resolved.

Anne, I do not truly live without you, and I crave the intensest living. I think of you always as I saw you first—tall and fair, with the gold across your temples, and the museful, wistful mouth with its serious thinking silences and then its soft rapid speech, and the eyes, the blue eyes, that had for me such exquisite language. You are repose—heaven! And I am in a hell of my own making, and dearest, I could not help it! Ah, I am pleading. I did not mean to plead.

Did you have a dream of me, as noble, say? Here am I, who love life because of you, who love you more than that life or my hope of heaven. But what to you is such a love?

She is coming soon, and I shall tell her. I say I shall have no more deception. I am yours—yours! I dare not write the prayer that is in my heart. I cannot say farewell. Remember, when you despise me worst, I am yours!

II

FROM DORIS.

The letter sent with this was found sealed and bearing your name and address in the room where Roger died yesterday. He had spoken of you so often that I came almost to know you. That is why I am writing this note; you were his friend, and one so noble as he must have noble friends. I thought for a moment I would ask you to let me read the letter, but I could not bear to see it and know that it was his last, and written to another.—The trouble was his heart. Will you be present? I cannot write any more for crying.

III

THE TWO WOMEN

Said Doris: "You are just as I pictured you. May I

call you just Anne? How long they prayed! I did not know you would come. I could not think who you were, standing beside his grave so beautiful and tearless. I could not see well for weeping, and the wind was cold, and my head ached. Oh, the wan face! The black clothes—I did not like the black. I wanted to lie down there with him and be covered up. The clay was so cold and wet. Oh, how cold my heart grew! Did you think they prayed long? I was so cold!”

“I have never been told how he died,” said Anne.

“I entered the library, where he was waiting for me,” Doris replied. “It was near twilight. He sat by the window, looking out. When I came in he turned and his face was pale. The room was cold. The fire had gone out. I never saw him pale before; I was frightened and cried out. He came to re-assure me, and his face was so pale! He looked at me long and anxiously—so anxiously. I did not understand this look, it was so strange. It hurt me because I did not understand it. Now I know it was physical suffering. He went back to the window and sank into his chair. ‘Are you not ill?’ I asked. He answered, ‘A little,’ and added, ‘It will pass.’ But he did not speak at all, or touch me, and when I stroked his forehead he leaned suddenly forward, his face in his arms, on the window-sill, and would not answer me. I ran out to tell them he was ill. When the doctor came I was told he was dead. They gave me his letter to send you, and tell you.”

“You do not wish,” said Anne, “to read the letter?”

Doris did not reply.

“It would make you less able to realize that he is—gone,” said Anne, gently.

“Yes,” said Doris. “And then it was to you,—not me.”

The other’s face was suffused with tender pity. She spoke

impulsively, and yet with a timorous boldness, as one who ventures upon hazardous and novel ways :

“Doris, he loved you with all his heart !”

“He told you ?”

“Yes.”

“He spoke of you so often, Anne. We shall always be friends.”

“Yes, always.”

“You are sure he loved me so ?” The girl’s mouth tremored at the corners. “He did not tell me often enough.”

“He loved you dearly ;” said Anne.

“Ah, if you knew what sweet comfort you give ! You are sure ?—quite sure ?”

“He loved you with all his heart,” repeated Anne.

“I will go, Anne. I thank you so much ! I think I can weep again, now. For a while, good-bye. Give me both your hands, and kiss me.”

EDWARD CUMMINGS.

NOTES

¶ I have the following on reliable authority :

Kipling is writing a story for the *Ladies’ Home Journal*. Kipling ! However—with his usual breeze and the vinous quality of his style, he concludes a chapter thereof : “And the fellow tossed down a glass of old Madeira, and turned to leave the room,” etc. Little Bok, in a panic, wires the brawny jungle-man : “Can you change ‘tossed down a glass of old Madeira ?’ *Ladies’ Home Journal* rules forbid mention of wine.” Kipling wires four words : “Make it *Mellin’s Food*.”

We can hear the jungle-roar of laughter that shook the English lion’s den.

¶ In the matter of log-rolling there was Du Plessis, the man who wrote "The Small Arms-Eye" series, you remember. He always said frankly that log-rolling saved his life; his literary life, I suppose he meant. He insisted that, judiciously applied to the dear public, the effect of log-rolling could hardly be over-estimated. Then he repeated that old remark that the public, which rejoices in thinking itself discriminating, is only a flock of sheep; skillfully make one or two individuals jump over a fence, and the whole crowd follows, each believing he is acting on his own responsibility. Du Plessis acknowledges that log-rolling will not have much influence on posterity, but then posterity is a good way off yet. For his part he would a good deal rather write for the present. And so he does, ream after ream, and when some one daringly prints a paragraph saying that it "is greatly to be regretted that Du Plessis is writing too much, etc., etc.," in the twinkling of an eye somebody else puts in another paragraph rejoicing that this "distinguished man is one of those geniuses in whose mind the flame of production burns always more and more brilliantly—that his latest novel is distinctly superior to anything which has yet emanated from his pen, etc., etc."

Then Du Plessis, in the solitude of his study, grins to himself, and straightway begins a sequel to his last sequel, and why should n't he, when each sequel is better than the sequel which preceded it?

Du Plessis knows all the "press fellows," of course, and he knows just what each one writes as well as if the name were signed; and they all know that he knows. If, under these circumstances, you are personally acquainted with an author, you can't put a dagger into his work, even though you are aware that you ought to stick it in up to the hilt, and twist it round.

In fact, if a critic wishes to say what he really thinks, sup-

posing a critic ever does want to do such a thing as that, he must not know his author personally. It is rather hard to shake a man's hand, and smoke his best cigars, and then go away and write in your article that "this novelist's imagination is about as luxuriant as a billiard ball, his wit as biting and sharp as a crow-bar; that all his characters are puppets and he does n't even know how to pull the string for them to dance."

¶ There are those who claim that the romance which used to enshroud the lives of authors is disappearing. Authors, they say, are so prosperous and so much in evidence in public that they have become commonplace. I could not help thinking of this when I met Mr. I. Zangwill. There has surely been plenty of romance in his still brief career. At any rate, he can't complain of the absence of contrasts in his life. As he told me of some of his early vicissitudes one day at his home in London I realized that he had lived a novel as interesting as any of the interesting novels he has written.

I have spoken of Mr. Zangwill as living in London, but he really lives out of what is properly the city, in the pleasant suburb of Kilburn, out of reach of the roar of the busiest spot in the world. There, in a simply-furnished study, looking out on a quiet street, he sits at an enormous table and writes his books. When I first met him, he was sitting there reading desperately.

"I'm just in the mood for talking," he said, "for I have just finished a novel. Whenever I come to the end of a long piece of work, I like to take a rest of a couple of days, and go at something else afresh."

It was then that Mr. Zangwill gave me an outline of his remarkable career. He spoke very quietly and simply, with hardly a change of expression in his face. Yet in spite of its lack of animation the face seemed to me one of the most

remarkable I had ever seen. It is distinctly Jewish in outline, with a prominent curved nose, full lips, firm chin, small, piercing black eyes, with strongly marked eyebrows, and a forehead that retreats to black, close-curling hair.

He touched upon his early days in London; but on these he did not dwell, for they were not altogether pleasant. He was born in the very heart of the city. At an early age he was taken by his parents to Bristol, and there and in Plymouth he spent most of his first years. At Bristol he distinguished himself in the Red Cross Street School by his quick and accurate mastery of his studies; and when, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to the Jews' Free School in the East End of London, he won many prizes for scholarships, and was soon made a pupil teacher. Here he spent three years of unremitting drudgery. He hated his teaching, though it received the warmest approval of his superiors, and he was ambitious to take a University degree, and to devote himself to a literary career. The University degree he won by studying for several years at night, after his day's labour was done. He prepared himself for the examinations at the University of London, paying special attention to literature, psychology, logic, and French, and at the age of twenty-one he passed these with honours.

Meantime, teaching had grown more irksome and literature more attractive to him; so he resolved to begin to write without further delay. "I had a friend who was as crazy to write as I was," he said, in referring to this period, "and we used to discuss plans together. I had already had some experience, for I had scribbled a few stories and poems in hours taken from my studies. Among other things, I had written a realistic story of Jewish life that distressed the Jews very much, simply because I reproduced their eccentricities of speech. Well, my friend—his name was Louis Cohen, and he taught at the school where I was—and I resolved to un-

dertake a long satirical novel of political life. I set to work with a will, and for a whole year I devoted my evenings to the task. Cohen, however, had become absorbed by some journalistic work that he had gone into, and so I found myself writing nearly the whole book. It developed into a tremendously long work, dealing with many kinds of life from the highest to the lowest. You may imagine how much I knew about life at that age ; but I made up in imagination what I lacked in experience—that is, I tried to make one serve for the other. I boldly described certain aspects of society, for example, though I had never been to a dinner party.”

“So the book was practically all your own?”

“Yes, though Mr. Cohen wrote a few of the chapters. We published under the name of J. Freeman Bell. That is,” he added with a laugh, “when we found a publisher.”

“And did you have much difficulty in finding a publisher?”

Mr. Zangwill smiled again, this time rather sadly, “It was refused many times,” he said. “Of course, its great length was very much against it—if nothing else. But, finally, we did find a man who thought well enough of it to risk on it.”

“So in that way you were launched?”

“Hardly. As a matter of fact ‘The Premier and the Painter’ did me no good whatever. It was praised at intervals by many papers of the best standing; but it failed to attract the public. Yet I’m conceited enough to think that, in spite of its crudities, there were some good things in it.”

Those who have read “The Premier and the Painter” know there were many good things in it. For a first book, written, moreover, by a man of only twenty-one, it is a novel of unusual cleverness and force. Since Mr. Zangwill’s work became popular, the story has been re-published and has

sold well. The leading motive, involving a change of position between the Premier of England and the workingman, who resemble each other in personal appearance to an extraordinary degree, is by no means new, but it is handled with much subtlety and humour, and the politics in the story contain prophecies that during the past few years have had unexpected fulfilment; moreover one chapter anticipates the style of dialogue recently cultivated by Mr. Oscar Wilde. This is entitled, "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" and introduces many well-known people thinly disguised or not disguised at all, among them Gladstone, Tyndall, W. S. Gilbert, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sarah Bernhardt, Ruskin, Nellie Farren, Huxley, Toole, and Henry Irving. Some of the speeches are exceedingly smart, though, on the whole the conversation is too self-consciously scintillating to be even suggestive of nature. When, however, one of the characters defines the two parties in England we must acknowledge that the author makes an epigram that is worth being preserved. "The difference is simply this: The Conservative believes that Providence is on his side, the Liberal that he is on the side of Providence." The book abounds in wit of this character and is full of suggestive comments on the tendencies of the times. It seems almost incredible that it should have been written by one whose knowledge of life was limited to books and the class-room.

After the publication of "The Premier and the Painter," Mr. Zangwill's thoughts turned seriously to literature as a profession. But he still held his post at the school, for, with all its disadvantages, it had the great advantage of paying him a regular salary. Soon, however, he was forced to devote himself wholly to writing, for he became involved in difficulties with the authorities of the school, resigned his post, and took to journalism. He conceived the bold plan of starting a weekly paper, a "comic Punch," that should

make merry over the fads and follies of the day. He had long wanted to do this, and had decided to call the publication "*Grimaldi*." But when it finally appeared it bore the name of "*Ariel*." "*Ariel*," said Mr. Zangwill, "lasted three years, three years full of vicissitudes. It was very successful among people that got it for nothing. I had the diverting duty of writing nearly the whole paper. Of course, I had n't planned to keep up that pastime all my life. I knew that my little fount of humour would probably dry up long before I reached old age. But I was conceited enough to think that before this catastrophe occurred we should be able to pay a staff of contributors. '*Ariel*' had a few features that I rather enjoy looking back on. Every week, for example, I published a parody on one of the newspapers. Then, too, we were always cutting people right and left, but that could n't go on forever. We had been anticipating the end for some time, and at last it came."

"And then you resumed your story writing?"

"Oh, I had gone on with that while I was editing '*Ariel*.' A large part of the papers that made up my '*Bachelors Club*' first appeared serially in my paper. I can't say that I was altogether sorry to give up journalism. I wanted to write books and when '*Ariel*' died I determined to go in for literature in earnest. A publisher made me an offer for the book-rights of the '*Bachelors Club*,' in a rather curious way.

I belonged to a club called '*The Playgoers*,' formed several years ago by Jerome K. Jerome and a few other literary men interested in the drama, and still flourishing, which went in a body to the new plays on the first night—to the pit by the way—and made an organized effort to suppress the claque and to encourage everything that was good in the drama. Afterwards we discussed the pieces in our rooms. I had often made speeches at the meetings, and a London publisher, who was one of the members, heard me, and from what I said got

a notion that I could write a funny book. So he asked me one night if I wouldn't undertake one for him. I told him that I had one already completed, and he came to my room to hear a portion of it. I read the first two chapters of 'The Bachelors Club' to him and he accepted the whole work on the spot. To my great astonishment the first day the book appeared the whole edition was sold."

"This time, then you were really launched.

"I suppose I was," Mr. Zangwill replied with a smile. "At any rate I have gone on writing books ever since and I have had no difficulty in disposing of them. I have had the pleasant experience of being asked for more, instead of being obliged to offer them for acceptance here and there."

"And you haven't lost your enthusiasm?" I suggested, impressed by the way in which Mr. Zangwill spoke.

"No, I like writing and I try to do my best with it. I have no patience with these authors who are always complaining that they are obliged to write down to popularity in order to support their families. A writer has no business to get married if he thinks he will have to do this. Then, too, his complaints are quite absurd. He takes to himself the luxury of a family, and to support this luxury he goes on asking for more luxuries. A writer ought to do the very best that he is capable of doing; if he does n't there is no excuse for him."

Those who have read the many volumes that Mr. Zangwill has produced during the past few years, ranging from "The Premier and the Painter," through his rollicking "Bachelor's Club," which was followed by his equally spirited "Old Maid's Club," to the "Children of the Ghetto," the "King of Schnorers," and "The Master," must have been impressed by his remarkable versatility as well as by the fineness of his literary style. When I spoke of this versatility, Mr. Zangwill smiled.

"It has puzzled the critics," he said. "They first knew me as a humorist; so they expected me to be a humorist always. That seems to be the tendency, nowadays: when a man does one kind of thing in literature he is expected to go on doing the same kind of thing for the rest of his life. So when my first serious book appeared some of the critics were quite disturbed. Then, at the very beginning of my literary career I was much criticised by the Jews for writing about the Jews as they were. Now I am a Jew, myself, and I admire the Jews, but this is no reason why I should idealize my people in literature, why I should n't write about them just as they are. The Jews have played and they still play a great part in the history of the world, and they are interesting subjects for the student of human nature."

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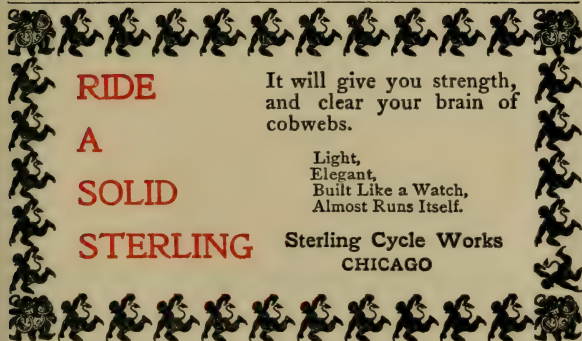
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THE FAIRY CHANGELING

DERMOD O'BYRNE of Omah town
In his garden strode up and down,
He pulled his beard and he beat his breast;
And this is his trouble and woe confessed:

“ The good-folk came in the night, and they
Have stolen my bonny wean away,
Have put in his place a changeling,
A weashy, weakly, wizen thing!

From the speckled hen nine eggs I stole,
And lighting a fire of a glowing coal,
I fried the shells, and I split the yolk;
But never a word the stranger spoke:

A bar of metal I heated red
To frighten the fairy from its bed,
To put in the place of this fretting wean
My own bright beautiful boy again,

But my wife had hidden it in her arms,
And cried ‘ For shame!’ on my fairy charms;
She sobs, with the strange child on her breast:

‘ I love the weak, wee babe the best!’ ”

To Dermod O'Byrne's the tale to hear
The neighbours came from far and near:
Outside his gate, in the long boreen,
They cross themselves, and say between

Their muttered prayers, “ He has no luck!
For sure the woman is fairy-struck,
To leave her child a fairy guest,
And love the weak, wee wean the best!”

DORA SIGERSON.

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CLEOPATRA

BY A. E. FORIE.

TWO LETTERS AND A POSTAL CARD

I

MY DEAREST LUCY :—Here is my visit to Sybil nearly over and I have n't written to you yet, but it's because I simply have n't had time. I have been doing something every moment, and whatever fault I might find, if I wished to, I must say Sybil has done her best to entertain me. She is very much altered since we were all school girls together; grown so plain (not that she ever was beautiful, was she?), but you know her mouth was very pretty. Now, I don't know, but I suspect she has a couple of what Dickie calls "hired teeth", because the shape, or expression, of her lips has altered. Perhaps it's disappointment at not having had an offer yet, for I don't suppose she has, as she is n't married, and seems to have had no interesting experiences to tell of. Of course she always did dress like a guy,—positively I was ashamed when we went out together, and had to add a knot of ribbon collar, and a width to her sleeves, just for self-protection. I think it must have been her *mind* we admired at school, was n't it? or something of the sort, for she still says a clever thing once in a while; not exactly often, but still frequently enough to remind you of what she did once. She looks like a well-preserved woman of—say—three years older than she really is, and would n't help her looks along for anything in the world! Not that I advocate cosmetics, as you know. I never use them at all myself, except days when I'm feeling badly, or evenings when I want especially to make an impression, for some reason or other. Then I call the use of a very little perfectly legitimate. But, dear me, what a time I have putting it on! Sybil never leaves me alone for a moment! Our rooms are together, and she dresses mostly in mine. I actually have to go into the bath room, lock

the door, turn on the water, and pretend I'm taking a bath, to get a moment to myself, with my little pocket box of red and white powder! One night I could n't make that opportunity, and the family nearly bored me to death with enquiries about my health and fatigue, and wanted to give up going to a dance on my account! I shall never forget that party! I hate to visit people with families, don't you? Not that Sybil's were n't charming to me, they were perfectly lovely, and I think really enjoyed meeting me tremendously. But, my dear! think of trying to give a smart dinner party with two old maid aunts, and one under-age boy, who always insisted on being at the table! And then when we went anywhere! we were a perfect caravan and had to go in relays, or in a procession of carriages! Not that they do n't know how the thing ought really to be done, Sybil is exceedingly well born, there's no denying that, and you can tell it from the furniture and old portraits, which are perfect in style and taste, and fit in everywhere, and haven't Duveen's and Cypher's price mark on them, either. So Sybil has a very swell little trap of her own, and a charming little footman, with a quite correct livery; but these things don't seem essential to her,—I believe she could get along without them. There always was something lacking in her; I used to notice it in the old days.

I am coming home the day after to-morrow. My visit is n't really up; I planned to stay two weeks, as they asked me, but I can't stand it. I said I would at first, and that's the trouble; but you see I had forgotten what these small towns are like. My *dear*! Such parties! like children's affairs! and such conversations! Every girl I've met here asked me if I don't love Trilby, and if I've seen the play, and to please tell them all about it. I told Sybil's mother I'd been twice, but the people with me had been so amusing I did n't follow much of the play. You ought to

have seen her expression ! It was the day she came to ask me to wear one of my other evening gowns, instead of my white satin ball dress, at the rest of their fiddle-dy-dee parties. You know my white satin, the best thing I have, and the most becoming,—the one with the shoulder-straps that don't go over the shoulders but around the arms. Somebody or other had said it was too décolleté, or something like that. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? Probably some girl with a scrawny neck !

The men are delightful, really so devoted, not half so careless or negligent as most New York men, and fall earnestly in love with you. But, on the other hand, they're entirely too timid,—never take the slightest liberties. However, I suppose that's more the girl's fault than theirs. It's been my experience when a girl's bored by a man's not going too far with her, she has only herself to blame.

But to tell you the real purpose of this letter. What I want you to do is, to send me a telegram immediately on receipt of this, sign it mother, and say I am wanted home at once, some social engagement I cannot miss, so that Sybil will realize I can't help breaking short my visit to her. You see they've made plans for next week, so I must have a good excuse for disappointing them. Good-bye. Don't forget to send the telegram *at once*. My *clothes* have been a *huge success*, and I've had a lovely time, but I don't believe in wearing out one's welcome, do you? How is Harry? Still devoted?

With love and kisses,

BLANCHE,

II

MY DEAR LUCY:

I know Blanche is writing you, and so I thought, without saying a word to her, I'd run up to my room and write you

a few lines on my own account. Please do n't believe one-half the nice things she 's saying of us, because it 's only her dear nature, that makes her enjoy her visit amongst us provincials! It simply does all of us good to see how she enjoys our unconventional little pleasures, and mother and both my aunts, not to mention the rest of us, are completely won by her. I did n't know she had such adaptability, but she seems to fit right into everything, except perhaps our rather high necked evening dresses, but even then when mother spoke to her she gave in most gracefully, and we 're sure she 'll build a second story to the shoulder straps of her white satin gown, when she goes home. Mother says all town people want is to come in contact with country people once in a while to strike a happy medium for themselves at once. Blanche has n't changed one bit, if anything, she 's grown younger. It 's perfectly wonderful. She certainly is healthier than when at school, for she has splendid colour, and her complexion is very much improved. This visit has shown the real woman underneath what some people who did n't know her, perhaps, would call a slightly frivolous exterior. She was so sweet just now, as she decided to write to you. She put her arms about my neck, and said she was going to write you what a perfectly lovely time she was having, and that she could live with us forever, and hoped nothing horrid would happen to cut short her visit. She had a sort of presentiment as if something might, and it would break her heart.

Now, why I go into all this is, especially, because I do n't want you to believe all she says, and think it 's a paradise here, and then be disappointed, for mother joins me in begging you to come to us for a fortnight on the 20th, the day after Blanche goes home. We can give only the simplest sort of amusement but can offer you the very greatest welcome, not only from our own little family here but from the

whole town! Do write that you will come. Blanche has encouraged me into not letting old school friendships go the way of our dolls. They are like small children in a family, when they die no new little ones that may come can take the place of the ones that are gone. So do come to us, will you? Pack up your very simplest ball dress, (the *highest neck*, not the *highest price*.) My two maiden aunts are both Miss Granises', I'm afraid, and very lovable, as I don't doubt she is. Mother joins me in love and hoping to see you on the 20th.

As ever,

SYBIL.

P. S. I kept this letter over night to post, and this morning early came a telegram from Blanche's mother,—isn't it a pity! She must leave to-day. We are in an awful mix-up, because we'd accepted several invitations for the rest of the week. Little parties given especially in Blanche's honor. But of course she must not disappoint her mother. Now won't *you* come on the day after to-morrow, instead of the 20th? *Do!*

S.

III

POST CARD

DEAR S:

I waited to answer your letter until I saw Blanche, and now it is Sunday night, not a stamp in the house, and as this must reach you to-morrow, I hope you will excuse the post card. I'd *dearly* love to come, but I simply *can't!* It is *sweet* of you to ask me,—but Blanche says, I have no dresses that would do at all. We go to Narragansett in five days for the summer. Papa has taken the most expensive cottage there. Blanche says she had an ideal time with you, and from her discription I should imagine she had. It is

cruel I can't come. You must pay me a visit some time,—next Lent, maybe.

Lots of love,

L,

CLYDE FITCH.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

A NORTHERN SEASONAL AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE—THE REGENERATION OF OLD EDINBURGH—GRANT ALLEN'S NEW ALLEGORY—THOMAS HARDY'S "JUDE THE OBSCURE"—GEORGE MERIDITH'S "AMAZING MARRIAGE."

TILL I went to Edinburgh I did not know what the "*Evergreen*" was. Newspaper criticisms had given me vague misrepresentations of a Scottish "Yellow Book" calling itself a "Northern Seasonal." But even had I seen a copy myself I doubt if I should have understood it without going to Edinburgh; and even had I gone to Edinburgh I should still have been in twilight had I not met Patrick Geddes, Professor of Botany at the University of Dundee. For Patrick Geddes is the key to the Northern position in life and letters. The "*Evergreen*" was not established as an antidote to the "*Yellow Book*," though it might well seem a colour counter-symbol—the green of spring set against the yellow of decadent leaves. It is, indeed, an antidote, but undesigned; else had not yellow figured so profusely upon the cover. The "*Evergreen*" of to-day professes to be inspired by the "*Evergreen*" which Allen Ramsey published in 1724, to stimulate a return to local and national tradition and living nature. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, who publish it and other books—on a new system of giving the author all the profits, as certified by a chartered accountant—inherit Ramsey's old home.

That is to say, they are located in a sort of "University Settlement," known as Ramsay Garden, a charming collection of flats, overlooking from its castled hill the picturesque city, and built by the many-sided Professor of Botany, and they aspire also to follow in "the gentle shepherd's" footsteps as workers and writers, publishers and builders. In fact, their aim is synthesis, construction, after our long epoch of analysis, destruction. They would organise life as a whole, expressing themselves through educational and civic activities, through art and architecture, and make of Edinburgh the "Cité du Bon Accord" dreamed of by *Elisée Reclus*. They feel acutely "the need of fresh readings in life, of fresh groupings in science, both now mainly from the humanist's side, as lately from the naturalist's side." In this University Settlement the publishing and writing department is to represent the scriptorium of the ancient monasteries.

Of the local and national traditions this new Scottish school is particularly concerned to foster the incipient Celtic renaissance, and—what is more interesting to outsiders—the revival and development of the old Continental sympathies of Scotland. The ancient league with France has deeply marked Scotch history, and even moulded Scotch architecture. As *Disraeli* said in his inaugural address on this institution as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, "it is not in Scotland that the name of France will ever be mentioned without affection." So, among the endless projects of the effervescent Professor, is one for reviving the Scotch college in Paris—the original building happening still to survive—and making it a centre for Scottish students and Scottish culture in the gay city. Thus, while the men of the "*Evergreen*" "would renew local feeling and local colour," they "would also express the larger view of Edinburgh as not only a National and Imperial but a European city—the larger

view of Scotland, again as in recent, in mediæval, most of all in ancient times, one of the European Powers of Culture—as of course far smaller countries like Norway are to-day.” An aspiration with which all intelligent men must sympathise. The quest at once of local colour and cosmopolitanism is not at all self-contradictory. The truest cosmopolitanism goes with the intensest local colour, for otherwise you contribute nothing to the human treasury and make mankind one vast featureless monotony. Harmonious diversity is the true cosmopolitan concept, and who will not applaud this desire of Edinburgh to range itself again amongst the capitals of culture? Why should it take its tone from London? That centripetal force which draws villages to towns and towns to capitals everywhere tends to concentrate in one city a country’s culture, and to brand as provincial that which is not of the centre. Often enough it is the capital which is “provincial” in so far as the word denotes the mistaking of what is petty and temporary for what is widest and most permanent in thought and life. In civic intelligence, indeed, many a provincial city puts London to shame. It is notorious how the best intellect of every country drifts towards the metropolis, which, though its large fusion of many-coloured individualities tends to a wider, a more universalised outlook, may yet rob each individual of his specific colour. We all recognise, for example, the intellectual “article de Paris.” It is almost impersonal—the product of objective cerebration, as it were—as if, indeed, the wit were produced by that subtle electric fluid Alexandre Dumas called “Parisine.” In great cities one’s thinking is done for one by a kind of “logical machine” worked by nobody in particular. For special flavours and idiosyncrasies of thinking one must go to the country; and, indeed, all that is distinctive in creative work is done by men who live away from towns. The French author is too fond

of his Paris ; he becomes over-civilised and anæmic. When a breath of freshness is wafted into French literature, it is from those lands of gay sun or those seas of chill fog in which Pierre Loti has voyaged. How refreshingly bloom the posies of Provence among the hot-house flowers of Paris ! Perhaps Daudet had done stronger work had he stayed in the South. For the local and the universal are not antithetic. The local is but a particular expression of the universal, and the great artist is he who shows the universal immanent in the particular. Our English men of letters abhor the town, and if now and then a great man does abide herein, it is because he has the gift of solitude amid crowds, and is not obnoxious to the contagion of the common thought. The Scotch School, though its effort to emancipate itself from the intellectual thralldom of London is to be commended, does not escape the dangers that lie in wait for all schools, which upset one convention by another. Still a school of thought which is also a school of action has in itself the germs of perpetual self-recuperation.

Yes, there can be little danger of sinking into barren formulæ, into glib æsthetic prattle about Renaissance, in a movement of which one expression is the purification of those plaguy, if picturesque, Closets, which are the foul blot upon the beautiful Athens of the North. Those sunless courts, entered by needles' eyes of apertures, congested with hellish, heaven-scaling barracks, reeking with refuse and evil odours, inhabited promiscuously by poverty and prostitution, worse than the worst slums of London itself—how could they have been left so long to pollute the fairest and well-nigh the wealthiest city in the kingdom ? “Do you wonder Edinburgh is renowned for its medical schools ?” asked the Professor grimly, as he darted in and out among those foul alleys, explaining how he was demolishing this and reconstructing that—at once a Destroying Angel and a Redeemer.

Veritable ghettos they seemed, these blind alleys of gigantic habitation, branching out from the High Street, hidden away from the superficial passer-by faring to Holyrood. They were the pioneers of the Trans-Atlantic sky-builders, were those old burghers, who, shut in about their castled hill by the two lochs, one of which is now the enchanting Princes Street, were fain to build heavenwards as population grew.

It was a stormy morning when the mercurial Professor of Botany, recking naught of the rain that saturated his brown cloak, itself reluctantly donned, led me hither and thither, through the highways and byways of old Edinburgh. Everywhere a litter of building operations, and we trod gingerly many a decadent staircase. Sometimes a double row of houses had already been knocked away, revealing a Close within a Close, eyeless house behind blind alley, and even so the diameter of the court still but a few yards. What human ant-heaps, what histories, farces, tragedies played out in airless tenebrosity! The native writers seemed to have strangely neglected the artistic wealth of all this poverty: pathos and humour reside, then, only in villiages! Thrums and Drumtochty and Galloway exhaust the human tragic-comedy. Ah! my friends, go to the ant-hill and be wise! The Professor of Botany—seeming now rather of entomology—explained the principal upon which he was destroying and rebuilding. One had to be cautious. He pointed out the head of a boy carved over one of the archways, the one survivor of a fatal subsidence many years ago, when the ground floor of one of the gigantic houses was converted into a shop, with plate-glass windows in lieu of the solid stonework. “Heave awa’!” cried a piping voice amid the *débris*: I’m no dead yet.” The Professor’s own destruction was conservative in character, for it was his aim to preserve the ancient note in the architecture, and to make a

clean old Edinburgh of a dirty. Air and light were to be no longer excluded, and outside every house, as flats or storeys are called, a balcony was to run, giving on sky and open ground. Eminent personages, ancestrally connected with ancient demesnes, long perverted into pigsties, had been induced to repurchase them, thus restoring an archaic flavour of aristocratic prestige to these despised quarters. The moral effect of grappling with an evil that had seemed so hopeless could not fail to be inspiring; and as we plodded through the pouring streets, "I will remove this, I will reconstruct that," cried the enthusiastic Professor, till I almost felt I was walking with the Emperor of Edinburgh. But whence come the sinews of war? Evidently no professor's privy purse would suffice. I gathered that the apostle of the sanitary picturesque had inspired sundry local capitalists with his own patriotic enthusiasm. What a miracle, this trust in a man overbrimming with ideas, the brilliant biological theoriser of "The Evolution of Sex" in the Contemporary Science Series, the patron of fantastic artists like John Duncan! Obviously it is his architectural faculty that has saved him. There stand the houses he has built—visible, tangible, delectable; concrete proofs that he is no mere visionary. And yet we may be sure the more frigid society of Edina still looks askance on this dreamer in stone and fresco; for after all Edinburgh, as Professor Blackie said, is an "East-windy, west-endy city." Cold and stately it sits on its height with something of the austere mournfulness of a ruined capital. But we did not concern ourselves about the legal and scholastic quarters, the Professor and I. We penetrated into inhabited interiors in the Closes, meeting strange female ruins on the staircases, or bonny housewives in bed-sitting rooms, in one of which a sick husband lay apologetically abed. And when even the Professor was forced at last to take refuge from the driving rain, it was in John

Knox's house that we ensconsed ourselves—the grim, unlovely house of the great Calvinist, the doorway of which fanatically baptised me in a positive waterfall, and in whose dark rooms, as the buxom care-taker declared in explaining the presence of an empty cage, no bird could live. It is not only in its Closes, methought, that Scotland needs regeneration. Many a spiritual blind-alley has still to receive sunshine and air, “sweetness and light.” So let us welcome the “*Evergreen*” and the planters thereof, stunted and mean though its growth be as yet; for not only in Scotland may they bring refreshment, but in that larger world where analysis and criticism have ended in degeneration and despair. Mayhap Salvation is of the Celt.

IN his newest attack upon the “holy estate,” *The British Barbarians* Mr. Grant Allen abandons the pretence of presenting a study of actual life. For if the British are Barbarians, it is by contrast with an imaginary Englishman of the twenty-fifth century. So undisguised is the allegory that there is no attempt to account for this figure, though he might easily have travelled backwards in Mr. Wells’ “Time Machine.”

There is, indeed, a curious affinity with Mr. Wells’ other book, “The Wonderful Visitor”; for, just as that bright angel darkened by contrast the human beings around him, so does Mr. Allen’s angelic visitor easily score off the primitive Britons of the nineteenth century. So far does this affinity go that both Mr. Wells’ angel and Mr. Allen’s advanced specimen are constrained by superior chivalry to relieve parlour-maids of their teatrays, and to inquire naively why gentlemen of position do not marry such attractive females. Moreover, they both protest by word and action against the rights of private property vested in the local squires. And yet Mr. Wells did not call his book “A

Hill-Top Novel." Mr. Allen's observation of human life and human character being as free from subtlety as the Spencerian philosophy, which is his fetich, and his prejudiced vision being unable to see life as it is, he is perhaps wise in drawing upon the future; it is a sure means of escaping contradiction for six centuries, if, indeed, his novel keep the hill-top so long. But if Mr. Allen means his Bertram Ingledew to be an average specimen of the twenty-fifth-century Briton, he must be indeed optimistic. It is nineteen centuries since Christ, and twenty-two since Plato; and still, on Mr. Allen's own showing, the British are barbarians. The Shelley-like optimism of Mr. Allen's ideals is curiously unscientific, and must surely cause his master many a dubious head-shake. It is good to find Mr. Allen himself in his preface once sceptically contemplating his own cocksureness, though one sympathises with his decision that it is each man's duty to utter what he feels the highest.

In this instance Mr. Allen's mission—and we are not to think the less of the apostle because, like St. Augustine, he is a converted sinner—leads him to gird at marriage through a new allegorical device, for his "advanced" visitor, who is certainly "forward" with the ladies, calmly classifies marriage and many other British institutions as *taboos*; and the notion of thus depolarising our manners so as to bring out their analogies with savage customs is both ingenious and humorous—though, for the rest, Grant Allen always seems to leave his rich natural humour below when he mounts his hill-top. Though there is "peace on earth," even the twenty-fifth century cannot apparently bring logic to all men; for Bertram Ingledew, despite his scrupulous acquiescence in the "taboos" of dress, yet violates local feelings by walking across a pheasant-preserve, and carrying the owner, who, like all British baronets, is short and stout and puffy, a hundred paces in his stalwart arms. Ingledew, who

is "all sweet resonableness," is also "an impulsive creature," and cannot resist the the "full crimson lips" of Frida, the taboo of which in favour of her husband he violently denounces, telling her that she is like a squaw, branded with the seal of her owner. "You must hide and stifle your native impulses," he says: "you are tabooed for life to Robert Montieth; I must needs respect his seal set upon you." And yet only a dozen pages later, where Frida is surrendering to the tempter, "When shall I see you again?" he asks passionately. "For now you belong to me. I sealed you with that kiss." Belong! Sealed! So much for the logic of Ingeldew and his creator.

AND now I approach—with trembling quill—the two leading novels of the past year, which, by an improbable coincidence, have been published almost simultaneously—"The Amazing Hardy" and "Meredith the Obscure": I mean "The Amazing Marriage," and "Jude the Obscure." In atmosphere and treatment, no books could be more dissimilar, and it is refreshing to turn from the Greek calm of Hardy's style to the romantic brilliance of Meredith's. But the style is not the man—at least, not superficially; the calm of Hardy masks a volcanic turbulence of revolt, while the tossing tumultuousness of Meredith's mind goes with a joyous acceptance of life and the brave colouring thereof.

Ere I started to read *Jude the Obscure* I had a clear idea of how my review of the book would commence. It was to take the shape of a respectable rebuke to Mr. Hardy for allowing his work to be mutilated in *Harper's Magazine*, and it was to animadvert upon his feeble defence of the expurgators. It is true that the serial-rights of a book are three times as valuable as the book-rights; but then, as Mr. Hardy's book-rights are sufficient for bread and butter, it

seemed to me a sacrilege for his masterpieces to be clipped and trimmed by editorial shears. No author of standing should use the serial form at all, if his audience cannot swallow him whole. The magazines—like the stage—should be left to the hack writer. But now that I have read *Jude the Obscure*, I am all agog to read the *Harper's* version. It should be the greatest "curiosity of literature" extant. How this book could be Bowdlerised and made acceptable to the American mind passes my comprehension. Here is a novel with the trail of sex over every page, the whole theme of which is a sexual situation of extreme delicacy, worked out through a long series of indelicate episodes, a narrative which is absolutely point less and meaningless except for its sexual significance. That any editor capable of swallowing such a camel should strain at gnats is indeed almost as incredible as the possibility of making a camel into a gnat. To cut out the "improper passages" and leave the story still coherent seems as difficult as to cut the pound of flesh from Antonio without spilling a drop of blood. One has already heard amusing stories of yawning gaps—of a child turning up mysteriously in the Magazine. What can be more illegitimate (artistically) than an unexplained child? But it is not by its sexual side that "Jude" should really be unacceptable to America; it is by the larger questionings of destiny that underlie it. But such is the purblind wisdom of the public—to kick at the superficially dangerous, and be unconscious of the more insidious peril. For "Jude" is not the "obscene," as it has been called—it is "douloureux et blasphématoire." The best criticism of *Jude the Obscure* that I have seen was written by the brothers De Goncourt, from whom I have just quoted; and, like so much criticism, it was written by men who had not enjoyed the advantage of reading the book. It is a novel of their own, dealing with the artistic life—it is in *Manette Salomon*—that this review of "Jude" is to be

THE LOVE OF A SUMMER



A BOOK OF VERSES
A JUG OF WINE,
BESIDE ME :
OH, WILDERNESS

*I would rather be loved by you
Than by all of the world be
I would rather one day with you
On the brink of a summer
With a song we could sing together
And a crystal of ruddy wine
Than a century's summer wear
And another love than thine.*

*I would rather be crowned with you
Than to king with the fairest
I would rather be poor with you
'Neath the shadowy beechen
With your cheek on my own
And your kisses upon my face
Than to lie amid treasures gleaming
In another love's embrace.*

*I would rather be near to you
Than to win an immortal name
I would rather be dear to you
Than to leave an undying fame
In the minds of a mighty throng
For man's memory fades away
And there's nothing that lasts
As the love of a summer day*



MER DAY

ERNEATH THE BOUGH,
F OF BREAD, AND THOU
G IN THE WILDERNESS :
PARADISE ENOW
OMAR KHÁYYÁM.

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BENNETT.



found. For Paris has long since known those artistic fashions which are just beginning to dawn upon belated Britain.

“There are in the artist’s life days in which he has such inspirations, days in which he experiences the need of shedding and spreading abroad all that his heart’s depths hold of desolation and ulceration. Like the man whose cries mark the agony of his limbs, of his body, the artist must on such days cry out with the pain of his impressions, of his nerves, of his ideas, of his revolts, of his disgusts, and of all the bitterness he has felt, suffered, consumed, in contact with beings and things. Whatever in humanity, in his century, in life, has attacked him, crushed him, wounded him—he is unable any longer to keep in: he vomits it in some page, emotional, sanguinary, horrible. ’T is the unstanching of a wound, ’t is as if in a talent the gall burst, which is in some geniuses the pocket of masterpieces. There be days on which every artist throws open his instrument—be it violin, picture or book—in a creation in which his soul shudders, one of those palpitating’ passionate, tempestuous pages in which blend the agony and blasphemy of the crucified; days in which he finds enchantment in work which wounds him, but which will pass on this self-inflicted wound to the public; days in which his art seeks the excess of painful sensation, the emotion of despair, the revenge of his own sensitiveness upon the sensitiveness of others.” Such a piece of art is Hardy’s *Jude the Obscure*. All the bitterness of his pessimism, all his sense of the *lachrymæ rerum*, of the remorseless struggle for existence, and the big and little ironies of life, all the insurgence of his heart against the injustices of Nature, complicated by the unjust institutions of Society—marriage, social inequality, and the rest—all find expression in this latest work of the writer who has defined writers as souls in revolt. One thinks irresistibly of the coster’s Schopenhauer:—

“ ‘E makes yer thinks that life ’s a blank,
A disgustin’ dreary dezzit;
It aint exactly *wot* ’e says,
It ’s the n-a-a-asty wye ’e sez it.”

The tragedy of Jude is the tragedy of unfulfilled aspirations. Thwarted by the world without and the flesh within, Jude goes to the devil. I have read nothing more masterly than the earlier portions of this book: the restful beauty of the writing, the pathos of the sensitive Jude’s craving for knowledge, the vigorous brushwork of the picture of his awakening to sex, the pervasive almost epic sense of the workings of love in swain and lass, fascinate, soothe, startle, and move to tears. Surely, one thinks, perusing the story of Jude’s seduction by Arabella, surely no other Englishman has so transferred to paper the reality of things. But as the story progresses, a sexual switchback of ups and downs—of a woman who would and wouldn’t, and a man who would n’t and would, of a woman who did and did n’t, and a man who could and should n’t, of a couple who married and divorced, and embraced and disembraced, and parted and joined, and re-engaged and disengaged themselves, and finally re-married their original partners—to the accompaniment throughout of a chorus of comment from strangely indelicate acquaintances—all this, in a tedious rigmarole, becomes a vexation and a weariness even to the flesh. Not that the large outlines of a symmetrical structure do not loom through this tangle of tantalizing episodes; and the gradual development in which Sue, the tameless pagan and joyous freelance, is brought to her knees at the Christian altar, while Jude the Christian becomes heathen and rebellious, is both subtle and splendid. Unfortunately one does not believe in the initial postulate on which the whole story hangs—the marriage of Sue to Phillotson, the elderly schoolmaster, who is the only convincing figure in the book.

Despite the author's uneasy explanations, I find it improbable that Sue, a girl with her pretty eyes wide open, with a pagan feeling of the joy of life, should give herself to a snuffy old schoolmaster. Of course one may fall back on the solution that Sue is a woman, and Hardy, we hear, is a part master in women. But, conceding this marriage as the weakness of a piqued moment and an unprotected position, the device by which Nemesis restores the heartbroken Sue to her husband's arms is monstrous, clumsy, and incredible. Not for a moment do I believe in Father Time, the elderly infant with all the woe of the world in his eyes, whom Hardy has unconsciously adapted from *The Bab Ballads*. And when this "infant phenomenon" murders the two other children, and then himself, I find myself more on the brink of laughter than of horror. The step from the sublime to the ridiculous has been taken. I do not even realize the agony of Niobe-Sue; for these two children are merely nominal, sexless, "dreams of a shadow." We have never seen them, never heard their childish prattle, never gazed into their chubby faces, nor caught the flutter of white garments and pink ribbons. Hardy poses as a realist, yet he fails to convey to us the sense of real everyday existence, to suggest what these two children meant in the Jude and Sue *ménage*. But that would have been to relieve the gloom. And gloom is artistic, I grant you. Æschylus, whom Hardy appears to admire, would never have bated you a jot of tragic terror. But then the Greek artist dealt with grand outline figures, heroic, almost superhuman: he was not the modern artist of minute detail, pretending to paint the actual. Hardy's sombre imagination leads him to dwell almost lovingly on the shadows, and to pass lightly over the sunflecks. Moreover, had these two children been definitely visualised, the reader might have asked how two parents of the high culture and sensibility of Jude and Sue could have failed to legitimatise

them, seeing that their personal objections to marriage were rather whimsies than well-grounded reasons. Such selfishness is inconsistent with the real nobility that underlay the character of either. But then, had they married, they would have spoiled the *dénouement*. In fine, the more I probe the story, the more is it borne in upon me, that it is weak and artificial, a plot-scheme pulling the strings to work the figures, rather than figures inevitably working out their own destinies. Hardy is falling into the death-trap that awaits all novelists with fads to air and views of life to proclaim from house-tops or hill-tops. How much more refreshing the bucolic humors of *Under the Greenwood Tree* than the sardonic creation of Arabella, that rustic Messalina, coarse and heartless beyond conviction! Sue, her rival, is no more convincingly painted in: always provoking, always piquant, she never quite exists. Even Jude himself, elaborately as he is studied, remains the obscure. It is more pleasant to turn from the unrealities of Hardy's realism to contemplate the brilliancy of his workmanship and the fertility of his imagination. What a panorama of original scenes and situations! Who has devised a quainter episode—more grotesque, more pregnant with the tragi-comedy of things—than the scene in which the schoolmaster and his wife send each other notes by their innocent pupils, discussing the grim problem of their wedded life. What a memorable picture is that of Oxford seen from the outside, the reverse of the medal of which Mr. Pearsall Smith's *Youth of Parnassus* is the face. What Mr. George Moore did for the drawing-room by viewing it from the servants' hall, that Hardy has done for Oxford by looking at it from the standpoint of the peri without the gates, and of the native barbarian, indifferent to "the last enchantments of the Middle Age." It is rather crude, though, to call Oxford Christminster, Balliol College Biblioll, and the Master of Balliol

Tetuphenay, and to misinterpret Matthew Arnold's reference to "the home of lost causes." Crude, too, perhaps, is his philosophy of life, his resentful sense that in the human soul Nature has blunderingly evolved a consciousness to whose exquisite sufferings and aspirations she is callous and indifferent. A brilliant novelist is not necessarily a great philosopher. But, when all is said, 't is a strong and brave book, this *Jude the Obscure*, stronger in its weakness than the vast majority of novels in their strength. Hardy is your true knight of the doleful countenance, quixotically challenging at once Nature and Civilization. And he challenges our admiration, too, though he come off not without thumps in the quintain. The burning sense of injustice and unrighteousness, the large sympathy with all created things, the generous siding with the crowd rather than the cultured, with town before gown, with raw fact rather than academic abstraction, the fearless envisagement of existence—all these great qualities encourage the hope that Hardy will yet write the epic of the modern—some book that, free from the questionable psychology of "Tess" and "Jude" alike, shall carry on their splendid promise and link their high artistic purpose to unfaltering and immortal achievement.

NOTHING, on the other hand, could be less modern than Meredith's "Amazing Marriage." It is a romantic phantasmagoria rather than a novel. To speak after the fashion of the art critic, it is a characteristic Meredith, but not in his finest vein; it is distinctly inferior to "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." There is the unfailing artificial atmosphere which is a purely Meredithian creation, and makes his work an addition to, rather than a refraction of, Nature's handiwork. Amazing though the marriage be, it fails to amaze through two volumes, and I was more amazed by the bold good Buccaneer's marriage, which is not the

theme of the book, than by the marriage between Fleetwood and Carinthia, which is. Indeed, up till the marriage the story holds the attention, but after that it steadily degenerates into a brilliant bore; the obstinate whims and fancies, and psychical evolutions of the parted couple, being too long-drawn-out for the inherent interest of the situation. There is much psychological manœuvring and wagging of Dame Gossip's tongue before an abrupt final chapter, congested with happenings, winds up the shilly-shally, dilly-dally, as Meredith would say. Meredith is not a classic artist; he is riotously romantic; there is no proportion, no repose. To read "The Amazing Marriage" is like celebrating a literary Fifth of November, not leaving out a touch of fog; 't is a confusion of squibs, crackers, sky-rockets, golden-rain; and it fizzles out in the Roman candles of a monastery to which the hero retires to die of an overdose of asceticism. There is a young man who is reputed to be modelled on Robert Louis Stevenson, but who has nothing of Stevenson's lucid elegance of utterance. This wandering gentleman, like all the characters—down to the pugilist's *fiancée*, who marries him—talks and writes in the well-known Meredithrambic manner, there are moments in Meredith's novels when he reminds me of the toy-stages of my youth, with their gorgeous company of dashing figures, Buccaneers and Beauties, Pirates and Admirals, Pugilists and Jesters, and Ladies of Quality—the twopence-coloured variety, be it understood. In these moments the Master appears to me as a sort of cross between Ouida and Shakespeare—Ouida for the matter and Shakespeare for the manner. There are the same superhuman men and supernaturally beautiful women as in the work of the lady novelist, and the same exuberance of verbal expression as in the world's greatest poet. Pure poetry, indeed, is the stuff of countless passages in "The Amazing Marriage." Not

since Shakespeare has England produced a man with so extraordinary a gift of poetic expression, so marked an incapacity for saying simple things simply. Of the moderns Victor Hugo—childlike enough as a thinker—is perhaps his sole peer in this faculty of expressing x in terms of y . Meredith can see nothing for itself. Whatever his eyes lights on that must be straight way translated into another category, An abstract thought must become a concrete image, a visible thing must be turned into a thought. As with Browning, much of his subtlety is skin-subtlety—a verbal profundity rather than an intellectual.

The trick of changing the coins of language is easily learnt, and the minor poet may be made, if he neglects to be born. To call flame not flame, but a yellow flower, and when you see a yellow flower to cry fire, is a habit that may easily be acquired, and that is apt to grow upon one. Meredith's mind, however, effects such transmutations automatically; it is a seething cauldron of similes and metaphors and maxims; and, not content with those that he can work naturally into the story, he has to invent specially epigrammatic persons, and sometimes even books of maxims, to hold the over-spilth. The bold Buccaneer, who is the last person in the world we should suspect of literature, is as prolific of wise saws as Sir Richard Feverely himself. But when Meredith condescends to dip his ladle into the cauldron, we must shut our eyes and open our mouths and thank the gods for a feast, rare enough in these Trilby times. Wherefore I will end with a pious grace for those ravishing passages of poetry, now of emotion, now of scene-painting, with which *The Amazing Marriage* is studded, and for those coruscations of wit which enliven this gallant costume-piece, comparable on the whole to one of the lesser comedies of Shakespeare, and of a freer invention to boot. I remember looking through an American and presumably a pirated collec-

tion of pickings from Meredith, not to be bought in this slow old country. To see the wisdom and humor packed in that compass was to be reminded of Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare," and to exclaim enthusiastically that all your latter-day paradox-mongers, philosophers and poets, might niche in a corner of Meredith's brain. I tried to mark such "Beauties" in *The Amazing Marriage* but was soon fain to desist, for fear of scoring every page. Here is the pith of what may be called the social philosophy of Stevenson and Whitman. "For himself he was open with everybody, his philosophy not allowing that strangers existed on earth." And here is a lightning-sketch of a position. Chillon shows his sister Carinthia the portrait of a beautiful English girl, "He spoke indifferently, but as soon as she had seen the face inside it, with a look at him and a deep breath, she understood that he was an altered brother, and that they were three instead of two." Meredith, who shares Shakespeare's lack of restraint, has also Shakespeare's apparently contradictory gift of vivid brevity. For beauty and brevity combined, where, outside Shakespeare, shall we find a passage to match this description of Carinthia leaving her childhood's home, after the death of her parents?—"She was tearless. A phantom ring of mist accompanied her from her first footing outside the house. She did not look back. The house came swimming and plunging after her, like a special ship on big seas, and her father and mother lived and died in her breast; and now they were strong, consulting, chatting, laughing, caressing; now still and white, caught by a vapor that dived away with them either to right or left, but always with the same suddenness, leaving her to question herself whether she existed, for more of life seemed to be with their mystery than with her speculations."

I. ZANGWILL.



DRAWING FOR A POSTER

BY PAUL BERTHON

NOTES

¶ A Cleveland paper, ends an able review of Matthew Arnold's letters in the following manner:

"His beloved eldest daughter fell in love with a New Yorker, and the day came when an impertinent little Yankee Doodle pulled the gold-rimmed spectacles off Grandpa Arnold's nose. In two volumes."

¶ Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. At present Rome may do some fiddling, but it is probably Nero who is burning.

A FAULTY SONNET TO THE BOSTON OWLS

"To whit, to who!" so spake the Wordsworth owls;
And imitating them and their poor speech,

"To whit, to who!" Chicago owlets screech—
Most grammerless, most meaningless of howls!
Know well ye are the scorn of Boston fowls,
Ye owls who rashly break the sacred laws
Of holy Lindley Murray:—Pray to pause
And note well how a Boston owl can teach
To youths in their impressionable days—
Who wandering beneath the lovely moon,
Themselves to Nature's teachings do attune—
To them the Boston owl correctly says
These edifying words from out the gloom:

"To whit, to whit, to whom! To wait, to whom!"

¶ That the songs of Robert Franz are so little sung is not due to their age; they will never be old-fashioned. It is probably owing to the difficulty of their accompaniments, for one thing; and the fact that they are not of a catchy quality. Yet there are no more beautiful in the world. The May song—which is a mere snatch, but perfect—"Er ist gekom-

men," "The Bliss of Melancholy," and "The Woods," are faultless—and not hard to sing either.

Otto Dresel, who lived for years in Boston, and who was an intimate friend of Franz, wrote a rapturous panegyric of him and his songs for the *Atlantic Monthly* not very long ago, but nothing, it appears, can boom him into popularity. He is too rare, too choice, and too subtle in flavor. Occsionally a great singer—usually a German—selects one of his songs for a concert, but this is rare: for the most part his work is quite ignored.

Robert Franz died in 1892, at the age of seventy-seven. He composed a set of a dozen songs in 1837, which Schumann, among others greatly praised. He was deaf, like Beethoven; and was obliged, after some years of office in various universities as lecturer, organist and director, to resign his posts. After that disappointment he gave himself up entirely to composition and to editing Bach's, Handle's and other old masters' works. He wrote more than three hundred songs—and is forgotten! Rather say he was never known, outside a small and highly musical circle. All biographies put him at the head of his class, as a songwriter—the very best of contemporary composers.

¶ The man who would ever *say* that he understood woman is not the man who ever *could* understand her.

¶ Mrs. Lynn Lynton has been kindly telling the world how awful she found George Eliot when first she met her at the house of John Chapman. The description of the novelist is a marvellous affair and leads me unconsciously to wonder if Mrs. Linton knew what she was trying to say. How on earth could a woman who "held her arms and hands kangaroo-fashion, was badly dressed, had an unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt look altogether" have appeared "purely artificial?"



WHERE MINOR POETS ARE MADE

FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. NEW

WHEN Art reformed she came to town.
She donned a modish Paris gown.
She bound her hair in jeweled bands
And decked with rings her shapely hands.

She trod on velvet pile, she ate
From sparkling glass and glittering plate ;
Forgot the wild Bohemian ways
And had her "evenings" and her "days,"
Where beaux and wits her time beguiled.

Philistia came and bowed and smiled
And made its self-complacent boast
Of "Art, Philistia's reigning toast."
Till, dreaming in the waning light
A vision crossed her inner sight :—

Again she roved by dale and down
With naked feet and scanty gown—
How sweet the leafy path, how good
The ruddy berries in the wood ! "

She heard again the insistent call
Of rippling streams ; the love of all
The olden freedom, and the stir
Of lawless life, came back to her.

She tore the jewels from her hair,
She fled adown the shining stair ;
(Like that fair girl in story old,
What time the bells of midnight tolled.)

From out the portal passed a maid
With simple garb and loosened braid.
Henceforth whoso will walk with Art,
Shall find her close to Nature's heart.

¶ The puff-ball is living proof that there can be smoke without fire.

¶ Being a child of literary intentions and passing much of time in the company of books, I have come to feel a sense of personal indebtedness to the publisher who brings out a readable volume. I have come, also, to feel a sense of personal sorrow that the really readable volumes are so few and far between. But when, by pure and heavenly chance, I do come across so charming a little book as "The Invisible Playmate," by William Canton, I can't help saying at least a simple "I thank you" to the publishers—in this case, J. Selwin Tait & Sons of New York—and feeling better for a fortnight or more.

¶ The nearest approach to happiness is not having time to have to amuse yourself.

¶ Can the two-headed girl play besique with herself, or only solitaire.



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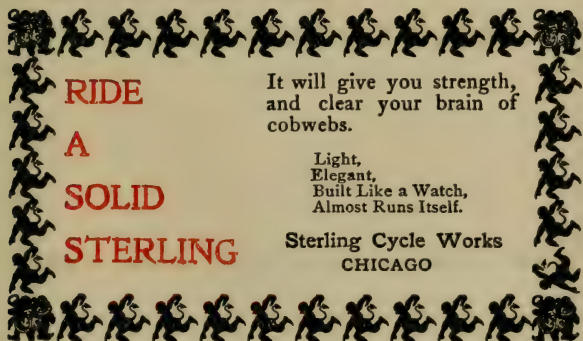
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THE giant wolf, the woodland wolf,
Strode southward down the wind,
And the gale yelled keen, and the moon gleamed
And the little stars blinked blind. [green,

The seething snow-snakes twined before
And hissed through the knotted grass,
And he heard overhead the sheeted dead,
That dance in the whirlwind, pass.

His shag grey locks roughed with the gale,
His white teeth fanged with wrath.
Now God be good to the man whose blood
He smells before his path !

Now God be good to the man whose feet,
On the snow-blind, swirling way,
Shall meet the blaze of his hungry gaze,
And the snarling fangs that slay.

And happy he who sits at home,
Where the corn-fire smoulders warm,
When alone, in the white of the whirling night,
The grey wolf walks the storm.

HERBERT BATES.

W. V.'S BED-TIME

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE."

IN these winter evenings, thanks to the Great Northern,
and to Hesperus, who brings all things home, I reach
my doorstep about half-an-hour before W. V.'s bed-
time. A sturdy, rosy, flaxen-haired little body opens to my

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well-known knock, takes a kiss on the tip of her nose, seizes my umbrella, and makes a great show of assisting me with my heavy overcoat. She leads me into the dining-room, gets my slippers, runs my bootlaces into Gordian knots in her precipitate zeal, and announces that *she* has "set" the tea. At table she slips furtively to my knee, and we are both happy till a severe voice, "Now, father!" reminds us of the reign of law in general, and of that law in particular which enacts that it is shocking in little girls to want everything they see, and most reprehensible in elderly people (I elderly!) to encourage them.

We are glad to escape to the armchair, where, after I have lit my pipe and W. V. has blown out the little elf of flame, we conspire—not overtly indeed, but each in his deep mind—how we shall baffle domestic tyranny and evade, if but for a few brief minutes of recorded time, the cubicular moment and the inevitable hand of the bath-maiden. The critical instant occurs about half-way through my first pipe, and W. V.'s devices for respite or escape are at once innumerable and transparently ingenious. I admit my connivance without a blush, though I may perchance weakly observe: "One sees so little of her, mother!" for how delightful it is when she sings or recites—and no one would be so rude as to interrupt singing or recitation—to watch the little hands waving in "the air so blue," the little fingers flickering above her head in imitation of the sparks at the forge, the little arms nursing an imaginary weeping dolly, the blue eyes lit up with excitement as they gaze abroad into the "foreign lands" beyond the garden wall.

She has much to tell me about the day's doings. Yes, she *has* been clay-modelling. I have seen some of her marvellous baskets of fruit and bird's nests and ivy leaves; but to-day she has been doing what dear old Mother Nature did in one of her happy moods some millenniums ago—making

a sea with an island in it; and mountains, one a volcano, around the sea; and a river with a bridge across it: quite a boldly conceived but human-hearted fragment of a new planet. Of course Miss Jessie helped her, but she would soon be able, all by herself, to create a new world in which there should be ever-blossoming spring and a golden age and fairies to make the impossible commonplace. W. V. does not put it in that way, but those, I fancy, would be the characteristics of a universe of her happy and innocent contriving.

At kindergarten one learns, of course, many things besides clay-modelling; poetry, for instance, and singing, and natural history; drill and ball-playing and dancing; colouring and drawing and paper-cutting. And am I not curious—this with a glance at the clock, which is on the stroke of seven—to hear the new verse of her last French song? Shall she recite “Purr, purr!” or “The Swing”? Or would it not be an agreeable change to have her sing “Up into the Cherry Tree,” or “The Busy Blacksmith”?

Any or all of these would be indeed delectable, but parting is the same sweet sorrow at the last as at the first. When she has recited and sung I draw her between my knees and begin: “There was once a very naughty little girl, and her name was W. V.”

“No, father, a good little girl.”

“Well, there was a good little girl, and her name was Gladys.”

“No, father, a *good* little girl called W. V.”

“Well, a good little girl called W. V.; and she was ‘quickly obedient;’ and when her father said she was to go to bed, she said: ‘Yes, father,’ and she just *flew*, and gave no trouble.”

“And did her father come up and kiss her?”

“Why, of course he did.”

A few minutes later she is kneeling on the bed with her head nestled in my breast, repeating her evening prayer :

*“ Dear Father, whom I cannot see,
Smile down from heaven on little me.
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings about my bed.*

*And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb,
Dear God, our Father, watch and keep
Father and mother while they sleep ;*

“ and bless Dennis, and Ronnie, and Uncle John, and Auntie Bonnie, and Phyllis (did Phyllis squint when she was a baby? Poor Phyllis!); and Madame, and Lucille (she is only a tiny little child; a quarter past three years or something like that); and Ivo and Wilfrid (he has bronchitis very badly; he can't come out this winter; aren't you sorry for him? Really, a dear little boy).”

“ Any one else ? ”

“ Auntie Edie and Grandma. (He will have plenty to do, won't He ?) ”

“ And ‘ Teach me ’ ”—I suggest.

*“ Teach me to do what I am told,
And help me to be good as gold.”*

And a whisper comes from the pillow as I tuck in the eider-down : “ Now He will be wondering whether I *am* going to be a good girl ! ”

WILLIAM CANTON.





MR. WHISTLER BY CANDLE LIGHT

GARDNER C. TEALL

ABROAD ON HOLY-DAY

I LOVE to walk on solemn holy-day,
When clanging bells ring high in chapel tow'rs;
In morning hour, when perfumes of the show'rs
Still leave exhilarant the pool-lined way;
And girls, Madonna-faced, haste by to pray;
Adown the road, that dips into the dell;
Past Hereford cattle driven to a well;
Surprising groups of truant boys at play;—
The wildwood murm'ring to the summer breeze,
And dimmer forest thick with maple trees;
Yea, on, until the branchy umbrage spreads
Its dense protection o'er a drooping rose;
And here unconsciously we bare our heads,
And Nature absolution sweet bestows.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

A HEROINE OF THE FOOTHILLS

SOONER or later, the trouble was bound to come. For weeks, even months, the fire had been smouldering, ready at the slightest draught to burst into open flame. Of this the Girl was aware, for she commanded sources of information closed to those who dwell behind the lattice of respectability, and she made it her business to know everything that concerned Maxwell. The relations between the two were strictly honest, albeit none gave them credit for that, not even Maxwell's wife, whose worst fault was a deep-rooted jealousy of her husband. A positive denial might have carried conviction to the camp, for the Girl had never been known to lie; but she was proud and reticent, and of the lawless court over which she reigned none dared question her, except, later on, Jim Brady, and he, learning the truth

from her own lips, believed ; but that was not until events had already precipitated the crisis.

Bad management and a system of shameless speculation had brought affairs at the San Sacrada mine within measurable distance of ruin. The new manager found himself confronted with the task of cleansing an Augean stable, a process never wholly devoid of risk, but distinctly dangerous in an isolated community, where the grip of the law is uncertain and every man carries his six-shooter handy. But there, as is ever elsewhere, was a party on the side of order and fair play. Maxwell relied on the loyal minority to back him up, and his own authority and nerve to do the rest. Within a month of his arrival he had demonstrated pretty clearly that he was open neither to bribery nor intimidation. His answer to the first incautious attempt to buy him over was the prompt and vigorous ejection of the agent. He went about unarmed, and the camp knew it and respected his pluck. Nevertheless, the situation was fraught with peril, for the malcontents banded themselves together and held meetings, with elaborate precautions as to secrecy, which made occasion for much tall talk, attended by no inconsiderable consumption of whisky. As the liquor circulated, the sentiments waxed increasingly incendiary, and dark hints were dropped to the effect that people who would not listen to reason might find themselves, some fine night, fitted to a "wooden jacket" free of charge. The raw material of mutiny was ready to hand, needing only time and the man to work it up into the finished product—murder.

All unwittingly, the Girl supplied both, for Brady, mad with jealousy, and hungering for the word which he was too proud to ask and she to give, went out to the Cave of Adul-lam and swore with many strange oaths to obey the commands of the brotherhood, even to the breaking of the older command which is embodied in the sixth clause of the

Decalogue. The lot was cast and fell, as might have been expected, on the new member, with Silas Field as understudy, in case of accidents, which precaution seemed unnecessary, seeing that Brady could snuff a candle at fifty yards and knock the pin out of an ace at half that distance. Had the man been a common ruffian to fire on an unarmed victim, Maxwell's life had paid forfeit for his honesty, but the digger had in his veins good Irish blood, albeit puddled through two or three generations of mongrel stock, and he sent his challenge like a gentleman, though for obvious reasons it was anonymous. Maxwell laid the document before the Girl, for it was through her that he felt the pulse of the camp. He laughed as he did so, tracing with his forefinger the rude outline of a coffin, which did duty as a crest at the top of the paper; but there was no answering smile on her lips, for she had recognised the handwriting and knew instinctively that this was not an idle threat. She was no alarmist, but she implored him to carry a revolver, and chafed when Maxwell refused point-blank to do so.

"If I'm potted from the rear," he said, "I'd have no time to use it, and so far events have proved that I'm safer without. Why should I change my habits in obedience to an anonymous threat? I'm not going to be bully-ragged by a set of thieves. It is n't the first time they've tried the game, either: I've had warnings before."

"But not like this."

She was studying the soiled, crumpled missive, trying to read between the ill-spelt lines.

"Did she—your wife—see this?"

He hesitated, for she had never yet been named between them, but the need for open speech was strong upon him, and after a pause he answered her as he would have answered another woman.

"No; we had a bit of a scene about it, too. She took it into

her head that it was—an assignation. I let her think so. It was better than breaking her heart with the truth, though I hate a row, it makes things so damned uncomfortable.”

By this she understood that his laugh had not been genuine.

“Then you know. . . . ?” she said, slowly.

“Oh, yes, I know.”

“And yet you will take no precautions?”

He shook his head with a smile.

“Not though I tell you that this means death?”

“I can’t help that, I won’t be dictated to.”

Quite suddenly she caught his hand and kissed it

“If you had been free—if you had only cared, I—but what use is there in saying it? I shall save you, and then—then I will never see you again.”

He tried to reason with her but she pushed him fiercely away.

“Go!” she cried, passionately; “do you hear me? Go away, go now, at once!”

Sorely puzzled, he obeyed, and, as the door closed behind him, she fell to bitter weeping. Thus she buried the first pure love she had ever known, and on its grave prepared to sacrifice that which was dearer to her lawless nature than life itself—her liberty. An hour later, Brady came up the street and the Girl went out to meet him. He tried to pass but she laid her hand upon his arm.

“Come in,” she said; “I want a word with you.”

The big man shook from head to foot; he could not meet her steady gaze, but he let her lead him into the house. They were alone there, she had taken care of that. She stood up facing him, and her eyes never left his for a moment.

“Oh, you fool!” she said, “you fool! what good could come of it? If I loved the man, should I be so ready to take

you when your hands were wet with his blood? And I do not love him. There has been no word of love between us, no word of aught but honest friendship, such as those hogs you have come from know nothing of. I would have told you that long since, if you had dared to ask me. I tell you now, of my own free will, and when have I ever lied?"

She threw back her head with a superb gesture of defiance.

"But I tell you this, too, my life answers for his. Touch one hair of his head and I pay the forfeit with my own hand. I swear it, before God, and you know that I shall keep my word."

He strode a step nearer, and caught her by the wrist.

"You love him!" he said, hoarsely; "You must, or you would n't care."

She looked him straight in the eyes, and lied unflinchingly, as is the way of a woman who, habitually truthful, is driven to falsehood for the compassing of great and unselfish ends. "I do not love him, but I love you, and I will not have you a common murderer. A murderer you would be, Jim Brady, for what wrong has the man ever done to you? It is in your hands. Save him, and I am yours, body and soul, to go where you go, follow you, live for you, die for you, if need be."

She crept closer, and held him, her face level with his, for she was tall, and built on lines a goddess had not disdained.

"All that," she whispered, "for us both, or—for me—your gift. You taught me how to use it. You know if your pupil did credit to her master. It will be easier than a card at twenty-five paces, just to rest the muzzle here."

She raised her finger significantly to her temple. He broke away with a groan and fell into a chair beside the table, hiding his face on his folded arms. She waited a moment, and then knelt down, twining her arms about him, letting her head rest against his shoulder.

"My life," she murmured, "your love, our happiness. Surely it is worth the price of innocent blood."

He took her roughly by the shoulders.

"There has been nothing between you—you swear it?"

"Nothing but honest friendship. I swear it, so help me God!"

There was silence, for he knew she was speaking truth and the knowledge had come too late. As the grip on her shoulders loosened, she leaned forward closer.

"You will save him—and me?"

"I can't. I have sworn to do it. If I backed out now they—I—"

He wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. His eyes were glazed with passion and wide with a great fear. She drew his face down to hers and kissed him on the mouth.

"Tell me," she whispered, "when?"

The man was mad, and she knew it as she knew her own power over him. He had taken the oath of secrecy but he told her everything.

* * * * *

The manager's wife stood in the doorway of the little house among the pine trees. Her eyes were turned away from the track up towards the hills, but her thoughts were far away in the English home she had left to face an unknown world beyond the seas. She had cheerfully turned her back on the old, luxurious life, because then she did not know the meaning of the phrase "roughing it;" and to her it had seemed that any life must be beautiful if shared with the man she loved. Sometimes she wondered whether, after all, she had not made a great mistake.

She wondered now, for her heart was heavy with doubts. She could not forget the incident of the letter, and each time she thought of it her anger blazed up afresh, for jealousy

is a master passion, and she believed, had the Girl been there, she could have crushed her. Yet, when a shadow fell across the threshold, and the two women stood face to face, it was the wife who started and recoiled. The start was a tribute to the other's marvellous beauty, for they had never met before. The recoil was involuntary and instinctive. It stung the Girl like the stroke of a whip, but it gave her also her opportunity.

She spoke a dozen rapid words, and the Englishwoman uttered a little cry.

"Is it—true?"

"It is God's truth, and there is only half-an-hour. If you want to save your husband—and he is yours, all yours—we must save him together. Neither you nor I can do it alone. Are you ready?"

"I am ready—yes—my hat!"

She ran into the house. Through the open door the Girl saw her snatch the child from among its playthings on the floor, and press it passionately to her bosom. A light leapt into her eyes.

"The child!" she cried, "bring the child! They are fond of her, perhaps—"

They set out, the mother carrying the baby; but before they had covered a hundred yards she stopped.

"Will you take her?" she said. "She is heavy—we should—get on faster."

Their eyes met, and the Girl understood. She lifted the little one almost reverently. When Maxwell came out of the office he found them together. A hot colour flamed in his bronzed cheek, but the Girl's eyes, meeting his, were eloquent, and, though his lips parted, he said nothing. The two women walked on either side, and no one spoke. A few yards from the water ditch they passed a man.

It was Brady. Neither Maxwell nor his wife appeared to

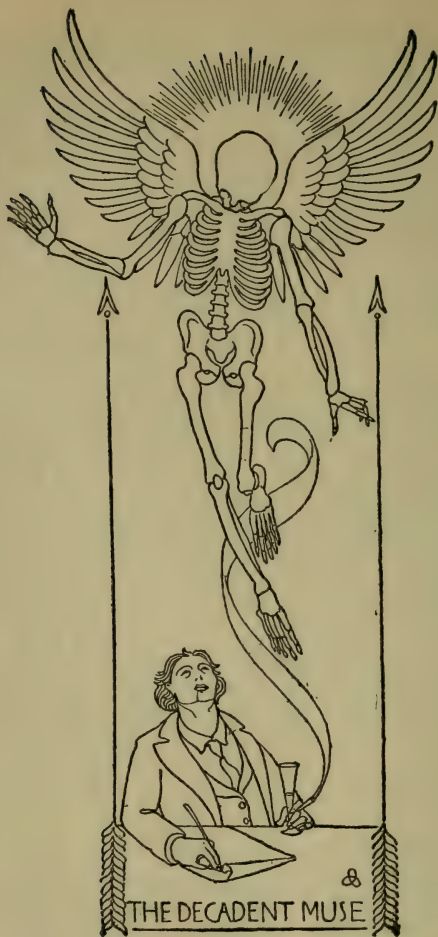
notice his presence, but the Girl looked him straight in the face. A moment later a bullet whistled past the manager's head. He felt the swift beat of the cleft air against his cheek, and, for the space of half-a-second, he faltered; then he set his teeth and went on without so much as a backward glance. The women were keeping step, and neither changed feet, though the wife's breath was drawn in gasps and her face was white as marble. Only the child, startled by the sudden report, hid her head on the Girl's shoulder, and the Girl looked ahead to where Silas Field stood waiting. With a sudden movement, she thrust the child into Maxwell's arms.

"Take her, quick," she said, and her voice shook ever so lightly. "She's frightened, and I'm tired."

The baby clung around her father's neck, pressing her rosy face against his cheek. Her hat had fallen back, and her fair hair, caught by the wind, was blown across Maxwell's eyes, a golden veil, through the meshes of which, he saw the sudden glint of sunlight on steel. And they were level with the emissary of vengeance; but even as they passed, the Girl, falling a step behind, covered the manager's body with her own, for they were so near a height that aim at one had meant short shift for both. The instructions of the Brotherhood had not provided for such a contingency. Field's nerve forsook him, and his hand dropped with an oath. The three stood at the door of the little house among the pine trees. It was the Girl who spoke first.

"I must go back," she said, "there is still something to be done."

Her eyes sought those of the manager's wife. There was in that look both pride and humility; a question and a prayer. For answer, the wife kissed her, weeping. Then, before they had realized what had happened, she was gone. To Maxwell she said nothing, not even good-bye. At dawn,



BY CLAUDE F. BRAGDON.

the camp was roused by the clatter of horses' hoofs. The deputy sheriff, none knew how, had got wind of trouble at the mine, and had ridden "hell for leather" to the manager's aid, for the two were chums of long standing, and had done great things at the wickets, in old days, for the honour of Harrow School. But before this Brady and the Girl had fled. Her word was her bond: she saved Maxwell and she never saw him again.

LETTICE GALBRAITH.

VERLAINE:—A FEMININE APPRECIATION

IN early days, when the triumphs and the torments of his overwhelming vitality swept at will across his soul, Paul Verlaine was sometimes god and sometimes satyr. From aspiring altitudes of spiritual emotions he swung like a pendulum to unspoken depths of vice.

The world spirit doubly charged his strange and terrible personality, pouring into it the essences and intuitions of the body and the soul. Into the alembic were dissolved the entities of Baudelaire and Villon, floating still upon the earth.

Then the whole was set to the vibration of a new rhythm as strange and as remote from the consciousness of men as the songs of inter-lunar space, so that his utterances with the naturalness of a bird's song or an infant's lisp should have the accents of melody undreamed of. And this is not all—strangest and most tragically terrible in its possibilities of pain—the chrism of conscience burns his sinister brow. The phantom of the immortal soul drives him into the outer darkness.

What are the undiscovered laws of spiritual heredity and of a poetic paternity, such as are suggested in the likeness of Baudelaire and Verlaine to their prototype Villon, the

secret is yet to find. It is all as strange as the mystery of Bernhardt's strayed existence in this modern day. An emanation from some Egyptian tomb, wild spirit of genius and of vice is she, vampire-like, inhuman, wandering among a people who have thrilled to her voice and wondered, not knowing whence she came.

Behind them both—Baudelaire with his luminous, despairing eyes, and Verlaine with his terrible glabrous head—the madcap figure of Villon shines out of a cloud of time, and we hear the sound of his reckless laughter and the music of his tears.

But if the relation between these two moderns and this singing renegade of the middle ages is that of mysterious heredity, between Baudelaire and Verlaine there is a brotherhood which is as wonderful as an oriental dream of metempsychosis.

Baudelaire's verses, read in early youth, so saturated and possessed the new-born soul of Paul Verlaine that he became more a reincarnation of Baudelaire than a separate existence. The passions and the madness of Baudelaire became his own—he heard the same strange music—saw the same visions. Incarnate of the mad poet, Verlaine, his second soul, fled a second slave in the footsteps of the same strange goddess—beauty in decay.

And where one had madly followed, so the other fled, enamoured of her fatal loveliness, wherever her fickle steps should lead. Sometimes she would escape them, disappearing in mists and mysterious darkness, and sometimes they would come upon her suddenly in glimpses of green light, dancing strange frivolous steps, and the colour of her robes would be mingled rose and mystic blue and the halo of her head the phosphor of decay.

And she has led them through strange paths into the dwellingplace of death and where love and life live together,

for these two are never separated, and through many places of terror and delight to that ultimate spot, occult, remote, where dwells the soul of woman.

There the youngest of her slaves found himself one day outstripping his mother and saw with living eyes the mystery,—and thenceforward he was no more Paul Verlaine. He was the prophet and interpreter of woman.

To him alone has the secret been revealed, to him alone, the mantle of deceit she wears, the slavish dress of the centuries, is no concealment. He has seen, has known, and he understands. "The very worst thing in the world," says an unknown writer, "is the soul of a woman." Forced to inaction, and fed on lies, her principal power, founded on man's weakness, curiosity and the imagination of the intellect, lead her in many wandering ways. Tasting but few of the actual joys, the triumphs, and the trials of life, from the harem of her slavery her fancy has wandered with the winds. In her mind are unique and fatal experiments; she has known all crimes, all horrors, as well as martyrdoms and joys. And this, while her gentle feminine hands have ministered to suffering, her voice has cheered, her smile has illumined, and her divine patience has endured.

Consider these lines—their spiritual intuition is the parallel of Wordsworth in his limpid moods; their knowledge, like a single glow of summer lightning, illumines all the darkened land as the glimmering patient light of Bourget's candle in cycles of encyclopedics will never do.

Behold the woman !

*" Beauté des femmes, leur faiblesse, et ces mains pâles,
Qui font souvent le bien et peuvent tout le mal."*

The appealing weakness of women is the first note, invariably stronger than command—and then the reference to

their hands. This is very characteristic of Verlaine—they haunt him.

“ *Les chères mains qui furent miennes,
Toutes petites, toutes belles.*”

*

*

*

*

“ *Mains en songes—main sur mon âme.*”

The last is a very poignant line—and again in “*Ariettes Oubliées*,”

“ *Le piano que baise une main frêle.*”

Then comes the reflection as to the eyes of women, profoundly true and observant, contained in the last two verses of the first stanza :

“ *Et ces yeux où plus rien ne reste d’animal
Que juste assez pour dire ‘assez’ aux fureurs mâles !*”

Then the next stanza :

“ *Et toujours, maternelle endormeuse des râles,
Même quand elle ment—.*”

Here is the creature who could be both nurse and courtesan—concise and convincing classification.

Then he continues relating how, as man as well as poet, he has vibrated to the clear soprano of

“—*Cette voix ! Matinal
Appel, ou chant bien doux à vêpres, ou frais signal,
Ou beau sanglot qui va mourir au pli des châles ! . . .*”

How he has dreamed over the tender sentiment of her twilight song, and been melted and conquered by the still greater, more beautiful appeal of the emotional soul for love and understanding,—“*beau sanglot*” indeed !

Then comes the wonderful third stanza, and its denunciation of man’s brutality and selfishness.

*"Hommes durs ! Vie atroce et laide d'ici-bas !
Ah ! que du moins, loins des baisers et des combats,
Quelque chose demeure un peu sur la montagne."*

Here is the appeal for sentiment, for the love of the spirit, choked in the throats of dumb and suffering women.

"Quelque chose du cœur," he repeats and persuades, *"enfantin et subtil."*

*"Bonté, respect ! car qu'est-ce qui nous accompagne,
Et vraiment, quand la mort viendra, que reste-t-il ?"*

From him, the convict poet, from this heart rotten with all the sins of fancy and of deed, bursts this plea—as naive as it is earnest, for the spiritual in love—for sentiment, the essence of the soul. Strange anomaly—stranger still that it should be he who has understood.

Three lines more, from an early poem called *"Vœu,"* of such condensed significance and biting truth as lacks a parallel.

*"O la femme à l'amour câlin et réchauffant,
Douce, pensive et brune, et jamais étonnée,
Et qui parfois vous baise au front, comme un enfant."*

What a portrait, typical and individual—*"jamais étonnée,"* my sisters, what an accusation !

* * * * *

Verlaine is dead. The last shred of that ruined soul which has for years been rotting away in chance Parisian brasseries, has loosened its hold upon life and slipped into the unknown. He was vicious and disreputable beyond words. Illness and immorality have been his pastimes—but, incidentally, he has written what will outlive the memory of his vice : he has been the first poet of France and as such he is mourned.

MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.



BY L. D. WILDMAN

A SONG OF THE SEA CHILDREN

FAR hence in the infinite silence
How we shall learn and forget,
Know and be known, and remember
Only the name of regret ?

Sown in that ample quiet,
We shall break sheath and climb,
Seeds of a single desire
In the heart of the apple of time.

We shall grow wise as the flowers,
And know what the bluebirds sing,
When the hands of the grasses unravel
The wind in the hollows of spring.

And out of the breathless summer
The aspen leaves will stir,
At your low sweet laugh to remember
The imperfect things we were.

BLISS CARMAN.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

SINCE the time beyond the past, sincerity has been the sanctification of mediocre art, and a natural expression of some simple human feeling has oftentimes made of a poor labourer, an undyingly able man. In our days art has counted for nought, in that sincerity lacked: there was no honesty in our work, and we have failed. It has been for years the favourite complaint of Professor Charles Eliot Norton that we did not express ourselves, our real feelings, and consequently, as artists, we were not. In these complaints he has been nearly universal in his condemnation; the only exception I can remember being Mr. Frederick Law Olm-

stead. There are other exceptions, however which I think Professor Norton has overlooked. To me there is no more sincere, simple and perfectly honest expression in American Art than is found in the cigar store Indian. It is, I believe, not an imitation; it is an original and altogether charming creation, a pleasing adaptation of an uncouth necessity. It is marked by absolute sincerity, and although the skill of the workman was hardly greater than that shown by the early Greek sculptors, yet the novel attraction of the subject, the



beauty of the colouring (which again recalls the work of the early Greeks), and the perfect suitability of the performance, forces us to acknowledge the artist's achievement.

¶ "Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by Nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may, by mere labour, be obtained is too great to be willingly

endured; but every man can exert such judgement as he has upon the works of others: and he whom Nature has made weak, and Idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic."

The foregoing quotation has come down to us as one of Dr. Johnson's contributions to the "Spectator;" it had however previously been written in a spiteful letter addressed to Miss Jeannette Gilder, and is now republished from the original manuscript.

EAST AURORA, N.Y., January 16th., 1896.

To the Editor of the CHAP-BOOK.

SIR :—On sundry occasions, in the regular course of a literary business, I have addressed myself, with such courtesy and gentleness as I could command, to Prominent Writers—some of whose compositions have attained to the dignity of getting themselves McClured, as one might say, throughout the country; thereby achieving no small rewards for their authors. On each occasion the Persons have declined to reply, and I am in sore straights to kindly construe their silence. As they are occupied largely with writing of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, I had thought they knew their ways, until I met with such unexpected disrespect at their hands. Being myself a common man and simple, not versed in social ways, save as I have learned them from the Reading of Books, I write to enquire if it be now a general practice, among writers, to treat with incivility all civil address, and sullenly play the boor at every frank request?—and if it be known on what score Mr. Riley, the poet, Mr. Grant, the *bon-viveur*, Miss Repplier, the essayist, and Octave Thanet, the story-teller, excuse to themselves such unpleasing sins of omission. If it be on the ground of the irresponsibility genius, (although in all honesty I acknowledge them to be gifted with fine understandings and no little skill at expression,) I may be pardoned for openly doubting their claims.



I pray you will favour me with your opinion of the case and instruct me in the new ideas of propriety,

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

A PROVINCIAL READER.

¶ The foregoing communication offers an opportunity for which I have waited long and patiently. Notwithstanding the distressing and pitiful complaint of the Provincial Reader, I fear I can say little which will soothe him. In fact, I do not sympathise with his wail in the least. To my way of thinking his point of view is absurd, and his lament is mere inpuence. The rudeness is altogether on his part, and while, from my own experience, I am far from doubting the truth of his chronicle, nevertheless, I cannot help



feeling that he took a liberty in addressing the distinguished persons named, and as his punishment, he deserved no response.

There has long been a general impression that every letter—which any irresponsible postman may force upon us—should receive an answer; that it is part of a man's duty to pass his life replying to unasked-for communications, and that he is unpardonably incivil if he neglects. This is simply preposterous. A man is not merely a target to be shot

at day in and day out by every epistolary sharpshooter in the land. He must have some protection against the eternal attacks of persons with whom letter-writing is passion and pastime. If they would occasionally write entertainingly, he might forgive them: perhaps even reply; but they have nothing to say and they say it badly: they spend their time bleating about the bush, and one loses patience.

So, dear Provincial Reader, have a care, think of your own rudeness before you offend estimable persons. People who live in East Aurora should not write letters.

“Stand in awe and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your own bed and be still.”

¶ The "Art Notes," in the newspapers, tell us that the revival of the delight in Roger's groups will be the predominating fad of the coming Spring. There was always such a delicacy of handling and a charm of colour in the Roger's affairs, and they express so truly the American feeling for art that I shall welcome the return to them. It is rumoured that the first group will be entitled, "Fast Asleep" and will represent Mr. Henry M. Alden in the act of editing his paper.



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¶ These changes have been made necessary by the broadened scope of the paper and by the greater supply of suitable material. The general plan and the typographical appearance will remain the same, and it will now be possible to print a larger number of stories, essays and pictures, and to enlarge the department of "Notes." These innovations, it is believed, cannot fail to add to the attractiveness of the periodical and enable it more properly to cover its field.

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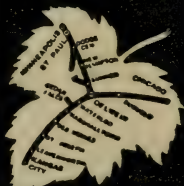
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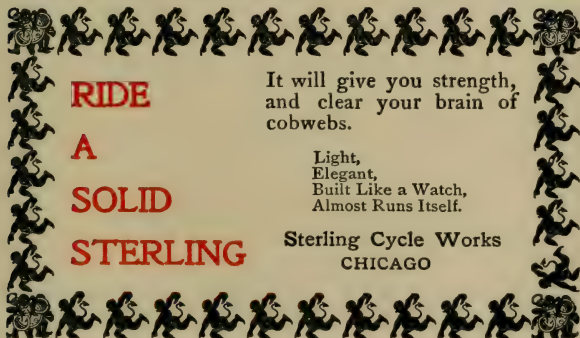
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ALL things that follow Nature's course take time.
There is no haste with them, from suns to seeds,
From star-births to earth's little greening weeds—
No haste—no leaping of the law sublime
Whose promise is Eternity! The crime
Of haste is man's, who, trampling on law, pleads
God's ignorance of what the future needs.
And for some purpose God endures the mime.
God of our nobler fathers, I adore Thee!
Too late I live to dedicate my ways
To Thee divinely, and I can restore Thee
Only a starving soul, but that with praise
That I have set no other god before Thee,
And have despised the Moloch of my days.

JOHN H. BONER.

DE NATURA BARBATULORUM

THAT anyone who dressed so very badly as did Thomas Carlyle should have tried to construct a philosophy of clothes, has always seemed to me one of the most pathetic things in literature. He in the Temple of Vestments! Why sought he to intrude, another Clodius, upon those mysteries, and light his pipe from those ardent censers? What were his hobnails that they should mar the pavement of that delicate Temple? Truly, he learnt none of the rites. The rhapsodies that he hurls through the mask of Teufelsdröck are quite uninspired. In *Sartor Resartus*.

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sartus lie no secrets for those who would penetrate its pages. I found the key to that empty book, long ago, in the lock of the author's empty wardrobe. His hat, that is still preserved in Cheyne Walk, formed an important clue.

The chapter about Dandies, with its blind discussions and clumsy satire, is surely one of the very worst things Carlyle ever wrote. Yet may we find in it instances how, head-long through the fog of his intellect, he did sometimes bump up against the truth, cursing; whilst very clarity of vision might tempt another to the pursuit of vain, if exquisite, *mirages*. At the very beginning of the chapter we hear a loud *hump* and the philosopher crying, "*A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well.*" And (behold!) as he mutters away into the distance and we stand thinking that these were true words, Monsieur Barbey D'Aurevilly, that gentle moqueur, appears, drawling, with waves of his hand: "*Les esprits qui ne voient pas les choses que par leur plus petit côté, ont imaginé que le Dandysme était surtout l'art de la mise, une heureuse et audacieuse dictature en fait de toilette et d'élégance extérieure. Très certainement c'est cela aussi, mais c'est bien davantage. Le Dandysme est toute une manière d'être, et l'on n'est pas que par la côté matériellement visible. C'est une manière d'être, entièrement composée de nuances, comme il arrive toujours dans les sociétés très vieilles et très civilisées.*" It is a pleasure to expostulate with so suave a subtlst, and we say to him that this new and comprehensive definition does not please us. We say, we think he errs.

Not that Monsieur's analysis of the dandiacal mind is worthless by any means. Nor, when he declares that George Brummell was the supreme king of the dandies and "*fut le*

Dandysme même," can I but piously lay one hand upon the brim of my hat, the other upon my heart. But it is as an artist and for his supremacy in the art of costume, and for all he did to gain the recognition of costume as in itself an art, and for that superb taste and subtle simplicity of mode whereby he was able to expel, at length, the Byzantine spirit of exuberance which had possessed St. James's, and wherefor he is justly called the Father of Modern Costume, that I do most deeply revere him. It is not a little strange that Monsieur D'Aurevilly, the biographer who, in some ways, would seem most perfectly to have understood Mr. Brummell, should belittle to a mere phase that which was indeed the very core of his existence. To analyse the temperament of a great artist and then to claim that his art is but a part—a little part—of his temperament, is a foolish proceeding. It is as if a man should say that he finds, on analysis, that gunpowder is composed of potassium chloride (let me say), nitrate and power of explosion. Dandyism is ever the outcome of a carefully cultivated temperament, not part of the temperament itself. That *manière d'être, entièrement composée de nuances*, was not more, as the writer seems to have supposed, than attributory to Mr. Brummell's art, nor is it even peculiar to dandies. All delicate spirits, to whatever art they turn, even if they turn to no art, assume an oblique attitude towards life. Of all dandies, Mr. Brummell may have most steadfastly preserved this attitude. Like the single-minded artist that he was, he turned full and square towards his art and looked life straight in the face, out of the corners of his eyes.

It is not hard to see how, in the effort to give Mr. Brummell his due place in history, Monsieur D'Aurevilly came to grief. It is but strange that he should have fallen into so obvious a trap. Surely he should have perceived that so long as Civilization compels her children to wear clothes,

the impensive multitude will never acknowledge dandyism to be an art. If considerations of modesty or hygiene compelled everyone to stain canvas or chip marble every morning, painting and sculpture would, in like manner, be despised. Now, as these considerations do compel everyone to envelop himself in things made of cloth and linen, this common duty is confounded with that fair procedure, elaborate of many thoughts, in whose accord the fop accomplishes his toilet, each morning afresh, Aurora speeding on to gild his mirror. Not until nudity be popular will the art of costume be really acknowledged. Nor even then will it be approved. Communities are ever jealous (very naturally) of the artist who works for his own pleasure, not for theirs;—more jealous by far of him whose energy is spent wholly upon the glorification of himself alone. Carlyle speaks of dandyism as a survival of "*the primeval superstition self-worship.*" "*La vanité,*" are almost the first words of Monsieur D'Aurevilly, "*c'est un sentiment contre lequel tout le monde est impitoyable.*" Few remember that the dandy's vanity is far different from the crude conceit of the merely handsome man. Dandyism is, after all, one of the decorative arts. A fine ground to work upon is its first postulate. And the dandy only cares for his physical endowments in so far as they are susceptible of fine results. They are just so much to him as to the decorative artist is inilluminate parchment, the form of a white vase or the surface of a wall where frescoes shall be.

I have often thought that the selfish concentration of dandyism is in itself a charm, and a symbol, so to say, of that *einsamkeit* felt, in greater or less degree, by the practitioners of every art. But, curiously enough, the very unity of his mind with the ground he works upon exposes the dandy to the influence of the world. In one way dandyism is the least selfish of all the arts. Musicians are seen and, ex-

cept for a price, not heard. Only for a price may you read what poets have written. All painters are not so generous as our Mr. Watts. But the dandy presents himself to the nation, whenever he sallies from his front-door. All the people, princes and peasants, may gaze upon his masterpieces. Now, any art that is pursued directly under the eye of the public is always far more amenable to Fashion than is an art with which the public is but vicariously concerned. Those standards to which artists have gradually accustomed it, the public will not see set lightly at naught. The traditions of the Theatre are, for example, very rigid. If my brother were to declaim his lines, at the Haymarket, in the florotund manner of Macready, what a row there would be in the gallery! It is only by the impalpable process of evolution that change comes to the Theatre. Likewise, in the sphere of costume no swift rebellion can succeed, as was exemplified by the Prince's effort to revive knee-breeches. Had his Royal Highness elected, in his wisdom, to wear tight trousers strapped under his boots, "smalls" might in their turn have reappeared and, at length—who knows?—knee-breeches. It is only by the trifling addition or elimination, modification or extension made by this or that dandy and copied by the rest that the mode proceeds. The young dandy will find certain laws to which he must conform. If he outrage them he will be hooted by the urchins of the street, not unjustly, for he will have outraged the slowly-constructed laws of artists who have preceded him. Let him reflect that fashion is no bondage imposed by alien hands, but the last wisdom of his own kind; that true dandyism is the result of an artistic temperament working upon a fine body within the wide limits of fashion. He must conform. I do not doubt it is owing to this habit of conformity which it inculcates that the Army has been able to give us all our finest dandies from Mr. Brummell and Count D'Orsay to Colonel Braba-

zon, *de nos jours*. Any parent, intending his son to be a dandy, will do well to send him first into the army, there to learn humility as did his archetype, Apollo, in the house of Admetus. A sojourn at one of the Public Schools is also to be commended. The University it were well to avoid.

Of course the dandy, like any other artist, has moments when his own period, palling, inclines him to antique modes. A fellow-student once told me that, after a long vacation spent in touch with modern life, he had hammered at the little, frowning gate of Merton and felt, of a sudden, his hat assume plumes and an expansive curl, the impress of a ruff about his neck, the dangle of a cloak and a sword. I, too, have my Elizabethan, my Caroline moments. I have gone to bed Georgian and awoke Early Victorian. Even savagery has charmed me. And at such times I have often wished I could find in my wardrobe suitable costumes. But such modish regrets are sterile, after all, and comprimend. What boots it to defy the conventions of our time? The true dandy must always love contemporary costume. In this age, as in all former ages, it is only the tasteless who cavil, being impotent to win from it fair results. The costume of the present day, with its subtlety and sombre restraint, is supremely apt as a medium for the expression of modern emotion. The dandy is "the child of his age," and his best work must be produced in accord with the age's natural influence.

Yes! Costume, dandiacal or not, is in the degree expressive; nor is there any type it may not express. It enables us to classify any "professional man" at a glance, be he lawyer, leech, or what not. Still more swift and obvious is its revelation of the work and the soul of those who dress, whether naturally or for effect, without reference to convention. The bowler of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is a perfect preface to all his works. The silk hat of Mr. Whistler is a real *nocturne*,

his linen a symphony *en blanc majeur*. To have seen Mr. Hall Caine is to have read his soul. His formless, flowing cloak is as one of his own novels, twenty-five editions latent in the folds of it. Melodrama crouches upon the brim of his *sombrero*. His tie is a Publisher's Announcement. His boots are Copyright. In his hand he holds the staff of the "*Daily Chronicle*."

But the dandy, in nowise violating the laws of fashion, can make more subtle symbols of his personality. More subtle these symbols are for the very reason that they are effective within the restrictions which are essential to an art. Chastened of all flamboyance, they are occult from most eyes, obvious, it may be, only to other artists, or even only to him they symbolize. Nor will the dandy express merely a rude idea of his personality, as does, for example, Mr. Hall Caine, dressing himself always and exactly after one pattern. Every day, as his mood has changed since his last toilet, he will vary the colour, texture, form of his costume. Every day, there is not one accessory, from the butterfly that alights above his shirt-front to the jewels planted in his linen, that will not symbolize the mood that is in him or the occasion of the coming day. Fashion does not rob the dandy of his free will. It leaves him liberty of all expression. And the affinity of his mood to his costume is not merely that it finds therein its perfect echo, nor that it may even be, in reflex, thereby accentuated or made less poignant.

For some years I had felt convinced that, in the perfection of dandyism, this affinity might reach that point when the costume itself, planned with the finest sensibility, might in a measure change with the wearer's changing whim. But I had felt also that here was one of those boundaries where the fields of art align with the fields of science. Daring no further, I never tried to verify my theory. It happened, however, that I lunched, one day near the end of last July, with a

man who asked me to go with him after to his club and watch for the results of the racing at Goodwood. This club includes hardly any member who is not a devotee of the Turf, and when we arrived the cloak-room displayed long rows of unburdened pegs, save where one hat shone. No one but that illustrious dandy, Lord X, wears quite so broad a brim as this hat had. I said that Lord X must be in the club.

"Too nervous to be on the course, I suppose," my friend replied. "They say he has plunged up to the hilt on to-day's running."

His lordship was indeed fingering the white ribands of the tape-machine quite feverishly. I sat at a little distance and watched him. Two results straggled forth within an hour, and at the second I saw, with wonder, Lord X's linen actually flush for a moment and then turn deadly pale. I looked again and saw that his boots had lost their lustre. Drawing nearer, I saw that gray hairs were beginning to show themselves in his raven coat. It was very painful and yet, to me, very gratifying. In the cloak-room, when I went for my own hat and cane, I saw again the hat with the broad brim, and lo, over its iron-blue surface little furrows had been ploughed by Despair.

MAX BEERBOHM.





BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

ON A BOOKPLATE

BY Books may Learning, perhaps, befall;
But Wisdom, never by Books at all—
Yet Thought should shiver at least the less
With them to cover her nakedness.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE RED ROOM

“**I** CAN assure you,” said I, “that it will take a very tangible ghost to frighten me.” And I stood up before the fire with my glass in my hand.

“It is your own choosing,” said the man with the withered arm, and glanced at me askance.

“Eight and twenty years,” said I, “I have lived, and never a ghost have I seen as yet.”

The old woman sat staring hard into the fire, her pale eyes wide open. “Aye,” she broke in, “and eight and twenty years you have lived and never seen the likes of this house, I reckon. There’s a many things to see, when one’s still but eight and twenty.” She swayed her head slowly from side to side. “A many things to see and sorrow for.”

I half suspected the old people were trying to enhance the spiritual terrors of their house by their droning insistence. I put down my empty glass on the table and looked about the room, and caught a glimpse of myself, abbreviated and broadened to an impossible sturdiness, in the queer old mirror at the end of the room. “Well,” I said, “if I see anything to-night, I shall be so much the wiser. For I come to the business with an open mind.”

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"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm once more.

I heard the sound of a stick and a shambling step on the flags in the passage outside, and the door creaked on its hinges as a second old man entered, more bent, more wrinkled, more aged even than the first. He supported himself by a single crutch, his eyes were covered by a shade, and his lower lip, half averted, hung pale and pink from his decaying yellow teeth. He made straight for an arm-chair on the opposite side of the table, sat down clumsily, and began to cough. The man with the withered arm gave this new comer a short glance of positive dislike; the old woman took no notice of his arrival, but remained with her eyes fixed steadily on the fire.

"I said—it's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm, when the coughing had ceased for awhile.

"It's my own choosing," I answered.

The man with the shade became aware of my presence for the first time, and threw his head back for a moment and sideways, to see me. I caught a momentary glimpse of his eyes, small and bright and inflamed. Then he began to cough and splutter again.

"Why don't you drink?" said the man with the withered arm, pushing the beer towards him. The man with the shade poured out a glassful with a shaky arm that splashed half as much again on the deal table. A monstrous shadow of him crouched upon the wall and mocked his action as he poured and drank. I must confess I had scarce expected these grotesque custodians. There is to my mind something inhuman in senility, something crouching and atavistic; the human qualities seem to drop from old people insensibly day by day. The three of them made me feel uncomfortable, with their gaunt silences, their bent carriage, their evident unfriendliness to me and to one another.

"If," said I, "you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will make myself comfortable there."

The old man with the cough jerked his head back so suddenly that it startled me, and shot another glance of his red eyes at me from under the shade; but no one answered me. I waited a minute, glancing from one to the other.

"If," I said a little louder, "if you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will relieve you from the task of entertaining me."

"There's a candle on the slab outside the door," said the man with the withered arm, looking at my feet as he addressed me. "But if you go to the Red Room to-night—"

("This night of all nights!" said the old woman.)

"You go alone."

"Very well," I answered, "And which way do I go?"

"You go along the passage for a bit," said he, "until you come to a door, and through that is a spiral staircase, and half-way up that is a landing and another door covered with baize. Go through that and down the long corridor to the end, and the Red Room is on your left up the steps."

"Have I got that right?" I said, and repeated his directions. He corrected me in one particular.

"And are you really going?" said the man with the shade, looking at me again for the third time, with that queer, unnatural tilting of the face.

("This night of all nights," said the old woman.)

"It is what I came for," I said, and moved towards the door. As I did so the old man with the shade rose and staggered round the table, so as to be closer to the others and to the fire. At the door I turned and looked at them, and saw they were all close together, dark against the fire-light, staring at me over their shoulders, with an intent expression on their ancient faces.

"Good night," I said, setting the door open.

"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm.

I left the door wide open until the candle was well alight, and then I shut them in and walked down the chilly, echoing passage.

I must confess that the oddness of these three old pensioners in whose charge her ladyship had left the castle, and the deep-toned, old-fashioned furniture of the housekeeper's room in which they foregathered, affected me in spite of my efforts to keep myself at a matter-of-fact phase. They seemed to belong to another age, an older age, an age when things spiritual were different from this of ours, less certain; an age when omens and witches were credible, and ghosts beyond denying. Their very existence was spectral; the cut of their clothing, fashions born in dead brains. The ornaments and conveniences of the room about them were ghostly—the thoughts of vanished men, which still haunted rather than participated in the world of to-day. But with an effort I sent such thoughts to the right about. The long, draughty subterranean passage was chilly and dusty, and my candle flared and made the shadows cower and quiver. The echoes rang up and down the spiral staircase, and a shadow came sweeping up after me, and one fled before me into the darkness overhead. I came to the landing and stopped there for a moment listening to a rustling that I fancied I heard; then, satisfied of the absolute silence, I pushed open the baize-covered door and stood in the corridor.

The effect was scarcely what I expected, for the moonlight, coming in by the great window on the grand staircase, picked out everything in vivid black shadow or silvery illumination. Everything was in its place: the house might have been deserted on the yesterday instead of eighteen months ago. There were candles in the sockets of the sconces, and

whatever dust had gathered on the carpets or upon the polished flooring was distributed so evenly as to be invisible in the moonlight. I was about to advance, and stopped abruptly. A bronze group stood upon the landing, hidden from me by the corner of the wall, but its shadow fell with marvellous distinctness upon the white panelling and gave me the impression of someone crouching to waylay me. I stood rigid for half a minute perhaps. Then, with my hand in the pocket that held my revolver, I advanced, only to discover a Ganymede and Eagle glistening in the moonlight. That incident for a time restored my nerve, and a porcelain Chinaman on a buhl table, whose head rocked as I passed him, scarcely startled me.

The door to the Red Room and the steps up to it were in a shadowy corner. I moved my candle from side to side in order to see clearly the nature of the recess in which I stood before opening the door. Here it was, thought I, that my predecessor was found, and the memory of that story gave me a sudden twinge of apprehension. I glanced over my shoulder at the Ganymede in the moonlight and opened the door of the Red Room rather hastily, with my face half turned to the pallid silence of the landing.

I entered, closed the door behind me at once, turned the key I found in the lock within, and stood with the candle held aloft, surveying the scene of my vigil, the great Red Room of Lorraine Castle, in which the young duke had died. Or, rather, in which he had begun his dying, for he had opened the door and fallen headlong down the steps I had just ascended. That had been the end of his vigil, of his gallant attempt to conquer the ghostly tradition of the place, and never, I thought, had apoplexy better served the ends of superstition. And there were other and older stories that clung to the room, back to the half-credible beginning of it all, the tale of a timid wife and the tragic end that came to

her husband's jest of frightening her. And looking around that large shadowy room, with its shadowy window bays, its recesses and alcoves, one could well understand the legends that had sprouted in its black corners, its germinating darkness. My candle was a little tongue of light in its vastness, that failed to pierce the opposite end of the room, and left an ocean of mystery and suggestion beyond its island of light.

I resolved to make a systematic examination of the place at once, and dispel the fanciful suggestions of its obscurity before they obtained a hold upon me. After satisfying myself of the fastening of the door, I began to walk about the room, peering round each article of furniture, tucking up the valances of the bed, and opening its curtains wide. I pulled up the blinds and examined the fastenings of the several windows before closing the shutters, leant forward and looked up the blackness of the wide chimney, and tapped the dark oak panelling for any secret opening. There were two big mirrors in the room, each with a pair of sconces bearing candles, and on the mantel-shelf, too, were more candles in china candlesticks. All these I lit one after the other. The fire was laid—an unexpected consideration from the old housekeeper—and I lit it, to keep down any disposition to shiver, and when it was burning well I stood round with my back to it and regarded the room again. I had pulled up a chintz-covered armchair and a table, to form a kind of barricade before me, and on this lay my revolver ready to hand. My precise examination had done me good, but I still found the remoter darkness of the place, and its perfect stillness, too stimulating for the imagination. The echoing of the stir and crackling of the fire was no sort of comfort to me. The shadow in the alcove, at the end in particular, had that undefinable quality of a presence, that odd suggestion of a lurking living thing, that comes so easily

in silence and solitude. At last to reassure myself I walked with a candle into it, and satisfied myself that there was nothing tangible there. I stood that candle upon the floor of the alcove and left it in that position.

By this time I was in a state of considerable nervous tension, although to my reason there was no adequate cause for the condition. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I postulated quite unreservedly that nothing supernatural could happen, and to pass the time I began to string some rhymes together, Ingoldsby fashion, of the original legend of the place. A few I spoke aloud, but the echoes were not pleasant. For the same reason I also abandoned, after a time, a conversation with myself upon the impossibility of ghosts and haunting. My mind reverted to the three old and distorted people downstairs, and I tried to keep it upon that topic. The sombre reds and blacks of the room troubled me; even with seven candles the place was merely dim. The one in the alcove flared in a draught, and the fire-flickering kept the shadows and penumbra perpetually shifting and stirring. Casting about for a remedy, I recalled the candles I had seen in the passage, and, with a slight effort, walked out into the moonlight carrying a candle and leaving the door open, and presently returned with as many as ten. These I put in various knick-knacks of china with which the room was sparsely adorned, lit and placed where the shadows had lain deepest, some on the floor, some in the window recesses, until at last my seventeen candles were so arranged that not an inch of the room but what had the direct light of at least one of them. It occurred to me that when the ghost came I could warn him not to trip over them. The room was now quite brightly illuminated. There was something very cheery and reassuring in these little streaming flames, and snuffing them gave me an occupation and afforded a reassuring sense of the passage of time.

Even with that, however, the brooding expectation of the vigil weighed heavily enough upon me. It was after midnight that the candle in the alcove suddenly went out, and the black shadow sprung back to its place there. I did not see the candle go out; I simply turned and saw that the darkness was there, as one might start and see the unexpected presence of a stranger. "By Jove!" said I aloud, "that draught's a strong one!" and, taking the matches from the table, I walked across the room in a leisurely manner to relight the corner again. My first match would not strike, and as I succeeded with the second, something seemed to blink on the wall before me. I turned my head involuntarily and saw that the two candles on the little table by the fireplace were extinguished. I rose at once to my feet.

"Odd!" I said. "Did I do that myself in a flash of absent-mindedness?"

I walked back, relit one, and as I did so I saw the candle in the right sconce of one of the mirrors wink and go right out, and almost immediately its companion followed it. There was no mistake about it. The flame vanished, as if the wicks had been suddenly nipped between a finger and a thumb, leaving the wick neither glowing nor smoking, but black. While I stood gaping, the candle at the foot of the bed went out, and the shadows seemed to take another step towards me.

"This won't do!" said I, and first one and then another candle on the mantel-shelf followed.

"What's up?" I cried, with a queer high note getting into my voice somehow. At that the candle on the wardrobe went out, and the one I had relit in the alcove followed.

"Steady on!" I said. "These candles are wanted," speaking with a half-hysterical facetiousness, and scratching away at a match the while for the mantel candlesticks. My

hands trembled so much that twice I missed the rough paper of the matchbox. As the mantle emerged from darkness again, two candles in the remoter end of the window were eclipsed. But with the same match I also relit the larger mirror candles, and those on the floor near the doorway, so that for the moment I seemed to gain on the extinctions. But then in a volley there vanished four lights at once in different corners of the room, and I struck another match in quivering haste, and stood hesitating whither to take it.

As I stood undecided, an invisible hand seemed to sweep out the two candles on the table. With a cry of terror I dashed at the alcove, then into the corner, and then into the window, relighting three, as two more vanished by the fireplace; then, perceiving a better way, I dropped the matches on the iron-bound deedbox in the corner, and caught up the bedroom candlestick. With this I avoided the delay of striking matches, but for all that the steady process of extinction went on, and the shadows I feared and fought against returned, and crept in upon me, first a step gained on this side of me and then on that. It was like a ragged storm-cloud sweeping out the stars. Now and then one returned for a minute and was lost again. I was now almost frantic with the horror of the coming darkness, and my self-possession deserted me. I leaped panting and dishevelled from candle to candle in a vain struggle against that remorseless advance.

I bruised myself in the thigh against the table, I sent a chair headlong, I stumbled and fell and whisked the cloth from the table in my fall. My candle rolled away from me and I snatched another as I rose. Abruptly this was blown out, as I swung it off the table, by the wind of my sudden movement, and immediately the two remaining candles followed. But there was light still in the room, a red light that staved off the shadows from me. The fire! Of course,

I could still thrust my candle between the bars and relight it!

I turned to where the flames were still dancing between the glowing coals and splashing red reflection upon the furniture, made two steps toward the grate, and incontinently the flames dwindled and vanished, the glow vanished, the reflections rushed together and vanished, and as I thrust the candle between the bars, darkness closed upon me like the shutting of an eye, wrapped about me in a stifling embrace, sealed my vision, and crushed the last vestiges of reason from my brain. The candle fell from my hand. I flung out my arms in a vain effort to thrust that ponderous blackness away from me, and, lifting up my voice, screamed with all my might—once, twice, thrice. Then I think I must have staggered to my feet. I know I thought suddenly of the moonlit corridor, and with my head bowed and my arms over my face, made a run for the door.

But I had forgotten the exact position of the door, and struck myself heavily against the corner of the bed. I staggered back, turned, and was either struck or struck myself against some other bulky furniture. I have a vague memory of battering myself thus, to and fro in the darkness, of a cramped struggle and of my own will crying as I darted to and fro, of a heavy blow at last upon my forehead, a horrible sensation of falling that lasted an age, of my last frantic effort to keep my footing, and then I remember no more.

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I opened my eyes in daylight. My head was roughly bandaged, and the man with the withered arm was watching my face. I looked about me trying to remember what had happened, and for a space I could not recollect. I rolled my eyes into the corner and saw the old woman, no longer abstracted, pouring out some drops of medicine from a little blue phial into a glass. "Where am I?" I asked. "I seem to remember you, and yet I cannot remember who you are"

They told me then, and I heard of the haunted Red Room as one who hears a tale. "We found you at dawn," said he, "and there was blood on your forehead and lips."

It was very slowly I recovered my memory of my experience. "You believe now," said the old man, "that the room is haunted?" He spoke no longer as one who greets an intruder, but as one who grieves for a broken friend.

"Yes," said I, "the room is haunted."

"And you have seen it. And we, who have lived here all our lives, have never set eyes upon it. Because we have never dared. . . . Tell us, is it truly the old earl who—"

"No," said I, "it is not."

"I told you so," said the old lady, with the glass in her hand. "It is his poor young countess who was frightened—"

"It is not," I said. "There is neither ghost of earl nor ghost of countess in that room, there is no ghost there at all; but worse, far worse—"

"Well?" they said.

"The worst of all the things that haunt poor mortal man," said I; "and that is, in all its nakedness—*Fear!* Fear that will not have light nor sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens and darkens and overwhelms. It followed me through the corridor, it fought against me in the room—"

I stopped abruptly. There was an interval of silence. My hand went up to my bandages.

Then the man with the shade sighed and spoke, "That is it," said he. "I knew that was it. A Power of Darkness. To put such a curse upon a woman! It lurks there always. You can feel it even in the daytime, even of a bright summer's day, in the hangings, in the curtains, keeping behind you however you face about. In the dusk it creeps along the corridor and follows you, so that you dare not turn. There is fear in that room of hers, and there will be—so long as this house endures." H. G. WELLS.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN



GALLANTRY A LA MODE; OR, THE LOVERS
CATCHED BY THE BIRD



THE HORSE TURNED GROOM

FROM AN OLD CHAP-BOOK

A BALLAD OF A WORKMAN

ALL day beneath polluted skies
He laboured in a clanging town ;
At night he read with bloodshot eyes,
And fondly dreamt of high renown.

“ My time is filched by toil and sleep ;
“ My heart,” he thought, “ is clogged with dust ;
“ My soul that flashed from out the deep,
“ A magic blade, begins to rust.

“ For me the lamps of heaven shine ;
“ For me the cunning seasons care ;
“ The old undaunted sea is mine ;
“ The stable earth, the wandering air.

“ Yet a dark street—at either end,
“ A bed, an anvil—prisons me
“ Until my desperate state shall mend,
“ And Death, the Saviour, set me free.

“ Better a hundred times to die,
“ And sink at once into the mould,
“ Than like a stagnant puddle lie
“ With arabesques of scum enscrolled.

“ I must go forth and view the sphere
“ I own. What can my courage daunt ?
“ Instead of dying daily here,
“ The worst is dying once of want.

“ I drop the dream of high renown ;
“ I ask but to possess my soul ”
At dawn he left the silent town,
And quaking toward the forest stole.

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He feared that he might want the wit
To light on Nature's hidden hearth,
And deemed his rusty soul unfit
To win the beauty of the earth,

But when he came among the trees
So slowly built, so many-ring'd,
His doubting thought could soar at ease
In colour steep'd, with passion wing'd.

Occult remembrances awoke
Of outlaws in the good greenwood,
And antique times of woaded folk
Began to haunt his brain and blood.

No longer hope appeared a crime;
He sang; his very heart and flesh
Aspired to join the ends of time,
And forge and mould the world afresh.

"I dare not choose to run in vain;
"I must continue toward the goal."
The pulse of life beat strong again,
And in a flash he found his soul.

"The worker never knows defeat,
"Though unvictorious he may die;
"The anvil and the grimy street,
"My destined throne and Calvary!"

Back to the town he hastened, bent—
So swiftly did his passion change—
On selfless plans. "I shall invent
"A means to amplify the range

"Of human power: find the soul wings,
"If not the body! Let me give

"Mankind more mastery over things,
"More thought, more joy, more will to live."

He overtook upon the way
A tottering ancient, travel-worn :
"Lend me your arm, good youth, I pray !
"I scarce shall see another morn."

Dread thought had carved his pallid face,
And bowed his form and bleached his hair ;
In every part he bore some trace,
Or some deep dint of uncouth care.

The workman led him to his room,
And would have nursed him. "No," he said ;
"It is my self-appointed doom
"To die upon a borrowed bed ;

"But hear and note my slightest word.
"I am a man without a name.
"I saw the Bastile fall ; I heard
"The Giant Mirabeau declaim.

"I saw the stormy dawn look pale
"Across the sea-bound battle-field,
"When through the hissing sleet and hail
"The clarions of Cromwell pealed :

"I watched the deep-souled Puritan
"Grow greater with the desperate strife ;
"The cannon waked ; the shouting van
"Charged home ; and victory leapt to life,

"At Seville in the royal square
"I saw Columbus as he passed
"Laurelled to greet the Catholic pair
"Who had believed in him at last ;

- “ I saw the Andalusians fill
“ Windows and roofs and balconies—
“ A firmament of faces still,
“ A galaxy of wondering eyes.
“ For he had found the unknown shore,
“ And made the world’s great dream come true :
“ I think that men shall never more
“ Know anything so strange and new.
“ In Anatolia these eyes
“ Beheld the ghastly emerald light—
“ The meteor that usurped the skies,
“ And curtained all the stars of night :
“ Beneath its glare when day had set
“ I looked across Angora’s plain,
“ And watched the fall of Bajazet,
“ The victory of Tamerlane.
“ In that old city where the vine
“ Dislodged the sea-weed, once I saw
“ The inexorable Florentine ;
“ He looked my way : I bent with awe
“ Before his glance ; for this was he
“ Who drained the dregs of sorrow’s cup
“ In fierce disdain : it seemed to me
“ A spirit passed ; my hair stood up.
“ Draw nearer : breath and sight begin
“ To fail me : nearer, ere I die.—
“ I saw the brilliant Saladin
“ Who taught the Christians courtesy ;
“ And Charlemagne, whose dreaded name
“ I first in far Bokhara heard ;

“Mohammed, with the eyes of flame,
“The lightning-blow, the thunder-word.

“I saw Him nailed upon a tree,
“Whom once beside an inland lake
“I had beheld in Galilee
“Speaking as no man ever spake.

“I saw imperial Cæsar fall;
“I saw the star of Macedon;
“I saw from Troja’s magic wall
“The death of Priam’s mighty son.

“I heard in Troja’s streets at night
“Cassandra prophesying fire . . .
“A flamelit face upon my sight
“Flashes: I see the World’s Desire!

“My life ebbs fast: nearer!—I sought
“A means to overmaster fate:
“Me the Egyptian Hermes taught
“In old Hermopolis the great:

“I pierced to Nature’s inmost hearth,
“And wrung from her with toil untold
“The soul and substance of the earth,
“The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold.

“Until the end I meant to stay;
“But thought has here so small a range;
“And I am tired of night and day,
“And tired of men who never change.

“All earthly hope ceased long ago;
“Yet, like a mother young and fond
“Whose child is dead, I ache to know
“If there be anything beyond.

"Dark—all is darkness! Are you there?
"Give me your hand. I choose to die:
"This holds my secret—should you dare;
"And this, to bury me. . . . Good-bye."

Amazement held the workman's soul;
He took the alchemist's bequest—
A light purse and a parchment scroll;
And watched him slowly sink to rest.

And nothing could he dream or think;
He went like one bereft of sense,
Till passion overbore the brink
Of all his wistful continence.

When his strange guest was laid in earth
And he had read the scroll: "Behold,
"I can procure from Nature's hearth
"The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold!

"For ever young! Now time and tide
"Must wait for me; my life shall vie
"With fate and fortune stride for stride
"Until the sun drops from the sky.

"Gold at a touch! Nations and kings
"Shall come and go at my command;
"I shall control the secret springs
"Of enterprise in every land,

"And hasten on the perfect day:
"Great men may break the galling chains;
"Sweet looks light up the toilsome way;
"But I alone shall hold the reins!

"All fragrance, all delightfulness,
"And all the glory, all the power

- “ That sound and colour can express,
“ Shall be my ever-growing dower ;
“ And I shall know, and I shall love
“ In every age, in every clime,
“ All beauty—I, enthroned above
“ Humanity, the peer of Time !
“ Nay —selfish ! I shall give to men
“ The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold ;
“ Restore the Golden Age again
“ At once, and let no soul grow old.
“ But gold were then of no avail,
“ And death would cease — unhallowed doom !
“ The heady wine of life grow stale,
“ And earth become a living tomb !
“ And youth would end, and truth decline,
“ And only pale illusion rule ;
“ For it is death makes love divine,
“ Men human, life so sweet and full ! ”
He burnt the scroll. “ I shall not cheat
“ My destiny. Life, death for me !
“ The anvil and the grimy street,
“ My unknown throne and Calvary !
“ Only obedience can be great ;
“ It brings the Golden Age again :
“ Even to be still, abiding fate,
“ Is kingly ministry to men !
“ I drop the dream of high renown,
“ A nameless private in the strife:
“ Life, take me ; take me, clanging town ;
“ And death, the eager zest of life.

“ The hammered anvils reel and chime ;
“ The breathless, belted wheels ring true ;
“ The workmen join the ends of time,
“ And forge and mould the world anew.”

JOHN DAVIDSON.

“WHEN THE KING COMES IN”

SHE slunk along in the shadows listlessly, staring with unheeding eyes at the shuffling crowds upon the sidewalks, at the fly-blown, tawdry splendors of the shop windows, and at the yellow gloom of the pawn-shop. The autumn wind swept sharply up from the river, and she drew her old plaid shawl about her tightly with one hand, while with the other she covered her swollen and discolored cheek. The sidewalks and roadway were covered with a thin, slippery coating of mingled filth and mud. An autumn mist, heavy with smoke, pressed itself tightly down upon the street, deadening the light of the electric lamps at the corners into mere splotches of a dully-luminous grey. Frowsy, pale-faced girls hung about dark doorways where they bandied mirthless jests with lounging men and boys. In front of a bar-room, whence came the fangling notes of a piano and the scream of a high-pitched soprano voice, a man stood and urged the passers-by to go in and witness “the dizziest ‘vawdyville’ in the city.” The woman in the old plaid shawl passed him without heeding his blatant voice. She had heard his sing-song shout many times; the “dizzy vawdyville” was nothing new. There never was anything new in Myrtle Street; it was ever the same ugly, sordid, joyless place day and night, week in and week out. It was always crowded with people, but it was always strangely sullen and mirthless. You never heard anyone laugh there. At times when someone slipped and fell upon the slime of the pave-

ment, or when one of the white-faced girls hurled shrill defiance at a man or at her companions, a hoarse human bark rent the air, but it was not a laugh. Even the children, who scrambled in the gutters and crept in and out of the dark alleys, forgot to laugh.

The woman with swollen and discolored cheek, who was crawling along in the shadows, halted in front of a dram-shop on a corner, and gazed doubtfully, longingly at its swinging door. She was wondering if perchance Red Mike would trust her for a drink. She felt keenly the chill air from the river. She was strangely weary and downhearted, too. Earlier in the evening she and her man had quarrelled. He was drunk, as usual, and had struck her, but for some unaccountable reason she had not screeched and struck back and tried to claw his face. She had simply grabbed her old shawl and escaped into the street, where she had wandered about for an hour. It was very odd that she had acted thus, and now she was shamefaced about asking Red Mike for a drink of whisky! He got all their meager earnings, anyway, did Red Mike, and he was usually easy enough about donating a dram or two when they were down in their luck, and heretofore she had n't minded asking him. And if he chanced to refuse, she eased her mind by a good mouthful of curses, which she spat at him like a cat. But to-night she was foolishly squeamish about asking him; she feared the loafers about the bar would jeer at her if he refused; her face pained her where Con's blow had fallen, and she was cold and shivering, and—well, she was losing her nerve. So she turned away from the hot glow of the bar-room door and passed on into the mists of the street.

As she crawled along there came to her ears a quick thud of a drum-beat and the sound of men and women's voices singing. Marching through the gloom they came, a flapping banner above their heads, the red shirts of the men

and the blue, scarlet-banded bonnets of the women lending for a moment a patch of color to the dim dinginess of the street. Suddenly they paused and fell upon their knees in the road, while a man's voice wailed out a prayer. Time was when Myrtle Street gibed at the Salvationists and threw rocks at them and hustled them about. But that was when the red shirts and the flapping banner were something new. The newness was gone now, and Myrtle Street merely shuffled indifferently past, and the beat of the big drum, the strident voices of the exhorters were quite as much a part of the night sounds of the place as the bawling of the showman or the chatter of the frowsy girls. The woman, shivering under her shawl and fondling her bruised cheek, glanced apathetically at the kneeling men and women, when quickly her eyes became fixed upon the face of one of them whom she knew. It was Maggie, the girl who once occupied a dark little hole of a room next her own in the big tenement house where she yet lived. Maggie! a forlorn, starving thing of whom she had lost track entirely—in truth, she had not thought of her since the day when the poor, snivelling, pale-faced creature had been turned into the street for not paying her rent. Myrtle Street does not waste much time in tracing the whereabouts of unfortunate acquaintances, nor in thinking of them after they drift out of sight under the ever-mounting wave of disaster which laps hungrily thereabout. But Maggie in a big bonnet, with her eyes closed and kneeling in the mud, was enough to arouse Myrtle Street's benumbed curiosity. So the bedraggled woman on the sidewalk pressed quite close to the curb and stared at her, wondering vaguely at the transformation. The man ended his prayer, and his companions, rising to their feet, began to sing again. The woman on the curb took no heed of the words which they sang. She was not for some moments vividly conscious of the song at all; she was con-

scious only of being tired and cold. Her curiosity regarding Maggie was dying, and she loitered with the little group which huddled upon the curb, simply because she had nowhere else to go. But as she stood there in the mist with her sunken eyes staring vacantly into the night, the music which touched her ears began to affect her oddly. It was a curious, wailing melody, with a barbaric accompaniment of jingling tamborines, and as its monotonous, insistent swing beat the air a strange feeling of awakening began to stir her dull veins. She weaved to and fro a little in unison with the measure of the song. She closed her eyes and felt a tightening in her throat. She clutched her shawl. She felt a wild desire to cry out or sob. Suddenly they ceased to sing, and she opened her eyes with a start. Maggie stepped into the little semi-circle of men and women, and in high, hard tones began to speak.

"Oh! Those is great, great words, my friends, which we have just sung," she said; "awful words! Terrifyin' words! Did you hear 'em? Did you understand 'em? Did they come home to you?"

"When the King comes in,
Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from friend and foe.
Just what he is will each one know,
When the King comes in."

"Think of it! Think of it! Like a flash will it be, and you will know and I will know—everybody will know just what we are. Oh! It is awful! Like lightning's flash will that coming be—remember that! Don't try to believe it is far off. It is n't. It may be to-night. It may be within an hour—a minute—a second, for you and me. But be it near or far, it's coming, coming, coming!" Her voice shrilled piercingly, and the woman, listening so intently upon the curb, felt a thrill of excitement at the sound. It was not

clear to her what it all meant, but she had a queer feeling of awe as she looked at Maggie's drawn face and listened to her strained, sharp voice. "My God!" the girl continued, "Think of it! Think if He comes to-night and finds you in all your sin and wickedness and filth. Think, think and be afraid. Think, and before it's too late, get saved! I am saved, and I thank God to-night for it!"

A low chorus of "Glory to God!" "I believe!" "I believe!" came from her companions.

"I am glad to-night to stand here to tell you that I am saved and happy—oh! so happy! Why do you wait? Some of you know me—I was sinful and tired and afraid once, but not now, thank God! not now. I'm saved, saved, saved!"

Louder and wilder grew the girl's cry. She waved her arms violently, and paced rapidly to and fro. The listening woman shifted her position from the sidewalk to the gutter. Her hands loosened their clutch upon her shawl; she wrung them constantly as she looked with wondering eyes at Maggie—Maggie who was n't tired nor afraid any more, and was happy, and all because she was "saved"! What did it all mean? How had it happened?

The girl stopped abruptly in her walk, and, as though answering her thought, cried, "It is so easy to get saved, too. All you have to do is to throw yourself on your knees and call on Jesus and give yourself up to him, and all your sins and fears and troubles and burdens are gone and you'll be happy and glad and free and saved forever!"

Without a pause her voice shot into the song which they had sung before; but now its measure was changed to a clear, quick chant, with which she kept time by a soft patting with her hands. Clearer and higher grew her tones, and her companions, sinking to their knees, moaned in hushed voices a weird accompaniment, while the gently shaken tamborines

lent again their strange barbaric rhythm, marked from time to time by the great drum's muffled beat.

Nearer and nearer to the semi-circle of kneeling figures stole the listening woman. Tears were streaming from her eyes, her blue lips quivered, a great sob tore itself from her tight throat. At length she stood quite within the lines of the singers, and then, with a strange, wild cry, she, too, fell upon her knees in the slime of the street. Her old shawl fell from her head, her arms rested upon the drum, her swollen face was buried in them. A great shout of "Glory to God!" went up about her, and someone on the curb cried amazedly, "Why, it's old Kit!" But she heard only that monotonous wailing voice chanting stridently "When the King Comes In." Afterwards there came a knowledge of someone's arm across her shoulders, of whispered words and urgent voices, a sensation of being lifted to her feet and helped along the street, and then a confusing blur of yellow light from oil lamps in a dingy hall. And at length full consciousness, dull fatigue, and an overwhelming desire for sleep.

Maggie and one of the brothers in red jersey and jaunty cap walked home with her, pouring into her ears encouraging advice in strange, cant words, which she but half understood. At the doorway of the human hive where she and Con slept and fought and starved the man looked sharply at Maggie.

"You are sure!" he whispered.

"Yes—they're married," replied the girl.

"You will come to the barracks early to-morrow morning?" he asked, turning to Kit.

She promised to do so, and, passing into the dark hall, climbed upward to where Con lay in drunken stupor.

The following morning Kit stepped into a new world—a world of friendly words and close companionship. The

squalidly poor know nothing of that luxury called friendship. They are huddled together in vast crowds, squeezed and packed by scores within narrow limits, jostled and elbowed by their kind at every turn. They are suffocated by close association. But of fellowship, of interest in one another's aims, of sympathy with one another's hardships, they know nothing. Like starving dogs over a bone, they growl and snarl and fly straight at throats. So, when Kit crept half sullenly into the barracks and was greeted by a loud chorus of interested questions and by unstinted praise, the unfamiliar warmth of friendly words thawed into life her sluggish sensibilities. And, too, an entirely new view of herself and the world was suddenly opened to her bewildered gaze—for the first time in her hard life she was looked upon as a human being of some importance. They told her that she was suddenly become different from her kind, she was better than they, she was "saved." Not only that, but she must "save" others. She must quit the old life and work for the common good. Her new friends were as uncouth and as poor and as hard pressed as herself. In their attitude there was none of that maddening condescension, none of that supercilious casting of surplus comforts at her feet, as one would toss a half-eaten orange toward a hungry-eyed beggar brat, which was the only sort of charity Kit had known of hitherto. The friendship of the Salvationist was the frank comradeship of plain men and women; their charity was the outcome of a crude, but living, religious idea. And their wild enthusiasm caught her dull soul in its sweep and lifted it a little above the fetid mists of her world. Some latent spark of womanly ambition was stirred into life, and with halting, dogged feet she tried to climb out of the dank valley of her past.

It was a wearisome task, but the exhilarating sense of friendly interest in her success sustained her. The old ap-

petite for strong drink stung her, but the excitement of the new life helped to dull the craving. She tramped the streets with her companions, her cracked voice shouting quaveringly with them as they sang. She stepped sometimes into the little semi-circle at the street corners to tell excitedly "how glad she was that she was saved." She knelt with the others and prayed aloud for those who were not as she. She was one of a great, enthusiastic army, held up and aided by the superficial strength which comes of close fellowship and common aims. But with that growth of strength in one quarter there came a strange weakness in another. She was growing childishly afraid of Con, and with the growth of that fear there started into life and waxed strong a new loathing and hatred for his rum-soaked person. She would have fled from him only that her new masters told her she must stick to him. It was her duty to cling to him and to "save" him. Their first injunction she obeyed meekly, but to their second command she turned a deaf ear. She knew what Con was; they did not. Every human creature in the wide world might be saved—except her husband. He was beyond the pale of humanity. So long as she did not bother him, he paid little attention to her goings and comings. Only once she ventured to protest when he had spent a week's earnings for drink (Con had a "pull" with the ward "boss," and when there were no other means of getting money for drink he found employment with the street cleaners), and he had knocked her down for her temerity, and after that she held her peace and wished dumbly that he might die.

At length there came a proud day when Kit, after unwonted labor over her wash-tub, was the possessor of a decent black gown and of the long-coveted poke bonnet. It was the eve of a great rally at the barracks, when some officer of high degree from "headquarters" was to review the ranks of his army. At the close of day, when the long shadows were be-

ginning to steal across the bare little room, with its musty bed, its one chair and its rickety table pushed into a corner, Kit crouched upon the floor close up under the grey light of her window, intent upon her work. There were but a few stitches needed to complete her gown, and her stiff fingers fumbled eagerly with the unfamiliar needle. Her thoughts were busy with the glories of the morrow, and she crooned one of the Salvationist hymns as she sewed. And to her singing in the twilight there came the sound of shuffling footsteps outside her door. She looked up apprehensively as the door flew open to admit her husband. He was drunk, sullenly, brutally drunk.

"Where's my supper?" he demanded, falling heavily into the chair. "Where's my supper, I say?" he repeated, fixing an evil eye upon her.

"I'll get it now, Con. I was busy workin' on my dress, an' I clean forgot your supper," she explained, humbly.

"Yer dress?" he asked. "What right's a measly fool like you with dresses? Le's see it." He stretched forth his hand. She caught the black garment sharply away from him.

"No, you'll spoil it!" she cried, tossing the dress into a corner behind the bed. "You just set still there, an' I'll get you somethin' to eat."

"Eatin' be damned!" he replied, surlily. "I want somethin' to drink. Here! you take the can an' get somethin' from Mike's. 'F you can buy clothes, you can buy drinks."

"No, no, Con, not now. Wait till I get supper."

"I do n't want no supper! You rush de can, I tell you!"

"I won't!"

"The hell you won't?"

He started from his chair and went towards her, but something in her eyes made even his sodden senses recoil. He

looked at her dubiously a moment, and then stumbled out of the room, muttering thickly.

As the door closed behind him, the woman sprang for her gown, and, dragging it from the corner, slipped it on. A few more stitches were needed in it, but she dared not wait to take them. A great terror filled her soul. She felt that her husband would return quickly, uglier and wilder by a few drams. With shaking fingers she pinned her gown together as best she might. She smoothed her scanty, dry, dead hair with her hands, and then she lifted her bonnet from the bed. She held it a moment admiringly, drawing her fingers softly over its trimmings of dark blue silk, and along its narrow band of scarlet ribbon, where the bright gilt letters shone. She put it on her head and tied the soft strings carefully under her chin. She glanced hesitatingly at the old plaid shawl, wishing that she had a better one, but the night was cold, and she drew it about her shoulders. With a little sigh of relief she turned to leave the room. As her hand touched the door-latch she heard Con's heavy tread upon the stairs. She noted that he staggered a little, and with a quick indrawing of her breath she drew herself flat against the wall in the shadows. The man threw the door open fiercely, steadying himself against the jamb as he peered into the dim room.

"Where are you, you she-devil?" he called.

The woman made no sound, and he stepped inside the room, with his broad back towards her. Inch by inch she crept along against the wall towards the door, as he stood turning from side to side in his maudlin search for her, and as her feet touched the threshold he turned and saw her. He rushed forward and grabbed her arms.

"Givin' me the dirty sneak, are you?" he growled, shoving her inside the room and closing the door. "What d' yer mean? Eh?"

Kit made no answer. She backed off, her face gleaming white inside her big bonnet.

"Yer a nice one, ain't you?" he continued. "Won't get me nothin' to eat or drink, an' spendin' yer money fur clothes, an' then tryin' to make a sneak! Oh! I was onto you all the time! You white-faced fool! What d' yer mean? Eh? Damn you, what d' yer mean?"

"Stop, Con! Do n't hit me!"

He stumbled forward deliberately and struck her upturned face. She staggered into the corner by the table, and faced him again. A tiny stream of something red trickled down her cheek. Her eyes were suddenly ablaze.

"Let me go!" she shrieked. "Let me go!"

"Yer'll go an' get de can filled, that's where yer'll go!"

"I won't—*never!*"

A spasm of hate and rage and terror writhed in her face. With the quickness of desperation she caught a knife from the table and waited for him.

He lunged toward her with uplifted arm. Before his blow fell she gave one swift thrust, and his arm came down simply upon her shoulder. For a moment he stood strangely still. He clenched his fist; his teeth were tight; he breathed hard through his nose,

"Damn you—" Then he reeled and fell.

And as the woman stood there in the gathering gloom, with his blood crawling towards her on the floor, she heard the beat of a drum, and the sound of voices singing shrilly, far down the street. On they came, nearer and louder, until her listening ears heard the thrum of the tamborines. Under her window they passed, and away into the night, until at last their sound was lost in the ceaseless, sullen tumult of Myrtle Street.

ANTHONY LELAND.



THE SOUL

GARDNER C. TEALL

A DIRGE

NO more for him the skies,
No more for him the sun ;
Upon his eyelids lies
Dusk and oblivion.

Forever has he found
Sleep and its secrecies,
Since the untroubled bound
Of under-earth is his.

And we who know life's land,
Its passion and its fret,
Why should we curse the hand
That taught him to forget ?

Rather give word to mirth,
Let not a tear be shed,
But set, in the warm earth,
Poppies above his head !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

NOTES

¶ Some years ago, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown started a paper, called, I believe, "*The Pilgrim's Scrip*." At the top of the editorial page of the initial number, they put this quotation :

"Ave ! morituri te salutamus."

¶ The tradesman may always turn to account generous impulses, such as patriotism, or an admiration for Trilby, or what not, and gull the public. In an obscure side street of my acquaintance, there is a small and dingy restaurant which last week appeared to have as clientèle a forlorn dozen of be-

draggled patrons. This week it has hung forth a signboard freshly blazoned with "Armenian Dishes." Within, a herd of enemies of the unspeakable Turk bolt unsavory messes and glow with enthusiasm for the Christian martyrs. The proprietor has attained speedy prosperity by his knowledge of the reversible nature of accepted and axiomatic truths. Truly the way to a man's stomach is through his heart.

Somewhat in this same illogical way we are constantly urged to gulp down books and plays because they are American. The other day in New York a play taken from "Chimmie Fadden" was produced. Now "Chimmie Fadden" was an amusing book, but "wot t'ell," it was *not* a good book. Chimmie's dialect was so novel, in itself so essentially humorous, that Mr. Townsend would have amused us almost as much had he used it in paraphrasing "The Decline and Fall." The incidents which he actually related were impossible and melodramatic. Yet, when this play was produced, several dramatic critics called on us to forgive its faults because it was American. There is a music hall song current (Chimmie doubtless knows it,) which trolls,

"Just a plain American girl is good enough for me."

Even in this sentiment I, myself, cannot concur; for I prefer an American girl who is not plain; but when it comes to saying that

"Just a bad American play is good enough for me,"

I do n't want the foreign plays they have across the sea,"

I refuse point blank. I am especially goaded to this by such references to Mr. Pinero's incomparably clever play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," as "imported immorality, from which the American public is glad to turn to a wholesome American play, even though the latter be full of crudities, and even vulgarity."



PORTRAIT OF M. ANDRÉ DES GACHONS

BY PAUL BERTHON

¶ There is published in Paris a miniature magazine called "*Le Livre des Legendes*." It is edited by Jacques des Gachons. The art director is his brother, André, who is the author of the colored design issued with this number of the CHAP-BOOK. The magazine is the most impossible

thing in the world : it has no touch of the time in its character. It is done for love, and the love of love : it can never be a success : it can never pay expenses. It is devoted to fairy stories—to imaginative tales—childishly sweet pieces, full of princesses and sleeping beauties and enchanted castles. It is done with a reverence for dreams and a love of *châteaux en Espagne*, and pictured in the same spirit—quaintly. The little book is *d'une naïveté charmante*. There is nothing more pure in modern art than Andhré des Gachon's designs : he is a child of the middle ages, impelled by a feeling for the simple, elemental interests of imaginative romance. He is "l'imagier." "Deus et Ars," is his motto. "Il jouit de ce délicieux état d'âme qui est la croyance illimitée à tous les Inconnus éternels."

"Il va de son pinceau léger et candide réveiller les princesses endormies par quelque maléfice, il nous fait entrer dans les actions délicieuses du *Prince Jehan* ; il nous montre la toute juvénile ardeur d'*Auréus* et l'angélique beauté de *Primavera*. Je vous en prie, suivez toute cette succession adorable de tableaux en miniature, goûtez-en pleinement l'évocation caressante, et dites-moi s'il peut être des compositions plus attachantes que le paysage d'*Auréus à la Chasse*, *La Fuite d'Auréus*, *Nouveaux Appels*, le *Père de Primavera*, avec cette mer cérulienne qui luit à travers le vitrage ouvert, et ceci uniquement pour laisser le mérite d'invoquer les autres images. Puis, l'on voit apparaître, les fées évocatrices et bienfaisantes, celles qui hantèrent les paysages et qui laissèrent leurs lueurs roses, bleues et vertes, pour consoler les feuilles attristées de leur départ et qui allaient reprendre leur vêtue endeuillée ; les bonnes fées—la bonne fée peut-être ?—qui venaient conseiller l'artiste et écarter les ronces aux pentes trop ardues. Bonne fée dont l'image se répète."

¶ I have been reading an account by Henry Bordeaux of his impressions of *Le Prince Naïf*, and as *Le Théâtre Minuscule* is not a matter of common knowledge here, some account of it may prove interesting.

To the *Hall des Cent*, the attractive little room which *La Plume* has luxuriously fitted for the exhibition of pictures and statues, a select company of artists, amateurs and snobs, of women in exquisite costumes of changing tones, of indefinable shades—hurried on the 16th of last January, to witness the representation of the *Prince Naïf*, a poetic drama, by Jacques des Gachons, the editor of the *Livre des Legendes*, with thirty-two scenes by Andhré des Gachons.

The creation of this Miniature Theatre is a real novelty in the world of art. Nothing can be compared to it; neither the Marionnette Theatre, where they gave the pretty mystery plays of Maurice Bouchor nor the shadow pictures of the *Chat Noir*, revealing the indefinite splendor of the *Marché à l'Etoile* or the heroic grandeur of the *Epopée Impériale*.

When all the lights were put out and the room was left in absolute darkness, a small screen was drawn aside and the scenery appeared lighted from behind by lamps with shades of different colors. At the same time in a soft voice, the poet began slowly to recite his lines, accompanied by music sweet, indolent, or passionate.

The story is naïve and touching. The little *Prince Naïf* is the surviving member of an accursed race; he alone was saved by the ingenuousness of his heart from the terrible death predestined for all of his family in punishment for their crimes. Left alone in the *Château de Malediction*, he wanders through its endless corridors; he knows the horror of its halls reddened by blood: of its emptiness—people with phantoms. At last he sees again the light of day and meets the clear-eyed maid, who gives him her love and wins his



ILLUSTRATION FOR A POEM BY JEAN LORRAIN

BY ANDRÉ DES GACHONS

heart. But before giving way to the joy of their souls, they separated. For the Prince Jehan must know something of life—that he might better, in time to come, care for her happiness. They swear to be faithful to each other, and the Prince goes out into the world. He is tempted by all the spirits of evil and by all sins, but he avoids the Reef of Pride and the Palace of Luxury, and ultimately, Conqueror of Temptation, he returns to his well-beloved to rest his heart against the heart of the one who had waited for him—all confidently—through the sadness of her long solitary nights.

This outline only detracts from the graceful little story, which is attractive, chiefly through the details and ingenuity of phrase. I have simply wished to show by it a return to the old legends, a return to the poetic past, where souls were beautiful and fresh. The music, nervous and caressing, by Henry Quittard, adds also to the impression of a legendary dream. The scenery is above all admirable. It is of a surprising richness of color. There are tints of the setting sun on the rocks, effects of the moon mysteriously blue and pale on the sea and on the shore, sunrises with changing and shading reflections on waves which seem strewn with flowers—which are admirable. One seems to be in a land of dreams, where the broad day gives to things the appearance of joy and of fête, where nature is a perpetual symphony of delicate, sweet, and laughing colors. Other scenes are more sombre; under dark arches appear rooms filled with horror, spotted with blood, barely lighted by lamps whose flickering rays double the terror. The tapestry on the walls, the play of colors in the stuffs, the sumptuous costumes of the characters, are all of a remarkable richness.

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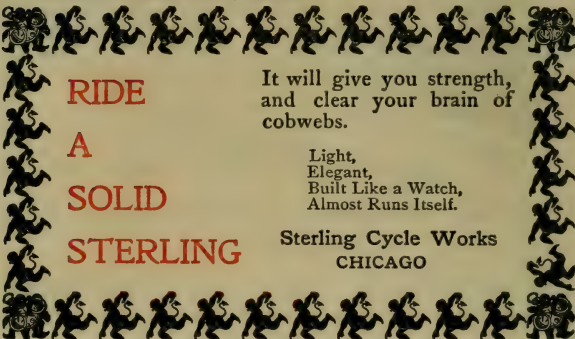
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Of the great smoke-blue mountains' rim,
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Idles the solemn hours away
To dreamland one by one.

Life is the dominance of good,
And love the ecstasy of mood,
Your hand in my hand says to me.
Yet, somewhere in the waste between
Being and sense, I hear a threne
Wash like the dirging sea.

BLISS CARMAN.

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THE approach to the Doves Bindery is a picturesque one from either direction, whether up or down the river. Reaching it from above, one passes through the old Chiswick Mall, separated from the Hammersmith Mall by lead mills, which, like so many of the factories and storage buildings lining the Thames, are ugly in themselves and yet form a beautiful part of the river view, their tall chimney stacks outlined against the sky, or faint in the depths of blue distance. While this part of Hammersmith is not so beautiful as Chiswick, it is interesting from its historical associations. The few fine elms in the bastion of the Mall were planted by Catharine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles II., and shade three old houses, which are supposed to be part of a palace built by her.

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THE APPROACH TO THE DOVES BINDERY



One hears traditions of a banqueting-hall belonging to this palace, pulled down about the beginning of the century to make way for a row of modern houses, and what remains is quite charming enough to make one believe any stories of past grandeur. They were all connected by doors, so lately as ten years ago, and all three have beautiful old gardens stretching far back. William Morris, the poet, lives in the largest of the three, "Kelmscott House."

The Bindery seems to be a connecting link between this dignified street and a part of Hammersmith which can only be called squalid. But, dirty and narrow and poverty-stricken as this other approach is, it is picturesque in its own way. Here a creek runs into the river, a steep, old bridge leading over it, under which the barges, laden with brick, have to pass with their great red sails and masts lowered to the deck. Here the Thames swans sail in and out, finding food in the mud and grass left exposed at low tide; and

here, in summer, the small boys learn to swim in spite of the stern policeman.

Doves Place, from which the Bindery is reached, is full of children, many of them Italians, who dance in winter in the Christmas pantomimes. They teach all their small relations and friends what they themselves are taught in these dances, and the result is, that when the street-pianos appear one sees all sorts of charming "steps" in the impromptu balls which take place. For threepence the men will play *ad nauseam*, and it is worth much more than threepence to see the joy the dirty, merry little creatures take in kicking up their small heels. To go from the din and racket of this street into the quiet working atmosphere of the Bindery is like getting into a different and less modern world.

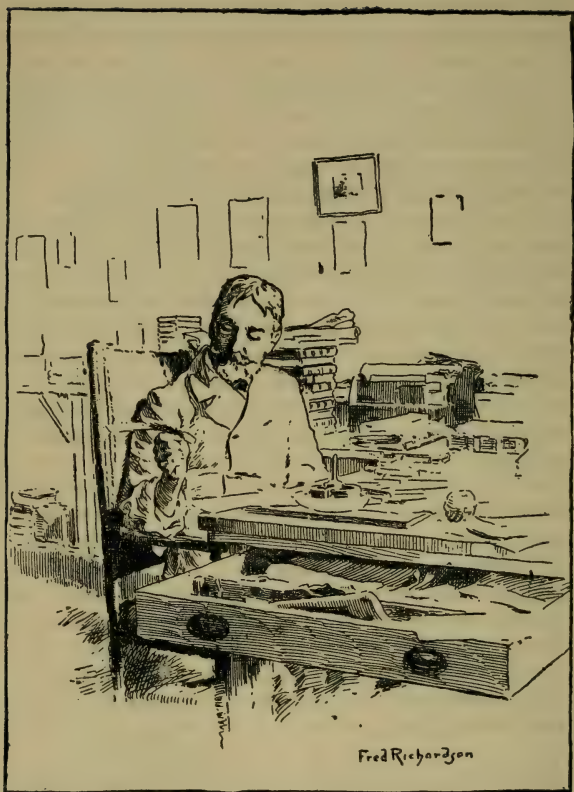
It is very generally known that Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the master of the Doves Bindery, from being a barrister became a bookbinder. His reasons for this change of occupation are so interestingly given by himself in an interview published in *The British Bookmaker*, that I shall quote the autobiographical part of it in full.

"I was born in 1840. In 1857, at my own wish, I was apprenticed to an engineer and worked for about a year in the draught-room. I then came to dislike the business, as business, and at my request the articles were cancelled and I set myself to read for Cambridge and the Church. I entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1860, and read for mathematical honours; but in 1863, having, in the meantime, given up all notion of going into the Church, I left the University, refusing both honours and a degree (I might, indeed, have failed to get either, but in fact I did not try). I disliked then, as now, the competition system and the warp it gave to all the University teaching. For the next seven or eight years I gave myself up to Carlyle and literature (chiefly German philosophy, which is not perhaps literature),

and, by way of a living, made faint-hearted attempts at writing and medicine. In 1870 I allowed myself to be called to the Bar, by way of stop-gap and to stay inquiries as to what I was doing. In 1883, I abandoned the Bar to become a manual labourer. I had come to despair of knowledge (in a philosophical sense), but to hope I might yet, craftsman-like, do or make something. Gradually, all the ideas of my life took station and direction from this main idea. I came to look upon society itself, upon the wants and progress of society, as itself a work of art, to be made sound and beautiful as a whole and in all its parts; and upon the arts and crafts of life, of whatever kind, as ministrant thereto. This seemed the main idea to which all my life had been tending, and now, when I bind and decorate a book, I seem to be setting myself like a magnetized needle, or like an ancient temple, in line and all square, not alone with my own ideal of society, but with that orderly and rhythmical whole which is the revelation of science and the normal of developed humanity."

Mr. Sanderson studied for six months with De Coverley, worked at gilt edges with Gwynn, a practical "book-edge gilder," and at cleaning old books with the best expert in London, and then began to bind for himself; first in the Temple, where he was living at that time, and later at Hendon. It is said that while with De Coverley he showed no signs of unusual talent and produced no remarkably good work; but when he began to work for himself he seems to have burst suddenly into the fulness of his talent and originality, some of his earliest books being his best.

For years he did all the work on his own books, with the exception of sewing, which was done by Mrs. Sanderson, and, as he says, "admirably done." Finally, in 1893, the workshop moved to Hammersmith, and here has been



MR. COBDEN-SANDERSON

carried out a plan of work best described in his own words. I quote from an article published in an English illustrated magazine at the time when he was living at Hendon, with no idea of making such a change. The following words are really the best description which could be given of the Doves Bindery at the present time :

“For some kind of work, or for the purpose of stimulating the craft and the industries connected with it, and of forming a great and definite tradition, under the influence of which the apprentice may be more readily taught and inspired to do good work, and to conceive of it in its proper magnitude, it may be well, and even necessary, to gather together a number of craftsmen into one workshop and to set them to work as one man. So, with regard to the distribution of labour and to the employment of craftsmen by capitalists, great or small, I may be allowed to add this further remark, that it is not so much the form as the spirit and conception of the workshop as at present constituted which I conceive to require amendment. A man may well be set to work by another, and many men and women may well coöperate to the production of a single work. The important thing is, that there should be a common and well-understood notion of what the work is, or ought to be, and that there shall be a common and energetic desire to contribute to the completion of that work, each in due degree, and for the work's sake, or the workmanship, or even for the shop's sake. And if, in this field, I might suggest a practicable reform, it would be the transformation of the workshop from a place in which to earn a wage, or to make a profit, into a place in which the greatest pleasure and the greatest honour in life are to be aimed at : pleasure in the intelligent work of the hand, and honour in the formation and maintenance of a great and historic tradition.”

To carry out this plan a house had been taken by Mr.

Sanderson and Mr. William Morris jointly, the *Kelmscott Press* offices occupying one floor. This arrangement lasted, however, only a short time, as it was found that more room was needed for the bookbinding, and in 1894 Mr. Morris found another house for himself near by.

At this time, when Mr. Sanderson had decided to give up the work himself and to engage a staff of workmen, whose work he should plan and superintend, the question of a new name came up. All his books, hitherto bound by himself, had been signed by his own initials, C. S. ; but now, as they were no longer to be his own work only, but the work of the Bindery, his initials would not do. It may surprise Americans to know that "Bindery" is, in England, considered an Americanism, and also, perhaps it is unnecessary to add, a vulgarity. There was much objection, therefore, to adopting such a name for so serious and artistic a place, and "Bookbinding Establishment" was suggested. Fortunately the master decided against the affected elegance of this name in favour of the simpler and more direct "Bindery." As it is in "Doves Place," "The Doves" seemed a natural addition to it, and so "The Doves Bindery." This name has its inconvenience, however, owing to the fact that there is a famous public-house, "The Doves," next door, much frequented by boating people. No doubt many admiring pilgrims to the shrine of artistic bookbinding have found themselves, as I did, unexpectedly at the bar of a public-house.

The pretty side-gate of the Bindery, leading into the garden, has a fierce-looking, wrought-iron hawk perched over it, an inappropriate companion for the doves.

The work in the new Bindery was begun with a sewer, a forwarder and a finisher, Miss Bessie Hooley and Messieurs Wilkinson and Macleish, and one apprentice, Mr. Douglas Cockerell. The forwarding and covering, which in all



THE DOVES BINDERY

large shops are done by different men, are here combined and done by Mr. Charles Wilkinson, whose work makes the books such a pleasure to handle. He is a young man, but he has been at his work for so many years that he has acquired great exactness, and his neatness satisfies even Mr. Sanderson. Forwarders in England serve a seven years' apprenticeship, which, in this case, was served in the Zaehnsdorf shop. The other workman, Mr. Charles Maccleish, does the tooling and everything else connected with the decoration of the cover. He is a Scotchman, and probably the best man in London for his special work.



Miss Bessie Hooley, the only woman employed in the Bindery, does the "inside work." In this country this work is also done by women, but she adds to this "headbanding," not commonly done by hand, either here or in England, as the machine-made bands have largely taken their place.

She also does a great deal of mending, not usually considered necessary in the ordinary bindery, but in the Doves every hole in the back of every sheet of every section of every book is carefully filled with thin parings of paper, pasted and rubbed down, so that they do not show.

Nothing shows more clearly the pleasant relation between the head of the Bindery and the clever workers who materialize his ideas, than the way in which these craftsmen, who have been for ten or more years engaged in their several crafts, have taken to Mr. Sanderson's new ideas.



Mr. Douglas Cockerell, the apprentice, does a great deal of re-binding of old books and re-mounting of old maps and plates for William Morris, whose library is full of treasures of that sort. He is constantly making experiments in materials not now in general use for books, such as wood, white pig-skin and other leathers specially suited to old or heavy work; while he occasionally makes beautiful boxes for papers, ladies' work, jewels, etc. For

these he does not only all the actual making of the box, covering and decoration, but also the metal work for corners, hinges and clasps. To him is entrusted any cleaning of old books, and, in fact, he is what our Yankee friends would call a "dretful handy man."

In saying that all the work in connection with the decoration of the cover is done by the finisher, I should except the designs, invariably done by the master. In addition to this should be mentioned the vellum loose-covers, invented by Mr. Sanderson, though I believe they have since been used, with modifications, in issuing the Kelmscott books. They are flexible, no boards being used, and the "bands," in the shape of narrow green ribbons, are "laced through" to show. They necessitate rather a different treatment of both book and cover from the ordinary morocco binding, but are regarded by Mr. Sanderson as a permanent form of binding.

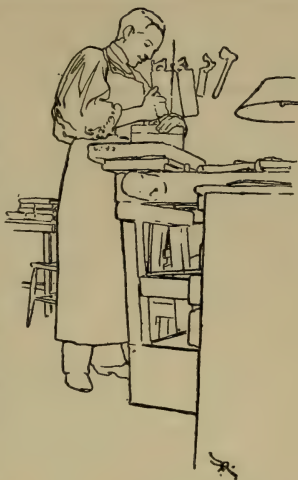


Mr. Sanderson does not often take pupils, because his terms are too high for the sort of people who wish to take up such a handicraft seriously, and any one who does not take it seriously he would not wish to teach. He has had four pupils at different times, three of them women. It is surprising to go from this

country, where bookbinding is one of the few crafts left untried by women, and find in less "advanced" England that it has been much taken up in the last half dozen years, both in an amateur and professional way. It seems a pity that Mr. Sanderson should not have a large body of pupils, for he has a positive genius for teaching, as any one who has ever heard him lecture on this subject will easily believe. His explanations are so lucid that the ideal method of work seems unforgetably to permeate the brain, while his patience is remarkable in one who knows so well what he wishes to have done. He is very different in this point from the French binders, who make their explanations with equal clearness, but have so little patience with unsuccessful efforts that the courage of the poor pupil sinks to zero and he loses what little firmness of hand he may have possessed originally.

Mr. Sanderson allows no poor work to pass unnoticed, teaching one daily through one's own mistakes and failures; but, while pointing out all the minutest faults of the present, he keeps the mind and ambition of the pupil fixed upon the perfect book of the future; the book as a whole; binding as an art; never allowing him to lose his conception of the

whole in the effort to make one minute point perfect. No part of the work is allowed to be considered unimportant; but this, not with the idea of making one thing mechanically exact, but of producing something completely lovely, and suited to its purpose.



He is perfectly reasonable in all his requirements and never gives a direction without telling his reason for believing it to be the best way to accomplish the special result required. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's

method is to leave the pupil as much as possible to himself after carefully showing how each step should be taken. He frequently uses the blackboard in explanations. A room at the top of the house is set apart for the pupils, whom he visits twice a day, in the morning and again in the afternoon, to criticise what work has been done and explain what is to come, and the criticism occasionally develops into a short talk on the real use of book-binding, or any other work, and the sort of principle to be held in mind, which is an inspiration to the fortunate hearer, not only for the occupation of the moment, but also for the conduct and meaning of life itself.

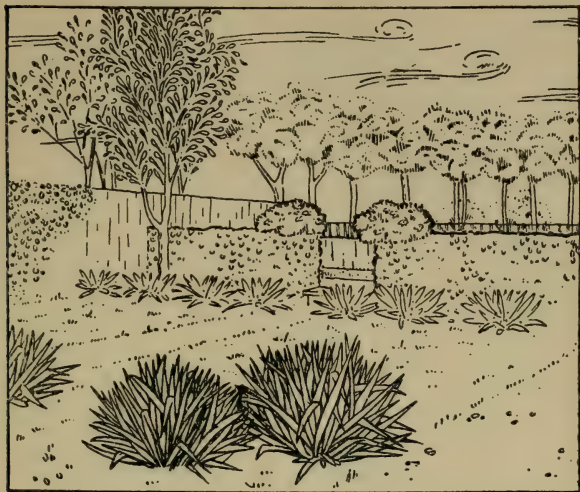
While Mr. Sanderson does all the teaching himself, his pupils are quite at liberty, indeed, are urged, to watch the work of the Bindery as much as possible, and to ask any

one for any information they desire, and Miss Hooley and Messrs. Wilkinson and Maccleish are so friendly and willing to help in any way, that a very pleasant relation is maintained between them and the pupils.

It will, perhaps, interest practical readers to know the hours and customs in this Bindery where so many interesting experiments are being tried, in the quiet way which gives them the best chance of success. The day begins at half-past eight. From one until two is the hour for dinner, for which some go to homes near by, while others bring it or cook something for themselves over a gas stove, or have "a slice from the joint and vegetables" sent in from "The Doves" next door. At two work begins again and lasts until half-past six, with an interval of half an hour for tea. This is supplied by a contribution from each and made by Miss Hooley. A table is laid in one of the rooms opening on to the garden, and every one, except the master, gathers there for tea and for any sandwiches or cake that they may bring for themselves. After tea the men play at quoits in the garden and smoke their pipes before going to work again, while Miss Hooley tidies up.

In the Spring the garden is one of the best places on the river for seeing the training of the University crews in preparation for the Oxford-Cambridge race, and there is always great excitement in the Bindery, which takes an eager interest in watching the daily practice and comparative excellence of the two crews. As Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is a Cambridge man, the Bindery is supposed to be for Cambridge, and flies a light blue flag, on which are embroidered two white doves. The great day of the race is a general holiday, and the Bindery entertains its friends in the garden.

The garden is a lovely old place stretching down to the river, with a terrace ending in a row of pollard limes. In early summer it is a wonder of purple iris and bright green



grass, and is as quaintly picturesque and sweet-smelling a spot as you could wish to see, and a delightful surprise in coming to it from the dirty and noisy street.

During the year the Bindery has four holidays, making a month in all: a week at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide and one in August. In other binderies it is customary for the men to lose their pay for whatever time they take, but here it is continued during the holidays, so that they are practically paid by the year, though receiving their money at the end of each week.

There is no piece-work here, as there is with us, but each is paid a weekly sum. During the last Whitsun holiday Mr. Sanderson made an interesting experiment. Thinking that a shifting or recasting of the parts would be an interest-

ing kind of a holiday, he invited Miss Hooley and Messrs. Wilkinson and Maccleish to try their hands at forwarding and finishing a book out right, each by himself, and offered the use of the Bindery for the purpose.

They entered into the idea with enthusiasm, and during the week Miss Hooley, the sewer, headbander, and mender, who had never done anything else, forwarded her book, while Mr. Wilkinson, the forwarder, finished, and Mr. Maccleish, the finisher, sewed and forwarded. Each found how difficult the work of the others was, and that while he could do his own work well he could make nothing, or little, of what he was unused to. The result was that they felt an increased respect for each other and found that no part of the work was unimportant. In this way they acquired a much more just idea of the book as a whole than they could ever have had before.

An interesting feature of the Bindery is the Bindery Cat, not a handsome animal, but devoted to the place. She belongs to no one, having one day walked in from the street and remained ever since. When the house is closed from Saturday noon to Monday morning, she is shut in, and during that time the "Cat's-Meat Man" delivers her food to her daily, through the letter-slit. This she seems to regard as perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. Sanderson has many admirers in this country, and many of his finest books are sent here. Some of them come over through the English bookseller, Mr. Bain, who is his agent in London and buys for Americans; but many are direct orders. The greater number of these come from Boston, New York, and Chicago, and every year many ardent admirers from these places come to see for themselves the great master of this craft. The main difference between the "Doves" and other bindings is in the designs, which are of great beauty and originality. Each one is, as a rule,

pecially made for the book to be decorated, but Mr. Sanderson always refuses to satisfy the mere collector of bindings by making any promise not to repeat his design. Though he now does little of the actual work on the books, they are still in the truest sense his own, for from the first he plans for them. At every important stage they are brought to him to look through and are not allowed to pass on to the next stage unless he is perfectly satisfied with what has been done. In this way he follows each volume from its first appearance in sheets to its leather cover, when it is ready for the design he has thought out for it. His principle in lettering the backs is different from that of other binders. He regards the title as part of the decoration of the back and fills in the panel with great care, making all the small connecting words, such as "of" or "and," of the same sized letters as the rest of the title.

Mr. Sanderson is usually supposed to be a Socialist, and belongs to the Hammersmith Socialist Society, started by William Morris. He occasionally delivers a lecture at their weekly Sunday evening gatherings in the long room adjoining Mr. Morris' house, and is in general sympathy with their aims and ideals; but he does not now believe in accomplishing anything by violent measures, or by upsetting the present order of things. He is one of the kindest and most helpful friends that any one, poor or rich, could have, and lives out his Socialism in innumerable acts of kindness and helpfulness towards people who are in trouble. He agrees, however, with Emerson, who says, "Whom God hath put asunder, let not man join together," a sentiment incompatible with the ordinary militant Socialistic doctrine, and does not wish to force any relation between classes or individuals.

His relation towards the people of the Bindery is a natural one and not a Socialistic experiment. He needs them and they need him, and happy, indeed, are they in their relation

towards such a man as master. To any one who had the happiness of working in the "Doves Bindery," it must always be an inexpressible pleasure to think of this little spot in a great place like London, where "unhasting, unresting, each one is fulfilling" his work. Without fuss or turmoil, with no blowing of trumpets or announcing a new experiment in Socialism, the great question of Master and Men has worked itself out, meaning a life of happiness and contentment, as well as work, for all.

EVELYN HUNTER NORDHOFF.

THE MADNESS OF SIR TRISTRAM

THREE times my fingers swept the harp-strings thus
I caught my skirts, and, with the damsel, crept
Into the oaken underbrush, and kept
A fearful silence: vague and murmurous
The leafy forest whispered, thrilling us,
And then a wild man, with a sword, outstepped
Naked, and took the harp like an adept
And struck the strings to a delicious
Mad merriment, a bubbling cool and keen,
That rained its dainty bells about our ears,
And filled our breasts with laughter and with tears;
Yet we, that listened in the sighing wood,
With soiled gowns crouching in the undergreen,
Were not quite sure, until he said "Isoude!"

J. RUSSELL TAYLER.



PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



WILLIAM WATSON

DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON

VERSES

IN the night

Grey, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God, alone.

“O Master, that movest the wind with a finger,

“Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.

“Grant that we may run swiftly across the world,

“To huddle in worship at Thy feet.”

In the morning

A noise of men at work came the clear blue miles,

And the little black cities were apparent. [drops,

“O Master, that knowest the wherefore of rain-

“Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.

“Give voice to us, we pray, O Lord,

“That we may chant Thy goodness to the sun.”

In the evening

The far valleys were sprinkled with tiny lights.

“O Master,

“Thou who knowest the value of kings and swallows,

“Thou hast made us humble, idle, futile peaks.

“Thou only needest eternal patience ;

“We bow to Thy wisdom, O Lord—

“Humble, idle, futile peaks.”

In the night

Grey, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,

And the peaks looked toward God, alone.

STEPHEN CRANE.

MODERN LAODICEA

FOR centuries the word Laodicean was a reproach; to-day it is beginning to carry with it a suggestion of nobility. It was St. Paul who, in making the unknown city famous, covered it with obloquy:

“And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write: . . .

“I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.

“So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.’”

Among the moderns who have suggested that to be neither hot nor cold is to be well, Mr. Thomas Hardy is prominent, as he gave the title of “A Laodicean” to a novel of which the heroine is attractive. She is a girl who loves both the old and the new where they are most in conflict. She liked ruins and she liked restorations. She had half a mind to marry a picturesque noble, De Stancy, with no brains, no character, and an atmosphere of old-world romance, and she did marry a hardheaded modern. At the end of the book, she remarks: “We ’ll build a new house beside the ruin, and show the modern spirit for evermore . . . but, George, I wish—” And Paula repressed a sigh.

“Well?”

“I wish my castle was not burned; and I wish you were a De Stancy.”

At Harvard University, a few years ago, there was started a society intended to represent the true spirit of the Neo-Laodiceans. It held that lukewarmness was the most admirable condition obtainable by man. Moral heat or cold in the heart of any applicant for election was reason for his rejection. “Nothing in excess” was suggested as a motto, but the word “but” was thought to be a more subtle sug-

gestion that something could always be said on either side. In the end no motto was chosen, because this matter, like all other matters, was not pressed. For refreshments lukewarm tea and sweet California wine were served. Conversation was neither encouraged nor discouraged. Serious argument was as freely tolerated as genuine trifling. A well-known man in college, who thought himself worthy of the club, was rejected because he was believed to be hostile to seriousness. Another was kept out because, although he said nothing against frivolity, it bored him.

The society had no secrets. The members sought no proselytes, but gave full answers to all inquiries. The Harvard students smiled and were interested. The young women at the Harvard Annex tried to laugh, but thought it was n't right. They said the young men were posing. The most magnanimous said that under the seemingly erroneous spirit was a really ardent search for truth. The Annex held but one girl who was ever mentioned for membership, and she was defeated by a close vote on the ground that, although her Laodiceanism seemed perfect, as she was a woman it was axiomatic that a thorough knowledge of her would reveal some ethical prejudice.

The founder of the society, naturally enough, was the most imperfect member. At one time there was serious thought of accepting his resignation. Instead of being lukewarm he was alternately hot and cold, being one of the ablest moral speakers as well as one of the most inspired jesters at morality. He himself did not know whether reverence or blasphemy was strongest in him. It was the perfection of this doubt about himself which induced the club to forgive his unstable equilibrium.

"Doing is a deadly thing ; doing ends in death." One member was expelled because he quoted with approval this Antinomian hymn. That statement is as far from improved

Laodiceanism as is the fury for doing things. Action is well enough if it be within bounds, as is rest. The Laodicean must see the advantages of all opposites, else he is unworthy of his name.

In contrast to the founder was the elected head of the society, the most fully developed specimen, a model of intellectual and temperamental moderation. He was mild in study, in exercise, in personal relations. He had more wisdom than most men and more knowledge, but he had acquired his knowledge, not by effort, but by putting his attention, when he chose to give attention to the acquisition of facts, to those of permanent importance. He had never wasted any strength on hobbies; he had never been enthusiastic. Yet he had always been interested. He knew nothing that was not worth knowing. His easy intellectual spirit was combined with æsthetic fineness and sensuous delicacy. He spent much of his time in the sunshine, amusing himself with the passing events of the hour. His friends were chosen for their disposition, not for their acquirements. He preferred a small mind, simple and harmonious, to a large one distorted or turbulent. He spent a few hours of the day in severe study, a few in strolling in the air, a few in chatting and drinking tea, a few in reading poetry, or other imaginative literature. He was fond of conversation, but not of dispute. He was loyal to reason and cared little for reasoning.

Between these two types lay the other five members, Laodiceans of varying degrees. One was looked upon as of doubtful standing on account of his temperament, which seemed to belong to the land of Far Niente, with which we had no desire to be allied. He was lazy, and he kept his membership only because of his intellectual fairness. His organs were partial to rest, but his mind was judicial and regretted the defect of his temperament. As his approval was

distributed impartially among the alert and the sleepy, the faithful and the unbelieving, we let his ideas atone for his instincts.

The others, who were not especially distinct types, were good average examples of the species. In addition, we had seven honorary members. There was a rule that no man in his lifetime could be an honorary member, but there was one living man so deserving of the honor that we did all we could within the letter of the rule : we voted that Arthur James Balfour should acquire a membership immediately upon his death. He was the only man who received this tribute. Among the dead, Omar Khayyam was elected, with one dissent, on the ground that the Persian poet was injudiciously opposed to virtue ; and Socrates, Lucretius, Horace, Goethe and Molière passed without challenge. Over Lucretia Borgia, who was proposed by the founder, there was a long fight, with the same objections that had been made against him. On the plea that she was as fond of virtue as of vice we admitted her, though with regret.

Since the second gathering, though two years have passed, the club has not met, simply because no one has suggested a meeting. This is thought to be in keeping with its principles. I have gone thus fully into its history because it is the only organized representation of the principles of the new sect. These principles, though not yet exactly defined, are shadowed forth in the belief of these seven youths. They were confident, at the time, that the true Laodicea would grow in size and in respect. It could never number many, because by the nature of its creed it was an intellectual aristocracy ; but it would grow slowly larger as the cause of evolution brought the world gradually nearer to the summit of development. Whether most of us persist in this belief, I do not know. Nor do I know whether most of us believe still that in a world where almost everybody is vo-

ciferously supporting one side of every question it is a pleasant thing to sit in the shade, to drink lukewarm nourishment, and to say sweetly that there is some good on either side. There may be a better course than this—and there may not.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

APOCALYPSE

I STOOD above the wide sepulchral night,
Where lay abhorred the earth, a nameless corse :
Fierce meteors afar stared toward the sight,
Slowly approached, then, shrieking, fled in fright.
PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

A FOOL'S HONOUR

“A RE you cold out there on the balcony, my child?”
Ella Constantius leaned forward towards the
open sash-window whence the voice proceeded.
“Why, it’s deliciously warm, Aunt Lottie. Come out,
too. Come out and see the world.”

The immediate world was a small street in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove, and its human interest consisted in the groups here and there upon first-floor balconies. There was a postman, too, in the street, darting rapidly from house to house; but a postman is an impersonal creature, with whose humanity, save at Christmas time, no one is concerned.

Aunt Lottie responded to the invitation—a timid, faded maiden lady, who wore a red woolen shawl over her shoulders and carried the gray, half-knitted embryo of another in her hand. She stood for a moment gazing absently at the white blinds of the sun-beaten house over the way, all the while working her needles rapidly. Ella broke into a light-hearted laugh.

"You did not even stop knitting to pass under the window!" she said.

"Oh, I must have done so," replied the elder lady literally. "But although you may laugh, it is a great comfort. If you would knit, you would not find the time pass so slowly."

"How do you know my time is passing slowly?"

"Are you not waiting for someone, dear? Until he comes the minutes will be long."

And Aunt Lottie sighed with far off, faded reminiscence, as she sat down at the other end of the little balcony facing her niece.

"But I love waiting," said Ella, softly. "It is happiness to wait—and to know the moment the hands of this watch point to four o'clock he will turn that corner. I set my watch by his, yesterday, on purpose. Until four o'clock I can think."

She leaned back in her wicker chair and clasped her hands behind her head. The attitude threw into unconscious grace the shapeliness of her figure. The light blouse she was wearing harmonized with the fairness of her abundant hair, the blue-gray of her eyes, the cream-white of her cheek, and gave an impression of exquisite freshness and femininity. The delicacy of colouring and a certain sensitiveness of eyes and mouth atoned for a somewhat overfullness of feature. She was twenty-and-five, in the heyday of her bloom, at an age when an unmarried woman is capable of a more strongly woven love than the gossamer web of fancy. For at eighteen a girl is apt to fall in love with the glamour of her dreams, which she casts over the first comer. According to the matronly truism, she does not know her own mind until she is older. This serves as a convenient commonplace for knocking to pieces many a girlish romance, but it scarcely explains everything. For the enquirer into the mysteries of the subjective forces that com-

pel the interfusion of two souls, it is more fitting to say that at five-and-twenty a girl has evolved, more or less finely, a subjective realisation of herself, has projected her once vague spiritual needs into a definite form, is aware both of her own deficiencies and of her own unused energies, and thus is able, generally unconsciously, to formulate the type of soul that would harmonise with hers. Consequently, the obviously inharmonious are rejected. Her field of selection is narrow within a comparatively small compass, and when her involuntary choice is made, it proceeds from cogent subjective causes. The love of Ella Constantius was rooted in the depths of her nature. She had surrendered herself absolutely and finally, and, woman-like, rejoiced in her heart. Her happiness in the undoubting sense of perfect harmony between their two natures was undarkened by the cloud that was hanging over her lover's head. Her first vehement outburst of indignation that he, of all men, should be accused of complicity in so base an act as theft had given way to a sublime scorn for his slanderers and a yearning desire to fill his life with sunshine. For he was a proud, sensitive man, who felt deeply that which affected his honour, and this false accusation had visibly dimmed the brightness of his nature. Even the prospect of their marriage in a week's time seemed scarcely to cheer his gloomy mood. But Ella remained serene and undismayed. It was a struggle between herself and the powers of darkness, and, confident in her love and womanhood, she had the glowing prescience of victory.

She sat with hands clasped behind her head lost in a day-dream, in which things past and future recurred, faded, and intermingled. All her life she had known of him, heard tell of his gentleness, chivalry, generous impulses. For a year she had been thrown into intimate contact with him, during which she had found her slight childish and girlish knowledge confirmed and infinitely widened. Gradually his

tenderness, his sure and delicate touch upon life, had been revealed to her. Imperceptibly she had been drawn closer and closer to him, until one evening, three months ago, his arms had tightened round her, and her soul had risen to her lips to meet his. And in a week she would merge her life in his indissolubly. She was happy.

Suddenly she aroused herself with a start, in instinctive consciousness of the flight of time. She looked at the watch that, attached by a chain to her waistband, was lying in her lap. It was a minute to four. She rose, paused for a moment to give a tidying touch to her hair, then stood with expectant gaze. Her aunt looked up at her from the low chair, saw the dawning light in her eyes, and the quick smile, and then quietly, almost on tiptoe, left the balcony and went upstairs to her own room. Presently Ella threw the latchkey down to her lover, and laughed lightheartedly as it slipped from his grasp and rang upon the pavement. Then she passed beneath the window into the drawing-room.

"You are still looking troubled, Harold dear," she said, a little later. "You are worrying over this foolish affair. Why do n't you keep the promise you made me?"

"I ought not to feel worried when your hand is in mine, sweetheart," he replied tenderly. "But, perhaps, that gives me all the more reason."

"You are talking foolishly," she said. "You know my opinion of the whole matter. And you know I do n't like to see that line on your forehead, and that weary look in your eyes."

A shadow of pain passed over the young man's face. He turned his head away sharply, and passed his hand over his brow. Then he rose impulsively, like a man who braces himself up to execute a painful determination, made a few hasty strides backwards and forwards in the room, and then stopped before Ella's chair.

"Ella, darling," he said abruptly. "I have something to say to you I ought to have said before—as soon as this horrible slander was uttered. I delayed, because it was hard. But I can't bear it longer. It is cruel and unjust to you. Our marriage must be postponed until my name is cleared—after the trial."

Ella looked at him with eyes full of tenderness, and stretched out her hand to him.

"Is it that that is troubling you? Come and sit by me again. Poor Harold! Now you have said your say, dear, be comforted. But you must never say such a foolish thing again."

"I am in earnest," he replied, still standing. "I repeat, I cannot marry you until my name is cleared."

His seriousness chilled her for a moment.

"Do you love me less?"

"Love you? Oh, Ella, Ella!" He threw himself on his knees by her side, and kissed her passionately. "Do n't you see, darling, it is because I love you so dearly that I cannot bear you to marry a disgraced man. How could I hold up my head, thinking you had married me out of pity—"

She put her hand to his mouth. "Out of love, honour, and trust," she whispered. "Ah, dear, you can't understand. Because trouble has come upon you, it is all the more reason for me to share it with you. Do n't let us speak any more about this, dear."

But the young man shook his head sadly. "I can't do it; we must wait. Suppose I marry you, and then— Oh, God!"

"But you are sure of a verdict. The trial will be only a formal matter. It is not even as if there were incriminating circumstances against you. Everyone knows it was a baseless fabrication on the part of *The Eagle*."

"Ah! do they?" said Winthrop dejectedly. "Of

course I shall get a verdict. I cannot help it. But suppose they are able to bring against me some strange combination of circumstances—which I may not be able to explain satisfactorily—suppose I only get a farthing damages! My reputation blasted, my career ruined, the stigma of suspicion for ever on me, how could I ever forgive myself for having dragged you into that? You are too pure and tender. I love you too utterly to condemn you to such a fate.”

“And suppose we put off our wedding, and this still happened?”

“I should go away—to the Colonies—anywhere.”

“Ah, my dear love!” cried Ella, with a ring in her voice that thrilled through the man’s heart. “Do you think I would give you up then? I would throw myself into your arms, and make you marry me.”

“You could love a man whom everybody shrank from?”

“I should love you, dear, if God himself shrank from you. I should love you just as deeply if you had stolen the diamonds. I am part and parcel of you, dear—for good or for evil. That is love. Anything that falls short of that is not. I love you, because you are good and generous and fine-natured—but then, again, I love you because I cannot help it. I can’t tell why.”

“And I love you, and I could tell you why—but it would take me a lifetime to get through the tale.”

There was a silence of some moments—a lover’s silence, in which hearts hold dumb communion. At last Ella broke it.

“You see I have almost begged you to marry me, dear. You can’t refuse now.”

“Ah, don’t tempt me, Ella!” he replied. “I have made up my mind. It goes against my honour. I can’t do it, dear.”

She saw that his determination was fixed, and sought no

more to shake it. If it was for his greater happiness that the marriage should be postponed until his honour were cleared, what could she do but assent? She had said all that her feminine sense permitted, had even overstepped the conventional limits of maidenly reserve. But she could not help wondering, with a certain wistfulness, when she was alone, how it was that Winthrop's usually fine tact had not divined the supreme joy it would have been to her to have faced the world with him in triumphant assertion of her trust and love. This interview left her somewhat sad. Hitherto she had only regarded the libel action that Winthrop was bringing against *The Eagle* as an irritating unpleasantness. It had never occurred to her that he would not crush his adversary as easily and completely as one treads a noxious insect under foot. The idea that the wedding day should be put off had never passed through her mind. Two totally new factors were now suddenly introduced into her immediate scheme of things—the postponement of the marriage and the sickening possibility at which Winthrop had hinted, in the result of the trial. The more she thought, during the succeeding days, of Harold's anxious depression, and the morbid dread that had come over him, the more longingly did she regret his determination. The heavier his burden the greater need had he of help in bearing it. She confessed to herself frankly that the comfort she could give him in their present relations was pitifully small compared with the glow of rich, tender sympathy she could bring to him, if she were his wife. This period of betrothal which had been so full of delicate charm, that at times she half dreaded the marriage that would break its spell, grew irksome with its necessary restrictions. The two rival impulses of her sex, abandonment and reserve, clashed together painfully. Sometimes she was half angry at the man's blindness to that which she, the woman, could not reveal. It made her tingle with impatience to see the

wistful hunger in his eyes, and to feel the words unspeakable that could change it to happiness. Yet this point of view was perfectly clear to her, and in harmony with the great paradox of sex, she loved him all the more for his steadfastness to his code of honour. Once, however, she tried, ever so delicately, to afford him an insight into the conflict of impulses in her heart, but his reply showed her that he had seen nothing. He had but one answer to make: he could not take advantage of her generosity.

One day, shortly before the trial, a little incident occurred that made her helpless longing all the more hard to endure. Two ladies were paying a call when Winthrop came into the drawing room, on his daily visit. One of them, a girl of her own age, she remembered to have seen laughing and talking in the friendliest fashion with him at a dance some two months back. Yet this girl scarcely recognized his existence now, and rose with her companion almost immediately to bid a stiff farewell. The slight was too obvious for Ella not to accept it as intentional. As soon as the door closed behind the visitors, she looked anxiously at Winthrop, and met his eyes fixed sadly upon her. He read her question, and put his arm tenderly round her.

"Never mind, dear," he said, "what does it matter?"

But to her it mattered infinitely. Her friend's foolish, ill-bred slight was an index to a social opinion whose force she had not realised. "Oh, Harold!" she cried, clinging to him, "has this ever happened to you before?"

"Now and then, dear—of course—people are only human, you know," he said soothingly.

"And you have never told me! Why?—why should you bear this alone?"

He held back his head for a moment to look at her. And then with a sudden passion, he cried: "Oh, my darling! why did I not love you a year ago!"

Content with the love-like words that followed, she did not question the relevance of this saying, but nevertheless, like Ruth, she kept it in her heart.

All the time Aunt Lottie surrounded her with gentle, unobtrusive kindness. But it could not go far towards soothing the fuller, stronger nature of the girl, although little foolish signs of solicitude touched her and sometimes brought tears to her eyes. The real sense of confidence was wanting between them. Mildness was Aunt Lottie's essential and pervading characteristic, and Ella was in need of warmth and responsive sympathy. Thus when Harold was not with her, she felt lonely, restless, like a caged bird beating her breast against the bars.

The trial was over. Ella drove home from the Law Courts, with her aunt, and the whole of London seemed to be laughing in exultation. The hurrying streets were alive with delight. To her glistening eyes it appeared as if all the throng of men and women had heard the news. A group of street children were huzzaing at a corner of Oxford Street. She strained her head to keep sight of them through the hansom window as long as possible, possessed with the exuberant fancy that they were rejoicing in her triumph. She was radiant. The whole trial had not lasted half an hour. The defendants' case had broken down from the very beginning. The judge had characterised their libel as the "foulest and most baseless slander that had ever been wantonly cast upon an honourable gentleman." She had whispered a word to Harold to come to her as soon as he was able; the last she saw of him, before she left the court, was amidst a little group of friends, who were shaking hands with him with laughter and shining eyes. The cloud had been scattered for ever. No one dared now impugn his honour. He could look the world in the face, could come to her proudly and claim her as his wife. In her joy she

humbled herself. Women, she thought, have a blurred idea of honour and pride, when love is imperative; men are able to take a firmer, surer grasp of things. She closed her eyes to picture the masterful glow in his, when he should say to her a little later, "Now I can bring you an unsullied name." The joy to him in being able to wed her thus was infinitely greater and higher than the compensating comfort she could have given him during these past few weeks if she had been his wife. Womanlike, she put her past convictions away from her, identified herself with the throbbings of the man's happiness.

When she arrived home, she changed her dress, putting on one that she was fond of, and sought anxiously in her glass to see whether she was looking her nicest. She was possessed now and then with the fancy that five-and-twenty was quite a mature age, and she had secret trepidations lest her bloom should be on the wane. She wished, now, to render herself sweeter and fairer for him, on the day of his triumph, than she had ever been before. Any loss in delicacy of colouring or smoothness of contour that her critical eye might have detected was hidden by the gladness that lit her face. Her ripe lips, parted in a smile, showed teeth of youthful whiteness. Her eyes were clear, with a soft blue light playing in their depths. She left the room, happy in her youth and freshness and went down the stairs singing a snatch of a song. As she entered the drawing-room she stopped suddenly, and gave a little cry of joy. Winthrop was sitting by the window, on a straight-backed chair, resting his chin on both hands, and staring out into the street.

"Harold! They never told me you were here. How long have you been waiting! Oh, darling, what a happy, happy day!"

His arms were around her, her face hidden against his

breast. A flood of glad, eager words came brokenly from her heart. Winthrop spoke little, but held her close to him, and kissed her hair. When she freed herself gently from his clasp, he took her hand and led her to the sofa, where they sat down side by side. Then she raised her eyes half shyly to his, almost for the first time. As if abashed at the world of pure love he read there, his glance fell, and taking her hand, he kissed it.

"Would to God I were worthy of you," he said, in low voice. In the flush of her happiness, Ella's ear did not detect a certain deep note of emotion. She answered him out of her simple faith.

"What a foolish thing, dear. You are a thousand times stronger, better, wiser, nobler than I."

But the man remained with bent head, tracing out with his fingers the veins on her hand. "You are glad at the result of to-day?" he asked.

"Glad? Oh, Harold! It has been a day of supremest happiness. How could it be otherwise? To see that wicked lie disproved—to have that horrible shadow of suspicion swept away forever. Are you not happy, too?"

"Yes. Perhaps I have not yet quite realised what it means—I have been living under the terror so long." This time the subdued tone in his voice could not escape her. She was surprised, a little chilled, as it struck her that she was alone in exuberance of mood.

"I thought you would have been so joyous." Her voice betrayed a touch of disappointment which he was quick to notice.

"I am sorry, dear," he replied. "But I don't think I can be joyous again."

"Oh, my dear!" cried Ella. "It is wrong and wicked of you to talk like that. What have you to darken your life now? It has all gone by. We need never think of it again."

"Will it never touch your love for me—not now—but in a month—six months' time—that this suspicion has been cast upon me?"

"Such a question is like a blow, dear," she replied, recoiling in a little pain. "It is saying you do not trust my love."

"Then you do love me?" he asked, with a sudden ring in his voice, and a yearning passion in his eyes, that half frightened her, she scarcely knew why. Was it not too tenderly obvious that she loved him? What was the reason for it? "I love you with my whole soul," she faltered.

"And if the result of the trial had been different, you would have loved me just the same?" "More; for you would have needed it more. Nothing could make me love you less. As I told you, I should have loved you if you had been proved guilty. But Harold, my darling, why are we talking of these things, when we ought to be so happy? Not a stain is on your honour, dear. To-morrow all England will be scoring your slanderers and rejoicing with you. Let us be happy, dear."

He kept his eyes fixed on her all the time she spoke, and the expression of pain and longing deepened on his face. And as if he had not heard her later words, but merely waited for the sound of her voice to cease, he asked tonelessly: "Would you love me if I were guilty?"

Their eyes met, and fixed themselves in a mutual stare, that lasted for many breathless seconds, in an awful silence. His features contracted into haggard misery. Then the horrible, sickening truth dawned upon Ella's soul. The blood rushed from her cheeks and lips, leaving them blanched and quivering. Mechanically she withdrew her hand from his, and slowly shrank away from him, yet, as if fascinated, she did not turn away her eyes.

"Yes; you have guessed. I stole them." He rose and

stood by her side, looking down upon her. Her eyes did not follow him, but remained in the same fixed stare. His words seem to come out of some far away distance. Blood and life were frozen within her. She was incapable of speech and movement, almost of thought. The ghastly metempsychosis of her hero into a common thief had paralysed her. The foundations of her world had slipped from beneath her feet. She was held in dizzying space above a vast abyss. The sunlit room grew dark before her. "I stole them to pay a gambling debt, four months ago—and to save myself from social disaster. A week afterwards my uncle died, and left me a rich man. Playing providence must be a cynical game," he added bitterly.

From her rigid silence he could not tell whether she had comprehended his words. He tried to speak again, but his voice failed him. It was hard to address her, she was so still and statue-like. At last he made an effort to clear his dry throat, and went on in an altered tone: "Perhaps I have been a miserable fool to tell you. Do not loathe and despise me too much. Your love and trust drove me to it. I could not bear to be a living lie to you all my days. Every word you have spoken this afternoon has stabbed me through and through. Won't you speak to me? One word?" But she remained frozen. He put out his hand and touched her on the shoulder. "Ella!"

But she shrank together like a leaf touched with a hot iron, and crouched against the head of the sofa.

"No! do n't," she said moaningly.

"I have no right to ask it," said Winthrop hopelessly. "I am a miserable fool."

He moved away, seeking mechanically for his hat and stick. Then he turned sharply with a despairing impulse, threw himself down on his knees by her side, in the passion of a forlorn hope.

“Ella—my love, my darling! If I had not loved you with all that is truest in me I should not have been compelled to tell you my wretched secret. I could not bear that you should love a lie. It was more than pain. It was agony to me. You may ask why I did not tell you before—why my conscience has become so suddenly sensitive. I wish to God I had told you from the beginning—but a man is a man, and I loved you. This is why. Before the trial I thought my misery was due to the haunting terror of public discovery. I persuaded myself it was so. I thought that when the verdict was given for me and my name cleared, that the sense of my crime would fade away, and become a dead episode of the past. Every man keeps an unpalatable part from the woman he loves. I deluded myself with that hope—until I found to-day that I had no longer anything to fear. Then I knew it would never fade away—would always come between me and you—that when your pure eyes looked at me, when you murmured in your kisses that I was noble, perfect, your ideal of all that was pure and true, I should shrink into the loathing of myself and hide myself away from you, whom I love and worship most in all the world. You cannot love me now, I know it. God help me! Ella, will you look at me once before I go?”

She made no response, save a slight heave of the shoulders. She scarcely was conscious of the varying tones of his voice, the words he used came lifelessly to her ears, she could not move or speak. The shock of the revelation, coming on her joyous exaltation, had been too great. Her emotions were paralysed like the limbs of a man who had fallen on his spine.

Winthrop rose to his feet and moved silently away. At the door he paused, looked for a long time at the bowed, beloved form. The dainty summer dress that she had put on for his sake struck a chord of bitter irony.

"Ella," he said faintly, "good-bye."

It was a last appeal. She was unresponsive to it as to the others. He waited a moment longer and then went out, shutting the door softly behind him.

Sometime after he had gone Ella raised her face from her hands and looked wearily around the room. Only a few moments before she had craved to be alone to struggle with the shame and misery of it all, and yet now a great sense of loneliness came over her. That which had filled her life with meaning and happiness was suddenly withdrawn and nothing but hopeless emptiness remained.

A thief—a stealer of money. It was not even a great crime, in committing which a man, though offending against the moral law, may remain with the dignity of manhood untouched. The act was so mean, so cowardly, so bare in its unrelief. While he was there she had been unable to feel anything but the degradation in which the crime was steeped. She had shrunk from him, wished him away out of her presence. Now he was gone. He would never come back to her. Henceforward she would be alone, coldly, cruelly alone.

Her head was aching as if it would burst, her dry eyes burning. The room seemed stiflingly hot. She passed beneath the window on to the balcony and stood for a moment breathing in great draughts the cooler air. A noisy laugh struck upon her ear, and, mechanically looking down into the street, she saw one of the servants laughing, with the unmodulated light-heartedness of her class, with the baker's man, whose cart stood a little way off by the curb. The merriment jarred upon her nerves, and she went quickly back into the drawing-room. The incident, however, had loosened the springs of thought and feeling from the dead weight that had been pressing them down. A rush of tumultuous sensation swept through her heart. The shivering

thrill of awakening life brought the tears to her eyes, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, she burst into a great passion of sobbing.

Presently the door opened quietly and Aunt Lottie stood for a moment transfixed with astonishment on the threshold. Then she hurried to Ella's side, sat down, and took the girl's head in her poor, thin arms.

"My child, my poor child, what has happened?" The tender human caress was too quick for the impulse of confidence to be checked.

"Harold is guilty. He did steal the diamonds." And then started away in fright at having betrayed him.

"O, God, Aunt Lottie, I should n't have spoken. Swear that you will never breathe a word of it—not a whisper!" she cried eagerly.

"I am a gentlewoman, dear," said Aunt Lottie, outwardly placid, but inwardly trying to recover from the shock of the announcement. And then finding little to say, she wept in sympathy, and the tears trickled down her faded cheeks on to her knitting. "It is a great blow, dear," she said at last, "but you must bear it. God sends us these trials to draw us nearer to Him."

Here the lines of sympathy diverged. To the mild spinster the commonplace had a deep spiritual comfort—to Ella it was almost repulsive in its intangibility.

"My heart will break," she said. "Will He mend it? Until He does I can only think of that and not of Him."

"Time is a great healer, dear," said Aunt Lottie, with a little sigh and a half-formulated prayer. "We will go away and you will forget."

"Forget? Oh, no!"

"Yes, dear. He has proved himself unworthy, and you can forget it all like an evil dream, and God will smooth your path for you."

"You do not understand, Aunt Lottie. My path will always be rough. I shall never forget."

"Ah, my child, you are still so young. Believe your poor old Auntie. The pain will soon go. It is not as if you could love him even."

But Ella started up with flashing eyes, brushing back quickly her dishevelled hair.

"But I do love him!" she cried. "I love him better than all the world—better than my life. It was weak, sinful, foolish of him—what you will—but he has suffered terribly—atoned for it—expiated it—and I let him go without a word of pity!"

Aunt Lottie looked at her tearfully, half afraid at her vehemence. "He had no pity for you, child," she said.

"He had love for me, deep, passionate, reverent love for me!" exclaimed Ella, finding a relief for her large impulsive nature in the blessedness of speech. "It was because his love for me was so pure and true that he could not live with such a lie between us. Oh, Aunt Lottie, if he were to come to me now, I would go on my knees to him and beg him to take me and let me make his life bright and happy again!"

"My dear," said Aunt Lottie, putting up a deprecatory hand, "remember—such words are not maidenly."

"Ah, Auntie, what do I care! I only know that I love him and he is in great need." But she was checked in the flow of her confidence. She walked once or twice across the room and then, kissing her aunt impulsively on the cheek, she hurried away upstairs.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to realise herself. She had spoken the truth. She loved him. The eternal knowledge of it had overwhelmed her when the flood-gates of her tears had been loosened. Then a thought came to her that made her heart stand still for a moment and then beat wildly. Had she not twice told him that she

would love him even if he were guilty? He had not uttered a reproachful word. It was generous. How easy and how natural to have cast her saying in her teeth!

Gradually horror at his crime faded away in a great yearning pity, and self-reproach. He had come to her with his Nessus shirt of dishonour eating into his flesh, and she had not lifted a finger to help him to cast it away. The metaphor clung to her, haunted her. She seemed to see him writhing in the agony of the poisoned garment, in an awful solitude. She forgot self in the man's anguish. An intense longing for action came over her—an imperious need of delivering him. What could she do? To stay in that bedroom and eat her heart out in lonely inactivity was unbearable. Equally impossible to sit downstairs with her aunt. She would go out into the streets and walk, perhaps send him a telegram. The idea overpowered her. She caught up her hat that had been lying on the bed since she had taken it off on her return from the trial, arranged her hair hurriedly, and went out into the street. At the corner she stopped, hesitating which way to turn. It was the corner she had watched so often, with a glad heart, in expectation of Winthrop. A hansom cab came crawling along, and the driver pulled up and touched his hat.

She looked up blankly at the man for some seconds. A great, wild inspiration had seized upon her, and with a sudden overmastering impulse, she gave Winthrop's address to the cabman, and in a few moments was being rapidly borne eastwards towards Gray's Inn. She leaned back and shut her eyes. The hurrying streets had lost the joyous clamour that her fancy that afternoon had cast over them. They gave her rather the impression of the pitiless rush and whirl of life. She, too, was speeding onward with a masterful purpose, on which all the force of her soul was concentrated. Yet she was elated, in a stern, desperate fashion, like one

who in war brings relief to a man in a sinking garrison. The errand on which she was bound was one of life or death, and in her heart she did not doubt of the issue. Many scenes in their love recurred to her during the long, interminable drive, especially those immediately preceding their appointed wedding day. She saw the reason now of his refusal to marry her. How he had suffered! And the thought of his suffering brought before her mind the picture of his face as she had last seen it—haggard, convulsed, in unutterable yearning anguish. She pressed both her hands to her eyes. Her whole woman's nature leaped towards him.

How the cab crawled along! They were mending the roadway near the Marble Arch, and the progress of the crowded stream of vehicles was maddeningly slow. In spirit she was by the side of the stricken man, comforting him, clinging to him, holding him to her heart, pouring out her love and devotion in vehement speech; and she was forced to sit there, idly staring into the interior of the lumbering omnibus that was blocking the way. Even when they emerged into the open road they seemed to be creeping at a snail's pace. She thrust open the trap-door in the roof and cried loudly to the driver to go faster.

At last the cab stopped in Holborn, before the low gateway of the Inn, and as to make up for the time lost in the cab, she hurried in feverish haste through the courts, by the hall, until she came to the pleasant tree-planted front of Raymond's Buildings, where Winthrop's chambers were situated. At No. 4 she stopped for a moment, to take breath, before mounting the stone stairs. The sight of Winthrop's name painted on the list appealed to her with a little sense of comfort. She was near him now. He was in. She was certain of it. In a few moments gladness would be in his heart. She mounted the stairs with a quick, confident tread to the second floor. Yes; he was in. His outer oak

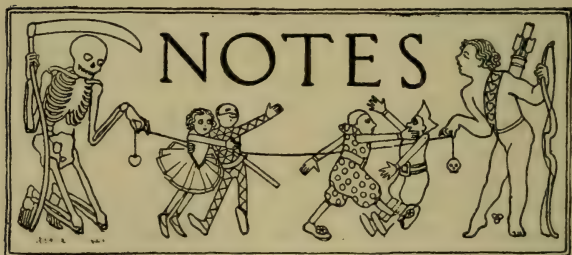
was unsported. She knocked at the little brass knocker on the inner door, waited, then knocked again. There was no response, and a wretched feeling of disappointment began to creep over her.

She would go in and wait, write him a letter. The inner door gave access to a dark little lobby, through which she passed, and grouped for the handle of the sitting-room door. Then she paused for a moment, impatient. "Harold! Harold!" she cried.

But no answer coming, she sought again for the handle. At last she found it, and entered into the sitting-room. The rays of the setting sun, streaming in through the window, dazzled her eyes for a moment as she looked round in search of him. But as she passed by the great centre table, she suddenly stood still, staring in an awful horror.

Winthrop was lying dead on the hearthrug!

W. J. LOCKE.



¶ A contemporary says *The Philistine* has no equal for cleverness. It is even more distinguished than that. It has no inferior.

¶ There is something pathetic in the flood of praise—be it extravagant or just—which has gathered round the name of Robert Louis Stevenson during the last year. The world



has been generous, and it sought—in repentant mood, I fancy—to make up for its early neglect and later indifference. Stevenson's life was not a happy one: his successes were so far from his ideals, his achievements carried so little of satisfaction, that, only eighteen months ago, we find him writing: "Were it not for my health, which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest, common-

place trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during all these ill years."

¶ Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Richard Harding Davis recently met at a reception. Miss Terry wanted to be nice, and remarked pleasantly: "I have read several of your books, Mr. Davis; in fact, nearly all, I think—except the last one, the one that has been most talked about, you know—Jimmie Fadden, is n't it?"

Remembering the thrilling challenge to fight a duel which Mr. Davis sent to Mr. Townsend on a former occasion, these new prospects of war assume alluring proportions.

¶ An appreciative creature who signs herself the "Woman About Town" has contributed the following entertaining story to the *Washington Post*. It is reprinted here in the thought that it may amuse the many people who did not read the CHAP-BOOK for January 1st and—some who did:

"The editor of a large publication intended solely for the improvement and literary recreation of women and girls, but read surrepti-

tiously by the other half who are anxious to become wise in the ways of women, sent this telegram to the author of a serial being published in his model journal :

“‘To J. B., &c.:

Can't you change this passage : And Benson hurriedly poured out a glass of Madeira and drank it down? Our journal never makes any references to wine or spirituous liquor. Subscribers will not stand it. Answer prepaid.”

“The author is noted for his detestation of interviewers. Benson was the hero of the story. This was the prepaid answer.

“‘To Nobs, &c.:

“‘Yes! Make it read : ‘And Benson hurriedly poured out a glass of Million's Infant Food and gulped it down with satisfaction.”

“The passage was not changed. The hero got his drink, but it is not yet reported what the subscribers said.”

¶“Condescension is an excellent thing ; but it is strange how one-sided the pleasure of it is.”—Stevenson in *Weir of Her-miston*.

“The CHAP-BOOK hereafter will cost a dime. A man can see a great many freaks in a museum for that price, and the editors of the Chicago semi-monthly should look to their rivals.”—*Boston Journal*.

¶Some time ago a gentleman who is a familiar figure in the offices of all London publishers visited in





America, and one afternoon sat in the CHAP-BOOK editorial rooms. Wishing to speak of a private matter, he looked doubtfully at the janitor's assistants who were engaged in cleansing the windows, and murmured, "Shall I go on freely? These men, are they—are they poets?"

The remark was illuminating, for if it contained a slight exaggeration, for the sake of the humorous, it yet revealed the minor poet in a menial capacity and servile attitude before his publisher. I

have often thought that the financial returns from the printing of poetry must be so small that the poet would be condemned to hard labor to make up the deficit on the publisher's books. But even the ordinary poet of commerce, he whose verse is not published, though a mean-spirited creature, is not so degraded as this story implies.

The situation is paradoxical. Until all poets be men of substance, publishers cannot print their rhymes. Yet constantly books of verse are published. The explanation is not far to seek; it is already known to many, but I have never seen it in print. There are no minor poets. They are only names, and the publishers write their own verses.

This is notoriously so in England, and it is a matter of common rumor in London that the poets of the Bodley Head are only names under cover of which Mr. John Lane prints his writings. Of course Mr. Lane varies his style somewhat, and by a proper choice of names gives a certain air of verisimilitude to the whole thing. For a time people were deceived, but the poets were never seen, Mr. Lane refused to produce them, and his secret was guessed. That a like scheme, less carefully planned, should have, up to this time, succeeded here, is curious. Ethelwyn Wetherald! does not

the very name seem a lie? Can any one believe that such a person exists? I am prepared to assert, without further proof, indeed without any proof whatsoever, that she is no other than Edward Ruthven Lamson of Lamson, Wolfe & Co., and that Mr. Lamson's partner does not deceive me by masquerading as E. Pauline Johnson, An Indian Princess. Zitella Cocke can only be Herbert Copeland, and the discovery of William Lindsay was only introspection on the part of Fred Holland Day. I myself confess to being C. Felix Tommy La Font. After this, can there be any doubt that J. Edmund V. Cooke is one of G. P. Putnam's Sons?

¶ They say that prophets are not without honor save in their own country. I have never much believed this. It seemed they failed of appreciation abroad as inevitably as at home. But I have only to form an opinion, and I begin to discover proof to the contrary. In a small French magazine I find a list of the leading and representative periodicals of all the countries of the world. America is represented by "Der Arme Teufel," published at 6 Champlain Street, Detroit, Michigan.

¶ The CHAP-BOOK has great pleasure in publishing this thrilling bit of information. It is quoted from the *Home Journal*:

"Queen Victoria is said to have a warm liking for the beauty and pathos of the music of the Emerald Isle."

In this connection it may not be considered inopportune to quote from the same paper the concluding remarks in an article on New York and Chicago:

"There are two points in which this city by the sea is and will remain distinctly superior to the city by the lake. She has that (comparative) cleanliness which is next to godliness, and she has the *Home Journal*."

The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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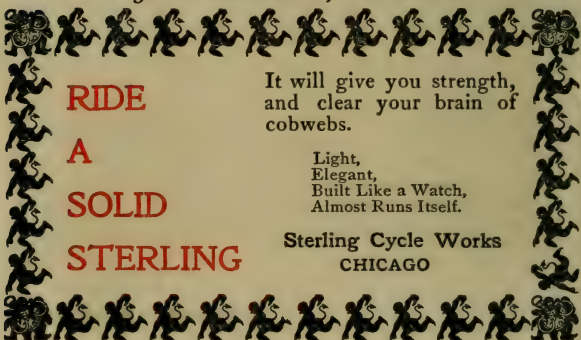
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SEMI-MONTHLY

March 15, 1896



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THE FEN-FIRE

THE misty rain makes dim my face,
 The night's black cloak is o'er me;
 I tread the dripping cypress place,
 A flickering light before me.

Out of the death of leaves that rot,
 And ooze and weedy water,
 My form was breathed to haunt this spot,
 Death's immaterial daughter.

The owl that hoots upon the yew,
 The snake that lairs within it,
 Have seen my wild face flashing blue
 For one fantastic minute.

But should you follow where my eyes
 Like some pale lamp decoy you,
 Beware ! lest suddenly I rise
 With love that shall destroy you.

MADISON CAWEIN.

THE RETURN OF THE GIRL

*τάδε νῦν ἐταίραις
 ταῖς ἑμαῖσι τέρπνα κάλως ἀείσω.*

—*Sappho, Frag. II.*

TO begin with, a girl is, generally speaking, an interesting organism, and a perfect specimen finds prompt welcome in any cabinet. The type is not palaeozoic; at all events no fossil remains have yet been discovered in any of the rocks; but Jane Austen may serve in that stead, duly pinned and labeled archeparthenos.

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Not of grizzled spinsters dully staring, in the mummy stage of existence, out of vitreous eyes furnished by the taxidermist, but of plump, sound, hearty young girls do we now wish some scientific notes. Let the withered type-specimens remain in their glass cases for the benefit of Professor Shelfdust and the English novelists: our heroine is yet under twenty years of age; she has never heard of sociology and is marvelously ignorant of the ethics of elopement; but she is as clever as she is fascinating.

Sappho knew the value of her sex in the bud, when perfect girl nature was just beginning to let go its charming essentials upon the air.

*τίς δ' ἀγροιώτις τοι θέλγει νόον,
οὐκ ἐπισταμένα τὰ βράκε' ἔγκην ἐπὶ τῶν σφύρων;*

“What rustic lass can win your heart
Without a touch of girlish art?”

Or literally: “What rustic maiden, even, can captivate your mind, if she is not clever at drawing her skirts around her ankles?” There shows the brush of genius; a fine stroke, like the circle of Giotto, projecting a complete figure; and it is warm with life. The girl is pretty, brown as a berry, smiling and lissofly graceful. Her sophistication is altogether hereditary. Sidney had her in mind when he wrote:

“Gay hair, more gay than straw when harvest lies,
Lips red and plump as cherries' ruddy side,
Eyes fair and great, like fair great ox's eyes, . . .
. . . Flesh as soft as wool new dressed,
And yet as hard as brawn made hard by art.”

Like a bird in a bush, the strong, healthy girl shows her decorations with enthusiastic willingness, yet shyly, flitting betimes and keeping quite out of reach, while apparently not thinking of danger. Even the wild lass, saucing Daphnis



DESIGNED FOR THE CHAP-BOOK BY
FRANK HAZENPLUG.

from the doorway of her cave, knew perfectly well that he would hang his head and pass by. She was *σύνοφρυς κόρα*; that is, her eyebrows ran together across her nose, which was not as unfortunate as Herrick's sort of girl, who was

“One of those
That an acre hath of nose.”

Why will the thought of berries come up? Dear old Suckling gave vent to it thus :

“No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice. ”

No wonder that it has been a persistent dream of masculine poets to

“Journey along
With an armful of girl and a heart full of song!”

We older folk, who were brought up and educated in the sweet provincial ways, can see that it has been the atrabilious old maids and the matronly flirts who have banished the dear, delicious girl from artistic consideration. The woman of thirty, and upwards, by persistent maneuvering, has got between us and sweet sixteen. What we have to show for the change is the feminine novel of nasty morals. Of course many of these flabby romances about over-mature heroines are written by men ; but they are mostly men of a beardless style with much complaint to make against their ancestors. A sound man naturally loves a healthy young girl and wants to be her father, her brother or her lover, according to propriety. He is, moreover, lenient towards the elderly unmarried females, when they do not insist upon the superiority of an Isabella-colored complexion ; but at best they are not girls ; in which they differ from happily married women, who keep to themselves a girlish charm late into life.

We all have our misfortunes for which we are not in the least to blame. The single woman whose bloom is gone is interesting as an embodied pathos, but not thrilling as a sweetheart; she looks dry as a heroine of romance; she spoils a love-song. No wonder that the realists cannot fit their art to girlhood while their theory of life excludes sweetness and health. It is a pursuit of love within discouraging limitations when some middle-aged man, with gray in his whiskers, limps rheumatically on the track of a stout lady in her thirties, and with a picture of such a race is pessimism best represented.

But the healthy and natural girl, apple-cheeked and merry-eyed, sweet-voiced—*πάρθενον ἀδύφρονον*—a girl of girls, is what charms mankind in life and literature. Her ways are like thistledown in a summer breeze; they suggest idyllic dreams and make us believe in all manner of delightful human happiness. We are all poets when she engages our imagination; we are all young when she loves us; we are all good in her presence,—holy-minded at thought of her.

Perhaps the surest sign of decadence in art is the appearance of the dame in the space naturally occupied by the lass; for it proves that taste is no longer an elemental impulse, but rather a matter of fashion, or of illicit influence. We do not find Madame Bovary appealing to the ever-fresh wells of our manhood. We could not be glad of having her for mother, wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart. She poisons our imagination and repels our interest. It is a delight to turn away from her to the blushing young heroine who loves purely and with all her heart—a girl as fresh and sound as a May strawberry.

Of all unnatural things none can seem quite so unjust as ill health falling upon a girl. Balzac, in one of his hideously interesting romances, pictures to the minutest line a poor child stricken with disease and robbed of her season of bud



and bloom. I have always felt that the story was an unpardonable piece of writing. We sometimes see such pitiful and appealing objects in the street, or at some country place; but why should they be put into books written for our delectation?

Once upon a time a friend and I, upon archery intent, tramped together for a fortnight among the hills of North Carolina, in a region given over to the race of mountaineers. It was saddening to observe the lean, vacant, bloodless faces of the girls in the cabins. As a rule, however, activity of body and a certain limberness go with these desiccated-looking countenances, and now and again you find a flower of rustic loveliness wasting its sweetness and ignorance on the mountain air. An instance comes to mind. We were having luncheon at a spring under the hill, upon which an ancient cabin nestled amid its peach trees.

Down a zig-zag path worn into the brick-yellow clay and rotten slate of the declivity came a maiden bearing on her head a cedar noggin. She stepped briskly and nimbly, not deigning to touch the noggin with her hand, but with scarcely perceptible head-movements kept it at perfect equilibrium on her crown. Bare-footed, her coarse blue petticoat very scant and short, a wonderful brush of pale gold hair crinkling over her perfect shoulders, her arms half bare, a throat like a bird's and a face-flower full of happy lights, she made just that sudden impression of æsthetic surprise which comes with the poet's rarest phrase and most unexpected rhyme.

It turned out that this strong young thing was as ignorant and empty as she was beautiful and healthy; but when she spoke to us her voice had the *timbre* of a hermit thrush's and she gave us a glimpse of teeth incomparably white and even. She was not timid, not bold, but natural. Took hold of my yew bow, which rested against a tree, and in-

quired about it, fingered my arrows and quiver, asked my companion whither we were going. All this time the cedar noggin on her sunny head wagged gently, but kept its place, until presently she took it off, and, with a melodious souse in the spring, filled it, replaced it aloft and walked back up the hill, hands down and absolutely sure of foot.

"Well," said my companion, in a breathless tone, "if I did n't think for a moment that you meant to shoot her! A regular wood nymph."

As for myself I did not like the wood nymph applied to a girl like that. She was as pretty, as pure and as ignorant as a wild blue violet, and evidently as happy as a lark in a meadow. I felt the better for having seen her, and as we trudged on, there was a new fragrance in my imagination.

The streets and suburban lanes of our little Western towns and cities offer great facilities for the study of happy girlhood, large thanks to the bicycle. During my summer walks and drives I meet wisps and flocks and bevvies of lasses, or they pass me at scorching speed. They put the "bicycle-face" to shame with their rippling countenances and merry chatter. I shall never, I hope, forget one little maid of fifteen who drove her wheel as straight and steady as a flying quail, with her arms folded on her breast, and her lithe body poised inimitably. She looked at me with big round eyes, as if to say: "Do you see how I can do this?"

Indeed, my enjoyment of the frank sweetness in the air where girls are at play would be perfect were it not for the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" so often in evidence; but for him, all becurled and beruffled, I have a supreme and stony aversion. If some ruddy, ragged urchin, of the true Adamic race, would but down him and bedaub him with mud! If some girl would spank him and send him home—but the girl seems actually to like the self-conscious and unnatural little scamp. She smoothes his collar and pulls down his

velvet jacket, hugs him and calls him pet names. He is the fellow who will grow up to be gun-shy, and inclined to marry a double-divorced actress, much to the girl's disgust.

It was Madame de Staël, I believe, who said: "Let my children be not girls; for a woman's life is so sad." Even she, however, did not find girlhood unhappy, and the preventive to be used against the misery of womanhood would be to hold on to girlish simplicity, faith and sanity as long as possible. We grow like what we contemplate, and the question is, do we now-a-days give adequate contemplation to the true, the beautiful and the good, whose symbol and measure is the heart of a healthy girl? Our civilization must luxuriate in what maidenhood can safely assimilate, or it must grovel at the feet of the yellow woman tough and *passée*.

There is encouraging evidence, visible just now, of a desire on the public's part to get rid of Old Mrs. Woman, and take up once more with her granddaughter, the not wholly unsophisticated, but yet quite innocent and undesigning maiden. Men of the right sort have always felt that the happy married woman should be sheltered from publicity, and that the unhappy wife's sorrows are sacred; but the love of a youth and a maid, that is something for the delight of the whole world. We are tired of this rank immorality tricked out in the toggery of love—and the lovers married to other folk—this rank immorality of the old blasé hero and the adroit, conscienceless and time-battered heroine.

A return to the insipid pastoral of the early centuries would be tolerable, if no better shift can be had, as a breach full and wide with the feminine party of faded spinsterhood and preposterous sociology, of tirades against marriage and of the sainthood of grass widows. Let in the young girl of sound body and merry heart; give her another chance; the

whole world is ready to welcome her. Her smile will banish the yellow dust of the faded asters; her presence will hush even the whisper of brutalities.

The other day I wrote to a distant friend and put to him Horace's light question :

“*Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?*”

Back came the answer : “I am running races with my three little girls. What is there better to do?” A man of gravity and distinction playing with his little daughters has what a politician would call a “pull” upon the gods for the highest joy of existence. From that play-ground he bears away the nectar of incomparable flowers, and the pollen on his thighs will freshen the whole hive of the world.

We may be sure that there is something wrong when we hear it growled around that young maidenhood is insipid in art, and that virility—a murrain seize the word—demands a Harriet Martineau, or the like, for a good, substantial feast of the imagination. Not assuming to know a great deal about virile women, I can venture the statement that truly virile men adore the young girl. She is the heroine of the iron-willed, vastly capable, boy-hearted fellows who make the world move. There is always a love of simple, elemental pleasures in great masculine natures. Precious little they care for artificial cheeks and penciled eyebrows. Better a healthy, dewy-lipped milkmaid, singing behind the hedge, than a bediamonded old heiress whose teeth have ground luxuries some three dozen long years.

At all events my own preference for the blushing young heroine is unalterable, and I am eager to see her come back, garlanded and happy, to take her rightful place in both life and romance. I long to read yet one more book wherein the sound-hearted story-teller gives full run to that quintessential joy of loving which only the young girl can inspire.

I am tired of bacon and potatoes ; give me some of old Ger-
vase Markham's simples—

“The king-cup, the pansy with the violet,
The rose that loves the shower,
The wholesome gilliflower.”

MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE SOUL AND SIN

THE soul and Sin sat down together,
In an hour of bleak and biting weather.
Empty the sunshine, and everywhere
Sharp words were hissed through the bitter air,
And the frost had blackened the heather.

Then the chilled soul, racked without and within,
Cried: “Sit thee down beside me, Sin.”
It would not touch Sin's wrinkled hand,
But it fain would gaze and understand,
Sin's marvellous lore to win.

In Sin's eyes were shadows
More than pass on a teeming theatre-floor ;
And down dark, tortuous vistas strange
The eyes of the startled soul could range,
As one peers through an open door.

And the soul gazed on with a shrinking heart,
And keeping her garments far apart
From the thing called Sin, whose eyes she scanned
With a sickening pang, yet a fierce demand,
And many a shudder and start.

Flame-like the shadows, fitful, weird,
Half-beautiful, half to be feared :

They bowed them in shadow goblin-wise ;
Or mowing leaned from Sin's great eyes,
Or swept along and peered.

Time rolled on as the soul gazed still,
Murmuring : " Strange are these shapes of ill."
Till last came one of a beauty rare,
And it lingered and glanced 'neath its ebon hair,
While the soul could gaze its fill.

And never a word the still soul said,
And still was that phantom, still as the dead ;
But it gazed and it smiled as the soul could see,
Yea, it gazed and it smiled entrancingly,
Till the soul's charmed look was fed.

Then, round the rapt soul, as it forward bent,
Strange sounds as of wailing waters went ;
But the soul bent further, whispering low :
" As fair as the fairest dream we know
By the kindly heavens sent."

Then the other : " Ay ; and but fair for this,
That I feel thy lips in a tremulous kiss :—
Fain wouldst thou learn to understand ?
Then touch me, touch me with thy hand ;
In that touch lies a marvellous bliss."

" Come ! " cried the shape, and forth it strove,
A pulse in its lip like the lip of love.
With throbs like a heart's its dark eyes gleamed,
A quivering life through its nostrils streamed,
And a web its black locks wove.

Shrinking like sheep from the shearer's brand,
Sobbing, the soul stretched forth its hand ;
Then leapt from Sin's eyes, with mocking song,

That shadow that dwelt in the brain of Wrong,
To the touch of soul's faint hand.

It leapt like a goddess from godhead's brain,
A being now in its terrible bane,
New-born, with a power to dwell in the land ;—
And it girdled the soul with the fiery band
Of a love that was worse than pain.

Oh, the soul and the mystery grappled long,
The loss to the weak and the gain to the strong,
In that struggle of potencies, locked to wed,
The soul with its bane, the quick with the dead
That to life would full fain belong.

The struggle is over. With fitful moan,
The soul sits ashy and gray as stone ;
And it moans : " I have touched it with my hand,
Now—ah, now—I understand."
And it shrinks as it sits alone.

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

A LITTLE BOY AMONG THE NEW MASTERS



It was something over a year ago that a yellow-haired, blue-eyed youth appeared in the Caxton Building with a drawing representing apparently an egg of the legendary roc, ornately decorated, and furnished with spindle legs, dancing a *pas seul* before an unmistakable Beardsley clown. This was Mr. Frank Hazenplug's first attempt at decorative drawing.

Three years before this he had had a three months' course in designing at the Chicago Art Institute, and



A MOTIVE

DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON

when forced to give this up had worked for a short time at architectural modeling in plaster. Then came a time of routine office work, and finally leisure, a copy of the *Yellow Book*, and a caprice to imitate Beardsley. The first result of this was the dancing egg, and shortly after a drawing which appeared in the CHAP-BOOK of January 15, '95. Here the Beardsley inspiration is predominant; in fact, the drawing is printed "With apologies to Mr. Beardsley."

After this modest first bow to the public came a period of quiet, strenuous endeavor. Working entirely alone, Mr. Hazenplug put himself to the test of a constant change of style. One month saw him drawing like the most decadent of decadent Englishmen; the next saw him imitating the style of old woodcuts; and the third found him attacking the problems of poster-making which have been mastered only by the French. He was teaching himself, and his chosen method was imitation, deliberate, earnest, and constant.

Imitation is not necessarily a crime, if it be clever, and temporary. It is a far cry from Chicago to Edinburgh, yet we all know how Stevenson learned to write in those youthful days. Imitation, moreover, is a term which is so bandied about by critics that it has lost half its force. Indeed, accusation of imitation is now one of the sincerest forms of flattery. During the past two years it has been the fashion to accuse any draughtsman whose picture was ever so slightly bizarre and original of *imitating Beardsley*. But because this same Aubrey produced startling effects in black and white he did not preëempt the entire process. Since Albrecht Dürer and before his time men have drawn with pen and ink. True, Mr. Beardsley found ugliness piquant, but from the days of Botticelli artists have been amorous of perversity.

While Mr. Hazenplug thus daily apprenticed himself to new masters and worshipped strange gods, his own technical ability was constantly growing. His lines became firmer

and more delicate, his massing of black surer and bolder. And withal he came to know something of his own individuality, and how he might induce the inhabitants of his inner *pays des fées* to venture forth into his drawings. He ceased to be a mere imitator. If he has learned from others how to draw he has not learned what to draw. Passing all his life in this unlovely city of Chicago, living little with books, and less with bookish people, he has had little inspiration from the outside.

In the issue of June 1st, '95, you will find his second appearance, a curious picture, labeled (after the picture was drawn) "The Blind." Two slender nude figures wander groping through a forest of stiff, slim saplings, of which one sees only the abnormally long, thin trunks. The whole is crossed with minute parallel horizontal lines, and merely as a decorative arrangement in white and



black is notable. It does, besides, express a mood, a shade of feeling, if you will, a vague, intangible something, which the artist caught as it fluttered in his consciousness.

In July of that summer Mr. Hazenplug did a decoration for "A Song," by Jean Wright, which opens with a quotation from the Arabic :

"Love blows as the wind blows,
Love blows into the heart."

By a graceful little tree, sure to sway with every breath of wind from that imaginary Arabian upland meadow, stands a lithe figure of a woman, in twisted, trailing clothes with oriental stripes and patterns. She idly fingers the leaves of the little tree with hands a quarter as big as they should be, and a head in like proportion surmounts a body of impossible anatomy. Yet in spite of these faults, so obvious as to show the beginner, it is a gracious, poetic figure, pure and idyllic.

The technique of this picture will illustrate one of Mr. Hazenplug's methods. It is entirely line work. There are no strong masses. The foliage of the trees is done with endless labor and all the preciseness of the early Germans. The rest of the landscape is merely hinted at. Yet one feels that what has been left out is *not* merely broad masses. One is haunted by the exquisite detail suggested in a few strokes, and half wishes for a tangle of grass and daisies, such as some of the early Italians used to paint in place of broad strokes of green which do duty as turf in most modern pictures. This feeling of intricate beauty, with a sense of perfumed airs, pale greens and pinks, the murmur of streams, and a remoteness from real life, is found again in the decorations for John Bennett's "The Love of a Summer Day," on January 15th. A comparison with the picture of January 15 of the previous year will show what astonishing progress has been made, from ineffectual imitation to original work of distinct merit.

The borders in pure design, with figures, which form the setting of John Davidson's "Ballad of an Artist's Wife," are perhaps Mr. Hazenplug's most notable work so far. This, entirely in line drawing and with no solid masses, is in a graceful yet stately manner. One weeping female figure, in particular, droops like a fading flower.

Yet in these pictures is the proof of the danger of inspiration by isolation. Charming as they are, they are drawn with little reference to the poem they surround. The artist gives us delightful glimpses of a dainty and sumptuous world, but he does not add the charm of subtle reference to the past or present glories of literature and art. St. Jerome, for example, in this number, is indeed a saint—in Mr. Hazenplug's country. But, though he superabounds in halos in most unchurchly fashion, he is not so surely a Christian saint. Putting new wine in new bottles is not the whole of art. One should be able also to put old wine in new bottles, and, if need be, the new wine in old bottles.

The first poster signed by Mr. Hazenplug was identical with the cover of November 1st, and called, officially, "The Red Lady," (by a cheerful calumniator, "The Idiot Undressing"). In truth it might as well be called that as anything else. Its merit is the massing, in a small space, of black, red, and white in a way that will cry to the passer-by from across the street. The drawing is inessential. It is a color scheme with an incidental resemblance to the human form undivine.

But in the design for "Living Posters," made last December, we have the nearest approach to French methods and ideals in poster-making that an American designer has yet made. A thin, angular, red-haired woman sits on a red chair, in a trailing gray gown, with a broad band of red down her back, and cranes a long neck away from us. She is artificially, consciously ugly. Yet one

might as well deny her charm as that of Yvette Guilbert. With the latter we wasted adjectives and vague phrases which should have lasted the year out, trying to explain what is unexplainable. The quality of "*chic*" is an eternal fact, and forces recognition wherever it is found.

Appreciation of Mr. Hazenplug now is necessarily a chronicle of progress. His present achievements count as little beside what we hope for the future. Yet that future cannot be far away. One year's work has developed a real talent which has not lacked appreciation. Two, three years should make him a decorative master of the first rank.

HARRISON GARFIELD RHODES.

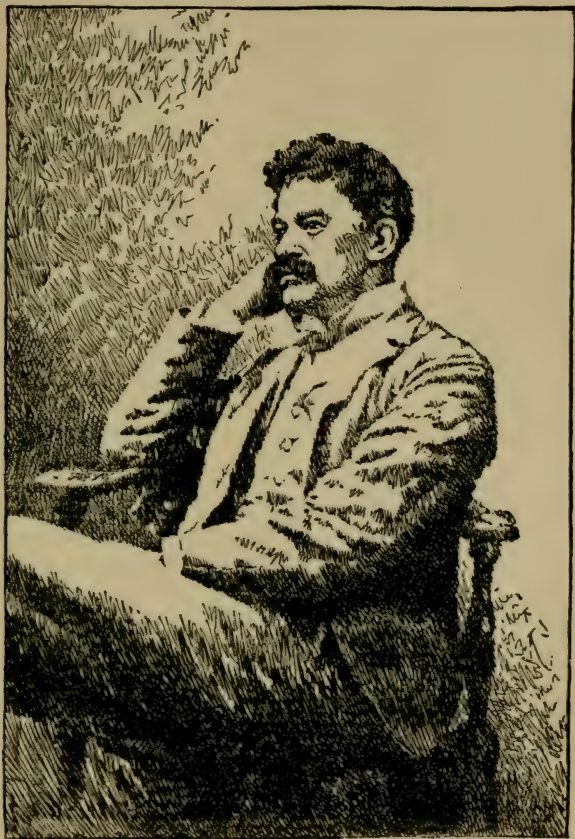
THE WIND OF VAIN REPLIES

IT was the wind of vain replies
Shuddering among my blackened flowers.
"The cold is come, the birds are fled,
The low moon glowers on the skies;
What do you seek at these late hours?
The bud and bloom and fruit are dead
Long, long ago." "I find," he said,
"Dead desires."

It was the wind of vain replies
Sorrowing among my trees.
"When youth was ours, vain one," I cried,
"And love, with laughter in his eyes,
You sang us different songs from these.
Where are the summer songs that died
Long, long ago?" "They call," he sighed,
"Dead desires."

G. K. TURNER.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

NELL GWYN

“**N**ELLY—Nelly—Nell! Now, where’s the wench?” cried Mrs. Gwyn before she had more than passed the threshold of her daughter’s house in St. James’s Park—the house with the terrace garden where, as the sedate Evelyn records, the charming Nelly had stood exchanging some very lively phrases with her royal lover on the green walk below, giving the grave gentleman cause to grieve greatly. But, alas! the record of his sorrow has only made his untold readers mad that they had not been present to grieve also over that entrancing tableau. “Nelly—Nell! Where’s your mistress, sirrah?” continued the somewhat portly and undoubtedly over-dressed mother of the “impudent comedian” referred to by Evelyn, turning to a man-servant who wore the scarlet livery of the king.

“Where should she be, madam, at this hour, unless in the hands of her tire-women? It is but an hour past noon.”

“You lie, knave! She is at hand,” cried the lady as the musical lilt of a song sounded on the landing above the dozen shallow oak stairs leading out of the square hall, and a couple of fat spaniels at the sound lazily left their place on a cushion and waddled towards the stairs to meet and greet their mistress.

She appeared on the lobby and stood for a moment or two looking out of a window that commanded a fine view of the trees outside—they were in blossom right down to the wall. She made a lovely picture, with one hand shading her eyes from the sunlight that entered through the small square panes, singing all the time in pure lightness of heart. She wore her brown hair in the short ringlets of the period, and they danced on each side of her face as if they were knowing little sprites for whose ears her singing was meant.

“Wench!” shouted her mother from below. (The sprites

that danced to the music of the mother's voice were of a heavier order altogether.)

"What, mother? I scarce knew that you were journeying hither to-day," cried Nelly, coming down the stairs. "'T is an honour and a surprise as well; and, i' faith, now that I come to think on't the surprise is a deal greater than the honour. If you say you haven't come hither for more money my surprise will be unbounded."

It was nothing to Nelly that she spoke loud enough to be heard by the footmen in the hall as well as by the servants in the kitchen. She knew that they knew all about her, and all about her mother as well. Perhaps some of them had bought oranges from her or her mother in the old days at Drury Lane, before she had become distinguished as an actress, and in other ways.

"I 'm not come for money, though a trifle would be welcome," said the mother when Nelly had shown her the way into one of the rooms opening off a corridor at one side of the hall—a large apartment, furnished with ludicrous incongruity. A lovely settee made by the greatest artist in France, and upholstered in bright tapestry, was flanked by a couple of hideous chairs put together by the stage carpenter of Drury Lane, and by him presented to Nelly. A pair of Sèvres vases which had for some years been in St. James's Palace, stood on a sideboard among some rubbish of porcelain that Nelly had picked up in the purlieus of Westminster.

The mother was about to seat herself heavily on the gilded settee, when Nelly gave a little scream, startling the elder lady so that she, too, screamed, a little hoarsely, in sympathy.

"What's the matter, girl—what's the matter?" she cried.

"Nothing is the matter so far, mother, but a mighty deal

would have been the matter if you had seated yourself other where than in that chair. 'Snails, madam, who are you that you should plump your person down on a seat that was made for a legitimate monarch?"

"I'm a legitimate wife, hear you that, you perky wench?" cried the mother, craning her neck forward after the most approved fashion of pending belligerents at Lewkinor Street, Drury Lane.

"The greater reason you should avoid that settee, dear mother; it has never been other than the chattel of a prince," laughed Nelly. "And now, prithee, why the honour of this visit while the month is not yet near its close?"

"I have met with an old friend of yours this day, Nell," said the mother, "and he is coming hither—'t is that hath brought me."

"An old friend! I' faith, good mother, 't is the young friends are more to my taste. The savour of Lewkinor Street does not smell sweet, and it clings most foully to all our old friends."

"Oh, ay, but you once was n't so dainty a madam."

"'T were vain to deny it, mother, since it can be urged against me that I became your daughter. No, no, good mother, friend me no old friends—I like them new—the newer the better—plenty of gilding—none of it rubbed off—gingerbread and courtiers—plenty of gilding and plenty of spice beneath. But the old life in Lewkinor Street—in the coal yard—ah! 't was like to our oranges, mother; thick skin above and sourness under. 'Snails! it doth set my teeth on edge to think of it."

"Oh, ay; but now and again we lighted upon a Levant orange in the midst of a basketful—a sweet one to suck and one to leave a sweet taste behind it."

"The best were mightily improved by the addition of a lump of sugar. But what hath all this vegetable philosophy

to do with your visit to me to-day? If you mean to stay I'll send out for a couple of stone of sugar without delay."

"Philosophy, Madame Impudence. You accuse your mother of philosophy, when everyone knows that your own language was—"

"Worthy of a lady of quality, mother. It seemeth that you are anxious to hear whether or not I retain anything of my old skill in that direction, and by my faith, dear mother, you shall learn more than will satisfy your curiosity if you beat about the bush much longer. Whom say you that you met to-day?"

"What should you say if I told you that his name was Dick Harraden?"

"What, Lick! Dick!—Dick Harraden!" Nell had sprung to her feet, and had grasped her mother by the shoulder, eagerly peering into her face. After a moment of silence following her exclamation, she gave her mother a little push in the act of taking her hand off her shoulder, and threw herself back in her own chair again with a laugh—a laugh that surrounded a sigh as a bright nimbus surrounds the sad face of a saint in a picture.

"What should I say, do you ask me?" she cried. "Well, I should say that you were a liar, good mother," she cried. Nell was never particular in her language. As an exponent of the reaction against the Puritanism of the previous generation she was admitted by very competent judges to have scarcely any equal.

"I'm no liar," said the mother. "'Twas Dick himself I met face to face."

"It puzzles me to see wherein lies your hope of getting money from me by telling me such a tale," said Nell.

"I want not your money—at least, not till the end of the month or thereabouts. I tell you I saw Dick within the hour."

"'T was his ghost. You know that when he threw away his link he took to the sea and was drowned in a storm off the Grand Canary. What did the seafaring man tell us when I asked him if he had seen Dick?"

"A maudlin knave who offered you a guinea for a kiss at the pit door at Drury Lane, and then bought a basket of oranges and gave them away singly to all comers."

"But he said he had sailed in the same ship as Dick, and that it had gone down with all aboard save only himself."

"Oh, ay; and he wept plentifully when he saw how you wept—ay, and offered to be your sweetheart in the stead of poor Dick, the knave! For I saw Dick with these eyes within the hour."

"Oh, mother—and you told him—no, you dursn't tell him——"

"He had just this morning come to London from the Indies, and it was luck—ill-luck maybe—that made him run against me. He plied me with question after question—all about Nell—his Nell, he called you, if you please."

"His Nell—ah, mother, his Nell! Well, you told him——"

"I told him that you would never more need his aid to buy foot-gear. Lord! Nell, do you mind how he bought you the worsted stockings when you were nigh mad with the chilblains."

"And you told him—— For God's sake say what you told him."

"I did n't mention the king's name—no, I'm loyal to his Majesty, God save him! I only told him that you had given up selling oranges in the pit of Drury Lane, and had taken to the less reputable part of the house, to wit, the stage."

"Poor Dick! he did n't like to hear that. Oh, if he had stayed at home and had carried his link as before, all would have been well."

"What is the wench talking about? Well—all would have been well? And is not all well, you jade? 'T were rank treason to say else. Isn't this room with its gilded looking-glasses and painted vases pretty well for one who had been an orange girl? The king is a gentleman, and a merry gentleman, too. Well, indeed!"

"But Dick!—what more did you say to him, mother?"

"I asked him after himself, to be sure. I' faith the lad has prospered, Nell—not as you have prospered, to be sure."

"Nay, not as I have prospered."

"Of course not; but still somewhat. He will tell you all himself."

"What? You told him where I dwelt?"

"I meant it not, Nelly; but he had it from me before I was aware. But he knows nothing. I tell you he only came to London from Bristol Port in the morning. He will have no time to hear of the king and the king's fancies before he sees you."

"He is coming hither, then? No, he must not come. Oh, he shall not come. Mother, you have played me false."

"I? Oh, the wench is mad! False? What could I say, girl, when he pressed me?"

"You could have said that I was dead—that would have been the truth. The girl he knew is dead. He must not come to this house."

"Then give your lacqueys orders not to admit him, and all will be well. But I thought that you would e'en see the lad, Nell, now that he has prospered. If he had n't prospered it would be different."

"Only an orange-seller, and yet with the precepts of a lady of quality. I'll not see him. Did he say he'd come soon?"

"Within an hour, he said."

Instinctively Nell looked at her reflection in a mirror.

"I'll not see him," she repeated.

"That gown will do well enough for one just returned from the Indies," said the mother with a leer.

"Oh, go away, go away!" cried her daughter. "You have done enough mischief for one morning. Why could not you have let things be? Why should you put this man on my track?"

"'T is a fool that the wench is for all her smartness," said the mother. "She was picked out of the gutter and set down among the noblest in the land, and all that held on to her gown were landed in pleasant places; and yet she talks like a kitchen jade with no sense. If you will not see the lad, hussy, lock your door and close your shutters, after giving orders to your lacqueys to admit him not. If needful the king can be petitioned to send a guard to line the park with their pikes to keep out poor Dick, as though he was the devil and the park the Garden of Eden."

"Oh, go away—go away!"

"Oh, yes; I'll go—and you'll see him, too—no fear about that. A girl, however well provided for—and you're well provided for—would n't refuse to see an old sweetheart if he was the old serpent himself; nay, she'd see him on that account alone. And so good day to you, good mistress Eve."

She made a mock courtesy, the irony of which was quite as broad as that of her speech, and marched out of the room, holding her narrow skirts sufficiently high to display a shocking pair of flat-footed boots beneath.

Her daughter watched her departure, and only when she had disappeared, burst into a laugh. In a moment she was grave once again. She remained seated without changing her attitude or expression for a long time. At last she sprang to her feet, saying out loud as though someone were present to hear her :

"What a fool thou art, friend Nell, to become glum over a boy sweetheart—and a link boy of all boys! Were I to tell Mr. Dryden of my fancy he would write one of his verses about it, making out that poor Dick was the little god Cupid in disguise, and that his link was the torch of love. But I'll not see him. 'T were best not. He'll hear all soon enough, and loathe me as at times I loathe myself—no, no; not so much as that, not so much as that; Dick had always a kind heart. No; I'll not see him."

She went resolutely to the bell-pull, but when there stood irresolute with the ornamental ring of brass in her hand for some moments before pulling it. She gave it a sudden jerk, and when it was responded to by a lacquey, she said:

"Should a man call asking to see me within the next hour, he is to be told—with civility, mind you, he is a gentleman—that—that I am in this room, and that I will see him for five minutes—only five minutes, mind you, sirrah."

"And the man—the gentleman—is to be admitted, madam?"

"Certainly—for five minutes."

"Your ladyship will regulate the time?"

"Go away, you numbskull! How could I regulate the time? I'm no astronomer."

"Madame, I meant but to inquire if you are to be interrupted at the end of five minutes?"

"I gave you no such instruction, sirrah. It is enough for you to carry out the instruction I gave you. Carry it out, and yourself in the bargain."

The man bowed and withdrew. He was familiar with the colloquial style of his mistress and her moods.

When the man had gone Nelly laughed again, but suddenly became graver even than she had yet been.

"What have I done?" she cried. "Oh, there never was so great a fool as I! No, no; I'll not see him. I have as kind a heart as Dick, and I'll prove it by not seeing him."

And yet, when she had her hand on the lock of the door, she stood irresolute once again for some moments. Then she went out with a firm step, her intention being to countermand in the hall the instructions she had given to the servant in the parlour; but in the hall she found herself face to face with her old friend Sir Charles Sedley. He had brought her a bunch of violets.

"The satyr offers flowers to Aurora," said the courtier to the courtesan, bowing as gracefully as a touch of rheumatism permitted.

"And Aurora was so fond of flowers that she accepted them, even from the most satiric of satyrs," said Nell, sinking into a courtesy.

"I plucked these flowers for the fairest flower that—"

"Ah, that is one of Mr. Dryden's images in the reverse," laughed Nell. "What was the name of t' other young thing?—Proserpine, that's it—who was plucking flowers, and was herself plucked—'snails!—that's not the word—she was n't a fowl."

"Fore Gad, Nell, I never heard that story; it sounds scandalous, so tell 't us," said Sir Charles. "What was the name of the wench, did you say?"

"Her name was Nell Gwyn, and she was gathering oranges to sell in the pit of Drury Lane when, some say Satan and some say Sedley—the incongruity between the two accounts is too trifling to call for notice—captivated her, and she had nothing more to do with oranges or orange blossoms."

"And her life was all the merrier, as I doubt not Madame Proserpine's was when she left the vale of Enna for—well, the Pit, not at Drury Lane."

"That were a deeper depth still. You've heard the story, then. Mr. Dryden says the moral of it is that the devil has got all the pretty wenches for himself."

"Not so; he left a few for the king."

"Nay, the two are partners in the game; but the king, like t' other monarch, is not so black as he is painted."

"Nor so absolutely white as to be tasteless as the white of an egg, Nell."

"His Majesty is certainly not tasteless."

"On the contrary, he is in love with you still, Nell."

They were standing apart from the group of servants in the hall. Nell Gwyn had pretended that she was about to ascend the stairs, but loitered on the second step, with her right elbow resting on the oak bannister, while she smelt at the violets with her head poised daintily as she looked with eyes full of mischief and mirth at the courtier standing on the mat, the feathers of his broad-leafed hat sweeping the ground as he swung it in making his bows.

Suddenly Nell straightened herself as she looked down the hall towards the door; she started and dropped her violets. All the mischief and mirth fled from her eyes as a man was admitted, with some measure of protestation, by the porter. He was a young man with a very brown face, and he carried no sword, only the hanger of a sailor; his dress was of the plainest—neither silk nor lace entered into its manufacture.

Before Sir Charles had time to turn to satisfy himself as to the identity of the man at whom Nell was gazing so eagerly, she had run down the hall and seized the new comer by both hands, crying:

"Dick—Dick! It is you yourself, Dick, and no ghost!"

"No ghost, I dear swear, Nell," cried the man in a tone that made the candles in the chandelier quiver, and Sir Charles Sedley to be all but swept off his feet. "No ghost, but—O Lord, how you 've grown, Nell? Why, when I burnt my last link seeing you home you was only so high." He put his hand within a foot of the floor.

"And you, too, Dick! Why, you 're a man now—you 'll grow no more, Dick," cried Nell, still standing in front of him, with his hands fast clasped in her own. Suddenly recollecting the servants who were around, she dropped his hands, saying: "Come along within, Dick, and tell me all your adventures since last we were together."

"Lord! Adventures! You do n't know what you 've set yourself down for, Nell. If I was to tell you all, I should be in your company for at least a week."

She led him past Sir Charles Sedley without so much as glancing at the courtier, and the new comer had no eyes for anyone save Nell. A servant threw open the door of the room where she had been with her mother, and the two entered.

Sir Charles took snuff elaborately, after he had replaced his hat on his head.

"If his Majesty should arrive, let him know that I am in the long parlour," he said to a servant as he walked towards a door on the left.

He paused for a space with his hand on the handle of the door, for there came from the room into which Nell Gwyn and Dick Harraden had gone a loud peal of laughter—not a solo, but a duet.

He turned the handle.

So soon as he had disappeared there came another ripple of laughter from the other room, and the lacqueys lounging in the hall laughed too. Within the room Nell was seated on the settee and Dick Harraden by her side. She had just reminded him of the gift of the worsted stockings which he had made to her when he was a link boy and she an orange girl in Drury Lane. They had both laughed when she had pushed out a little dainty shoe from beneath her gown, displaying at the same time a tolerably liberal amount of silk stocking, as she said:

"Ah, Dick, it's not in worsted my toes are clad now. I have outgrown your stockings."

"Not you, Nell!" he cried. "By the Lord Harry! your feet have got smaller instead of larger during these years—I swear to you that is so."

"Ah, the chilblains do make a difference, Dick," said she, "and you never saw my feet unless they were swollen with chilblains. Lord! how you cried when you saw my feet well covered for the first time."

"Not I—I didn't cry. What was there to cry about, Nell?" he said.

She felt very much inclined to ask him the same question at that moment, for his face was averted from her, and he had uttered his words spasmodically.

"Poor Dick! You wept because you had eaten nothing for three days in order to save enough to buy my stockings," she said.

"How know you that?" he cried, turning to her suddenly.

"I knew it not at the time," she replied, "but I have thought it over since."

"Think no more of it, Nell. O Lord, to think that I should live to see Nell again! No, no; I'll not believe it. That fine lady that I see in the big glass yonder cannot be Nell Gwyn."

"Oh, Dick, would anyone but Nell Gwyn remember about Nell Gwyn's chilblains?"

"Hearsay, mere hearsay, my fine madam!"

"By what means shall I convince you that I'm the Nell you know? Let me see—ah, I know. Dick, I'll swear for you; you know well that there was no one could match me in swearing. Let me but begin."

"O Lord! not for the world. You always knew when to begin, Nell, but you ne'er knew when to stop. And how

doth it come that you have n't forgot the brimstone of the Lane, Nelly, though you have become so mighty fine a lady?"

"Snails, Dick, the best way to remember a language is to keep constantly talking it!"

"But in silks and satins?"

"Oh, I soon found that I only needed to double the intensity of my language in the Lane in order to talk the mother tongue of fashion."

"If swearing make the fine lady you'll be the leader of the town, Nell, I'll warrant. But do n't say that you double your language—that would be impossible."

"Oh, would it indeed?"

"Not so? Then for God's sake do n't give me a sample of what you reached in that way, for I've only lived among the pirates and buccaneers of the Indies since."

"Then I'll e'en spare thee, Dick. But take warning; do n't provoke me. You would n't provoke a pirate whose guns you knew to be double-shotted. Do n't say that I'm not Nell Gwyn for all my silks and lace. Why, man, doth oatmeal porridge cease to be porridge because it's served in a silver platter? Did your salt pork turn to venison when you ate it off the gold plate that you stole from the chapels?"

"Lord, Nell, I was n't a pirate."

"What! Did n't you say just now that you had been among pirates and buccaneers in the Indies?"

"I was among them, but not of them."

"You mean to say that you were neither a pirate nor a buccaneer?"

"Neither!"

"Then all I can say is that I'm mightily ashamed of you, Dick. I counted on you being at least a pirate. Do n't say that you became a merchant; I never could abide dishonesty, Dick."

"Well, no; I never became just a merchant, Nell—at least not the sort of merchant that merchants would call a merchant."

"Oh, then there's some hope for you yet, Dick. We may be friends still."

"Friends? Well I should say so. What did I work for, do you think, through all these years? What did I lay up a store of guineas for—guineas and Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight for——?"

"And you have made a fortune, Dick? Think of that! Ah, I fear that you must have been a regular merchant after all; only regular merchants make fortunes in these days."

"Ay, but some irregular ones do pretty fairly for themselves."

"And you were somewhat irregular, I dare swear?"

"Well, I was n't regularly irregular, dear, only by fits and starts. Ah, what I said to myself was: 'I've put the stockings on Nell, but I've to get the shoes for her yet.' That's what gave me the strength of ten men—working for those shoes, Nell."

"Poor Dick! and now when you come home you find that I am already provided for."

Again she showed him the dainty tips of her shoes.

"Those are fair weather shoes, Nell," he cried.

"Ay, that they are, Dick," she assented with a note of sadness in her voice.

"But what I would offer you would stand the stress of all weather—fair or foul, Nell."

"I believe you, Dick, with all my heart. I know what you had to offer me; but 't is too late now, too late, Dick."

"Too late? What do you mean, girl?"

The look that came into his face frightened her. She threw herself back on the settee and laughed loudly for a minute or two.

"That's what I mean," she cried, tilting up her toes until they were on a level with his knees. "What else could I mean than that I'm already sufficiently shod? Even Nell Gwyn can't wear more than one pair of shoes at a time, Dick. It's rather a pity, but 't is an ill that must be borne. Now tell us all about yourself, Dick. Tell us how you fought with pirates and buccaneers—never mind telling how you made a fortune in pieces of eight. There's no romance about making a fortune—tell us about the pirates, and above all, tell us what the Spanish Main is."

"The Spanish Main—why it's the Spanish Main to be sure—south of the Indies—a good place for trade, and a good place for pirates. But you, Nell; I wonder if you meant anything by saying that I had come back too late? I thought, you know, when I met your mother——"

"Oh, I want to hear about the fighting—the buccaneers! I do n't want to hear about my mother; I hear enough about her. You fought the pirates? Well, next to being a pirate yourself, that's the best thing."

"Well, if you must know, I got about me a few score of lads—most of them were stout Irish lads who were sold to the plantations by Cromwell."

"The monster!"

"Ay, we made up a brave crew, I can tell you. Our plan was to do no pirating on our own behalf, but only to attack the pirates when they had a deck-load of spoil. Taking from thieves is n't stealing, is it, Nell?"

"No; that's business."

"A bit irregular it may be, as I said just now; but bless you, Nelly, it was like sermon-preaching compared to some sorts of business that thrive mightily at the Indies. Anyhow, here I am to-day, sound and hearty, Nell, with a pretty nice fortune made already, and more to come—here I am, ready and willing to buy you the best pair of shoes in Lon-

don town, and every other article of attire you may need for the next dozen—ay, the next fifty—years.”

“Dick—Dick!”

“Isn’t it true that you was always my sweetheart, Nell? Didn’t you say that you would never marry another? Well, you’ve kept your word so far—your mother told me that.”

“Ah, that’s the worst of it.”

“The worst of it! That’s the best of it, Nelly; for though a fine lady living in a mansion like this—why, it might be a palace—the king himself might come here——”

“The king—you’ve heard that—that the king——?”

She had grasped him fiercely by the sleeve, and was eagerly peering into his face.

He burst out laughing, but suddenly checked himself.

“The king—the king—what was there for me to hear?” he asked in a low voice. “I only arrived from Bristol Port in the morning. How could I hear anything? I don’t want to hear anything except to hear you say that you haven’t broken your promise—that you haven’t married anyone else.”

“Oh, go away, Dick—go away!” she cried, burying her face on the arm of the settee.

He got upon his feet slowly and painfully, and stood over her.

“Why should I go away?” he asked in the same grave voice. “If I love you—and you know I do—and if you love me—and I believe that you do—it is not for me to go away. Ah, is it possible that you have given your promise to marry someone else? Don’t weep, Nell; that’s it, I see, and it can be made all right. Is that it, dear?”

“No, no. Oh, go away—go away, and never return to make me feel how miserable I am!”

“I’ll not go away. There’s some mystery about you and this house, and I’ll not go before I fathom it.”

She looked up and saw him standing there with his arms folded.

She leapt up so quickly that she almost seemed to spring into his arms. He thought so at any rate, and was about to clasp her when she caught both his hands in her own, gazing tearfully, eagerly, wistfully into his face.

"Dick—dear Dick," she said; "if you love me still—and I know you do—you will leave me now. Oh, you should never have come here—I did not mean you to come; but if you love me, Dick, you will leave me now—leave me and go into the nearest coffee house, and ask of the first man you see there who is Nell Gwyn? What is Nell Gwyn? If you return to me after that, then—then, Dick, I swear to you that I'll marry you; there will be none to stay us then, none to come between—the king himself shall not come between us."

He gripped her hands fiercely, with his face close down to hers.

"By God, I'll do it!" he said through his set teeth. "I'll do it. You have put it upon me. I know that I shall hear nothing but what is good of you, and I'll return to claim you as sure as there's a sun in heaven."

He dropped her hands, snatched up his hat, and walked firmly to the door. When there he turned slowly and looked back at her. She was standing pale and lovely where he had left her. Her eyes were upon his face.

He flung himself through the door, and she fell on her knees beside the settee, burying her face in one of its cushions.

For some minutes nothing was heard in the room but the sound of her sobs; but then the silence was broken by a shout outside—a shout and the noise of a scuffle. Cries of "Hold him back! Hold him back!" came from the servants, and mixed with some full-bodied imprecations in

other voices. Nell started to her feet as the door of the room was all but crashed in, and she was standing with a startled look on her face as the door was flung wide open, and Dick Harraden hurled a limp antagonist into the room.

"He shall eat his words—every foul word he uttered he shall swallow in the presence of Nell herself," cried Dick, and then Nell recognized Sir Charles Sedley as the man who was standing panting, with a broken sword in his hand, by her side, facing Dick.

"For God's sake, Dick!—Sir Charles—what has happened?"

The courtier was too breathless to speak—he signified so much very pleasingly to Nell.

"The cowardly knave!" panted Dick. "But I swore that I'd make him eat his words, and by the Lord Harry I'll keep my oath!"

"Sir Charles, pray—oh, Dick!"

"Dick me no Dicks, Nell, until this popinjay has gone down on his knees before you and asked your pardon for his foul words," cried Dick. "Down you go, my gentleman, were you fifty times Sir Charles."

"For heaven's sake, Nell, keep that fire-eater at a distance," gasped Sir Charles; "he's fit for Bedlam."

"Stand where you be, Dick," said Nell. "What said Sir Charles Sedley to give you offence?"

"He said that you—no, I'll hang in chains in Execution Dock before I repeat the lie—but he'll take it back, every word, if I have to wring his neck!"

Dick was with difficulty kept at a distance.

"Did he say ought about the king and me?" asked Nell, in a low voice.

"It was, I swear, a most unhappy *contretemps*, Nell," said Sir Charles, smiling in a somewhat constrained way. "How could I know that there was one man in England who

did n't know how splendid, yet how natural, a conquest the charms of Mistress Eleanor Gwyn have achieved."

"Then you only spoke the truth, Sir Charles," said Nell.

"God above us!"

Dick staggered back and grasped the frame of a chair to support himself.

There was a long silence.

He took a faltering step or two towards where she stood in the middle of the room.

"I see it all now," he said, in a low voice. "I see it all. This house—the lacqueys in scarlet—the king's servants—they are the king's servants, and you—you, Nell, are the king's— Oh, God, let me die—let me die! This is what I came home for! You told me to go to the first coffee house; I did n't need to go so far. Oh, Nelly, if I had come home to stand beside the green hillock of your grave I could have borne it, but this—this!"

He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. His sobbing was the only sound in the room.

After a long pause he got slowly upon his feet.

"I'm going away," he said. "My heart is broken, Nell—my heart is broken. Good-bye, Nell."

"Good-bye, Dick."

She had not moved from the middle of the room. She did not hold out a hand to him. He walked slowly to the door. Then he turned round.

"I humbly ask your pardon, sir," he said to Sir Charles.

"Sir," said the courtier, "I honour you more than any living man."

"Nell, Nell, come to me; come away with me, come to my arms, Nell," cried the man, holding out his hands to her from where he stood. Sir Charles watched her face. He saw it light up for a moment. Her hands moved; she was going to him.

No, she only looked at the man who loved her and was ready to offer her everything, and said :

"Dick, I have a boy in a cradle upstairs."

There was another long pause before Dick whispered the words, "God bless thee, Nell."

Then the door was flung wide in his face by a lacquey, who bowed to the ground as he ushered in a rather plain-faced man wearing a diamond star and a broad blue sash, as well as a diamond garter.

Nell sank in a courtesy, and Sir Charles Sedley made an obeisance. Dick remained unmoved.

"Ha! what have we here?" said the stranger. "'Ods-fish! a pretty family picture. Who may you be, good sir?" he asked of Dick.

"Who may you be?" asked Dick.

"Well, who I may be in a year or two, the Lord and Nelly only know—she says, a merry pauper. But who I am is easier said; I happen just now to be the king."

Dick stood unmoved.

"Then I could tell you *what* you are, sir," said Dick.

"Not half as well as I could tell you, my friend," said the king.

"I wonder if your Majesty ever hears the truth?" said Dick.

"Seldom; any time I do, it comes from the lips of Nelly, yonder," replied the king. "And by my soul, sir, I would rather hear the truth from Nelly than a lie from the most honourable of my subjects."

"Profligate!" cried Dick.

"I answer to that name, sir; what then?" said the king.

"What then? God only can reply to your 'what then?' The answer rests with Him. He will not forget to answer you when his time comes."

"Even so," said the king, in a low tone, bending his head.

Sir Charles had moved round the settee and had opened the door. He touched Dick on the elbow. Dick started for a moment, and then stalked through the door. Sir Charles went out with his face turned towards the king.

"A straightforward fellow, but as conceited as a Puritan, Nell," cried the king, with a laugh. "What brought him here?"

But Nell had sunk once more on her knees beside the settee, and her face was, as before, buried in the cushion.

"Ha, what 's this, Nelly? What 's amiss?" said the king, bending over her.

"Oh, go away, go away! I never want to see you again. You heard the word, profligate, profligate!"

"I'll go away, Nell, so soon as I pass to you the two papers which I hold in my hand."

"I want no papers. I want to be alone."

"Come, dear child; see if you will like your new play-thing."

He pushed before her one of the two papers which he held.

She glanced at it without rising, and without taking it from him. Suddenly she put out a hand to it.

"What?" she cried. She was now on her feet. "You have done it for me—all for me? The hospital to be built at Chelsea. Oh, my liege!"

"Now the other paper," said the king.

She took it from him.

"Ah, Royal Letters Patent—our boy—our Charlie—Duke of St. Albans! Oh, my liege, my king, my love for ever!"

She sank on her knees, and, catching his hand, covered it with kisses—with kisses and tears.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



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YVETTE GILBERT

DRAWN BY CECIL CLARK



¶ A certain fountain-pen company is extensively advertising its wares with an abstract from a letter from Hall Caine :

“Yes, if the fact is of any consequence, you are very welcome to say that I wrote ‘The Manxman’ with the —— fountain pen. I can use it with ease and certainty anywhere and at any time, even in the dark, in bed, and on horseback.”

Happy day! At last the great mystery has been solved! For months I have wondered how “The Manxman” ever was written. Now, thank goodness! I know. But will Mr. Caine go a step farther and tell me whether this particular book was written in the dark or on horseback?

¶ It is as unjust as it is flattering to judge the literary quality of a nation by the books it prints. They form but an infinitesimal part of its writings, and they show only what the publisher’s reader—a hack worker at best—thinks good. His is an alien hand, in any event, but it is he alone who touches the much-mentioned “public pulse,” and, like a priestly guardian of secret truths, he holds a knowledge of

the nation's inner life. And he, who is wise in egregious sins, who knows the wide romantic vice: who understands the realistic crime, he will safely assert that the creative mind turns to realism. There may issue twenty arrangements in Zenda to one realistic novel: the proportion may be five times as great, but his decision will not change. One cannot judge by printed books alone, and



before people prate about the strong romantic tendencies in American letters, let them take a census of the unaccepted.

¶ I was already on the point of saying how sorry I was for Alfred Austin when I saw a newspaper clipping which really capped the climax. The poor man has been damned on all sides, not with faint praise, but with vigorous, outspoken damnation. In truth, however, no one had, to my mind, completely killed him; no one had quite touched off his real mediocrity, and it has remained for one who is not literary—not critical. It is announced that—

“Mr. Alfred Austin is among the latest additions to Madame Tussand’s exhibition.”

¶ Two columns of praise = one column of damnation.
This gives something like the true ratio.

It makes little difference what is said about a book or its author provided something is said, provided much is said. Young authors should face this squarely. If they cannot be notable they must be notorious; if not famous, infamous—and their books will sell.

¶ Any statement about the value of advertising is trite. Every one knows that by advertising you can sell anything. Why

this is so few of us have stopped to consider. The first thought of the unsophisticated would possibly be that in some way an advertisement convinces the purchaser that the article advertised is good and desirable. But I take it that in essence the theory of modern advertising is that this has nothing whatever to do with the case. An advertisement merely makes the man who sees it remember the name of the article advertised.

If on the way from New York to Chicago you see "Hood's Sarsaparilla" on a thousand signs, and "Ayer's Sarsaparilla" on a paltry three hundred, you will in no way be convinced which is the better; but when in Chicago you need a spring tonic you will buy Hood's. If, on the other hand, while the train passes through East Oshkosh, you see three elephants and a giraffe painted blue, with Ayer's Sarsaparilla in white letters on their flanks, you will ask the Chicago apothecary for Ayer's. The explanation is not difficult. It is a pure and simple case of hypnotic "suggestion." The name which has been most firmly fixed in your memory is the one you will find on the tip of your tongue when you come to purchase.

¶ All this has to do with the value of literary criticism, and the old question as to whether a critic can make or mar a book. I speak now entirely from the standpoint of the publisher, and, for the moment, as though his only object was sales. Book reviews he considers as advertisements, and endeavors to discover the most valuable kind. For him the review which damns must always take first rank. This because, in almost any hands, especially in those of the unskillful, blame is more vigorous and effective than praise.



This is especially true if immorality is under discussion. A book condemned as immoral is made as a commercial venture. And this, not because the public especially wants immorality in its books, but because there is so much more cackle and clatter about the book than about the one praised. In short, it is better advertised.



If opprobrium is not to be had, praise is the next best advertiser. In fact, praise, if it takes up a great deal of space, is almost equal to its rival.

¶ The CHAP-BOOK has for a long time contented itself with discussing literary matters. These may be interesting, but it is borne in upon me constantly that they are of no vital importance to any one. It has been suggested that live issues should be broached, and I have been urged to take a stand on political matters. These, however, do not seem vital to me. Besides, there is no one about the Shop who has ever even voted, except one of the office boys, and he has since given it up, being dissatisfied with the paltry \$2.40 which he received for casting his ballot the wrong way.

Questions of social reform, such as the increase of the liquor habit and the decrease of the marriage habit, have also been advised. But after all a nail in the boot afflicts one more than the death of a parent, and even these questions are too important to be vital. It is the questions of etiquette which lie close to our hearts, closer than those of ethics and religion. I mean to take up in succession many small problems of daily life, but this time I shall simply answer two questions of custom. I have advices from reliable sources

and can definitely state that it *is* good form to issue divorce cards, and that the correct form is as follows :

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daughter*

Harriet Morris

from

Mr. Ellyngton Jarvis Adams

Yankton, South Dakota

March First, 1896

Divorce presents are common and are a delicate attention. They are, however, not as yet absolutely obligatory.

AN IMMORAL HORSE TALE

Sylvanus had wanted to have a horse of his own ever since he was so small that the only way he could get on his father's old mare was by shinnying up her hind leg to her hock and thence climbing up the tail. Every cent that he earned, or that was given to him, he put away in a bank which he had received from his aunt on his seventh birthday. Thus, at the age of sixteen, he had enough money to buy a colt.

His next-door neighbor owned a nice chestnut four-year-old that Sylvanus had looked at with longing eyes, as they say, ever since it was born. Now he went boldly up to the front door and bought the colt. He put him in the barn and fed him off and on all that day, and during the following night, which luckily was moonlight, he went out a dozen times to make sure that he really owned a live, hay-consuming colt.

I should like to tell you how Sylvanus cherished that colt—grooming it and training it and building a box-stall for it; and how, next spring, he won the blue ribbon at the county fair with it—but you have all read about that many times in *Harper's Round Table*, or *St. Nicholas*, or *Golden Days*, or the *Youth's Companion*. I should also like to tell you how he, in the end, swapped his colt for a vicious horse of much finer breeding, whose viciousness he cured, making him as gentle as a lamb—but of course you 've also read about that in many worthy tales.

These are the things I should like to tell. I regret to say that what I have to tell is far different. Sylvanus, as he emerges from prevention-of-cruelty-to-animals literature, descends from his high, and, I must admit, paying pedestal, to those devices which do not lead to the joys of Sunday school picnics. He found that certain drugs produced in a sluggish horse the temporary appearance of fire; that others, for a time, calmed the vicious desires of the run-away. He found—but lest I lead some lamb astray, I will merely say vaguely that he found that what it had taken him six months of hard labor to perform, when he was posing in the polite literature of youth, he could effect clandestinely in a few minutes.

After this his swappings of horses became, in the language of the poet, fast and furious. [The first of these adjectives refers more particularly to the speed of the transaction; the second to the subsequent state of mind of those with whom he swapped.] Sylvanus was not yet twenty years old when, instead of the humbly-bred ninety dollar colt that he had begun with, he owned a trotter whose value could not have been less than two thousand dollars.

Here the story of Sylvanus's life, of which I have given but the barest outline, reached a very sad chapter. I have not time to go into details, but in a general way I may say that Sylvanus, in the course of his career, subsequent to that

part delineated in the polite literature of youth, had accumulated such a wealth of bad reputation that now, when he tried to cap the climax of his industry by selling his trotter, there could be found no man in all the state who would buy him at any price. The supply of suckers, he suddenly found, was exhausted.

This was but the beginning of the misfortunes of Sylvanus. His father, who had been very proud of his boy, when the first colt won the blue ribbon at the county fair, now remarked that he had told him so. He also said that Sylvanus would have to quit spending so much of his time training his confounded trotter, and go to work. And, unkindest cut of all, he said that Sylvanus's drugs "smelt up the barn so that it made the cows sick."

This is where the matter stands at present. The moral of this—but I forget: this is not a moral story.

The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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MAKING PANSIES

“**T**HREE faces in a hood.”
Folk called the Pansy so
Three hundred years ago.
Of course she understood !
Then, perching on my knee,
She drew her mother’s head
To her own and mine, and said,
“That ’s mother, you, and me ! ”
And so it comes about
We three, for gladness’ sake,
Sometimes a pansy make
Before the gas goes out.

WILLIAM CANTON.

WHITHER THOU GOEST

THE wind stirred the tops of the maple trees in the Quinsby front yard, and the old man who stood on the steps, watching the shadows and the moonlight, sighed as he heard the soft rustling sound. He glanced back into the house, through the hall, into the bedroom, where his wife was lighting a candle preparatory to turning down the bed.

“ I reckon I ’ll jest step down there a minit,” he whispered to himself, and hurriedly but softly went down the steps. Far down in a corner of the yard, near the front fence, a hammock hung between two small pin oaks, and it was here the old man went, looking back uneasily now and then, as if he expected a call from his wife. The hammock was an

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old one, and had evidently hung there all summer, for the meshes were torn and all the gay colors had faded to a dingy gray. It tossed lightly in the breeze as the wind grew stronger, and the old man's hand trembled as he caught at its swaying folds.

"Girls," he whispered softly, "are you both here? Are you pushing the swing, Winnie?"

A sudden flutter went over the leaves of a lilac bush near, and he turned quickly to it. "That's Nan's laugh—gigglin' at yore old pa jest as usual, Nanny girl?"

"Father," his wife called from the porch, "you better come in."

He turned and hurried back to her. She stood on the steps with the candle still in her hand, its tiny flame looking almost blue in the moonlight.

"Mebbe a storm is comin' up and you'll ketch cold," she said when he reached her. Her voice was stern, but the look in her gray eyes was as sad as the trembling of his lips when he said to her, "Ain't it jest the sorter night the girls use' to beg to stay out, and not have to go to bed yet a while?"

"It's a mighty pretty night," she answered. She followed him into their room, closing the hall door after her.

"Oh, do n't shet it, Mira, do n't! It seems as if you was shettin' the children out."

Mrs. Quinsby turned to him. "Hiram, I must speak out to you," she said. "I do n't see any more 'n you why the Lord thought best to take our girls, our two good, pretty girls, but He has done it, and it ain't right for you to be lettin' yoreself fancy you hear 'em 'round on nights like this. I've faith to believe if we can keep ourself outer sin for the rest of our days we shall see the children again—but not here, Hiram, not here in the old place."

"I know it ain't Nan and Winnie sure 'nough," Hiram

answered apologetically, "but these nights make me think of 'em a terrible lot—and the leaves goin' so and so in the wind does sound real like Nan's laugh. Mira, I was out in the garden while you was puttin' the dishes away and strainin' the milk, and jest as the moon came out and the wind started up I heard a laugh like Nan's, and then something danced by me that must have been Winnie. I hurried down the path after it, and there by the poppy bed were the girls, rompin' jest like children again, 'most grown girls that they are. As the wind came up more they laughed again, not so soft as they had been doin', but a real burst of gay laughin' like they use' to work themselves up to, and then they ran towards the arbor and peeped out from the honeysuckle, and Nan called, 'Here, Pa,' and Winnie sorter sang out, 'Father, Father,' in her soft way."

Mrs. Quinsby put her hands on his shoulders and gave him a little shake. Her eyes were frightened, and her voice came quick and stern.

"Hush, Father," she said. "You are doin' yoreself an injury. The girls are in heaven, not here, and don't you let go yore grip on yore mind. Think of me, Hiram—you 've got me left, and I can't stand the thought of the lonesomeness if you let your senses go. You and me have been merried so many years, Hiram, we could n't get on without each other. Why, it seems to me the good Lord would surely let me get foolish too—mebbe it ain't fittin' for one of my years to say it, but I'd ruther, yes, I'd *ruther*, if it comes down to choosin' between my senses and you, Hiram!"

The far-away look disappeared from Hiram's eyes. "I was jest thinkin', Mira," he said reassuringly. "It was only that the night was so powerful pretty. But now we won't talk of the children any more."

Mrs. Quinsby drew him back to the porch again.

"Don't think me hard, Father," she said entreatingly, "but I want you to be sure. Look over there towards the church; you can see the dark heap of trees against the sky in the churchyard, can't you? There's where the girls are—there's where they are."

"Why, of course, Mira. Though how the Lord could take those pretty young things, and our only two, that had come to us when we was long past hopin', is more 'n I can see."

They went to bed, but later in the night Mrs. Quinsby waked suddenly. Her first thought was that the storm was really coming and she had left the pantry windows open. She slipped out of bed, but as she realized that her movement did not disturb her husband a blind terror came over her; she struck match after match before she could make herself believe he was not there. Then she picked up a shawl and flung it over her nightgown, and, regardless of her bare feet, rushed out to the garden. The wind was blowing hard and the moon was half hidden by the lightly scudding clouds, but Hiram's laugh—the pleased, indulgent laugh that his girls' nonsense had so often produced—guided her to him.

"That you, Mother?" he called as she ran down the path. "What a couple of colts you've brought up, Mira. Reckon you could find their beat anywheres in Mizzourer for friskiness? Just see those girls racin' round—a storm comin' up always did go to their heads. Hear Nan laugh! Ain't she the greatest girl for foolin' you ever saw?"

He pointed to some tall hollyhocks that she could see were bending low with the wind, and added, "Watch her bow; Nan was always as easy movin' in her body as a saplin' or a tall flower."

Mrs. Quinsby put her arm around his shoulder. "Oh,

he's let go—you've let go, Father, and I'm left! I can't stand the lonesomeness, I can't, I can't!"

They moved toward the arbor. As they passed under the drooping honeysuckle, Hiram laughed aloud.

"They are putting their hands over our eyes to make us guess which is which—the little geese!"

Mrs. Quinsby put her hand to her forehead and pressed the cool honeysuckle leaves against her eyes. She laughed too. "I knew it," she whispered, "I knew the Almighty would let me go with him. He knew how it was with Hiram and me." Aloud she said, "I guess Winnie. Yore hands ain't as soft as Winnie's, Nan."

KATHERINE BATES.

LIMNINGS OF SPRING

DANDELIONS beat their gold,
Round and rich beside the way;
Commerce with the children hold,
Tired with their blithe roundelay.

Daffodils their yellow hair
Toss inside the garden pale;
Teasing winds, invading there,
Kiss the violets by the rail.

One week hence and buttercups,
Sallow-eyed, will dream at noon,
When the pois'nous marsh-toad sups
At the stream brink, where, in June,

Chalices of gold and white,
Leaning on a tray of green,
Will the dragon-fly invite,
Liveried in purple sheen.

Hordes of daisies, roaming wide,
Up the banks their empire drag;
Tartar-like, their purpose hide,
Flaunting war with yellow flag,—

Waving peace with banners wan.
To the hollows of the mead
All the clover blooms are drawn,
Promising the fumous seed,

Prized by rustic youths to smoke,
When clandestinely they meet
In a leaky barn to joke;
While obliquely drives the sleet.

Sinuously to the dunes
Moves the powdered road along;
Till it halts, surprised by tunes
Sea-nymphs sing, where breakers throng.

Ocean sounds, and stranded shells
Learn the siren melody;
Hiding in their pink-walled cells
Orphaned harmonies from sea;

These are hummed in children's ears,
When they circle round the fire,
And the north-wind sows its fears
'Mong the birds on swaying wire.

In the roadstead fisher boats
Lazily heave up and down;
While on far horizon floats
All the pride of sunset's town.

On the beach the ribs and keel
Of a shore-washed schooner lie;

Shipwrecked when the storm-fiends's reel
Madly swept the tumbling sky.

Sunset's bark, all water-logged,
Sinks, with myriad banners dressed ;
Ev'ning dun, by star-scouts dogged,
Scatters gold dust in the west.

JOHN STUART THOMPSON.

THE WRITTEN WORK OF RALPH ADAMS CRAM

NOT infrequently now-a-days the New England parent finds himself in the trying position of the hen who hatched out a duckling. Indeed, this probably occurs much more frequently than anyone suspects—except possibly the ducklings themselves.

Do not mistake the motive of this opening sentence. I mean only that the reverend parent of the author of "Black Spirits and White" has doubtless smiled with satisfaction many times in the past to observe his offspring glide safely to shore after a short and seemingly hazardous course over the troubled, not to say muddy, waters of the world. It speaks well for the "bringing up" of most New Englanders that they so rarely come to grief, though the mystery of their taking so kindly to water is unexplained.

Every village of our rock-bound East is able to boast at least two or three bitterly opposed and opposing sects. Mr. Cram, senior, was one of the pastors of a small town in southern New Hampshire. Here the subject of this paper was born, perhaps thirty years ago. Mr. Cram was exceptionally fortunate in his choice of parents, since both, besides being of simple tastes and God-fearing habits, are literary, or at least literary-minded, keeping *au courant* with all that is best in

contemporaneous letters, native or foreign. Thanks to them, Mr. Cram's early youth was kept free from dime novels and toy-pistols, and later from the Maud Müllers of the vicinage and the works of the Albert Rosses and Laura Jean Libbeys of the period. At last Mr. Cram was sent away to one of the leading inland academies, from which he was graduated in due course of time. So far as I can ascertain, there has been preserved no record that while at school he was any other than the ordinary, well-intentioned, but frolicsome pupil, imbibing, as a matter of course, enough orthography—so it is termed in the fatal lists sent home at the end of each term,—arithmetic, and geography, to serve him in after life. Like any other well-regulated young man, his first thoughts after obtaining his parchment were of fame and fortune, and these he straightway went to seek in the storied city of Boston.

Here the swimming lessons began, and though I cannot find that he cut any great figure at first, it is probable that all the isms and ologies for which that city is noted had their charm for him. After a short period spent in an architect's office, during which he practiced journalism in a gentle way, and always over his own name, we hear of him as having taken passage on a steamer bound for England, with the intention of making a tour of the effete countries of the old world. It is worthy of mention that the funds for this came out of a prize which he won in the Boston Court House competition. Before his departure, however, the *Boston Transcript* was fortunate enough to arrange with him for a series of letters, dealing, for the most part, with matters artistic. These letters are practically, and for our purpose, Mr. Cram's first published work, although he had already printed a number of clever satirical and poetical verses, as well as art criticisms, in the *Transcript*, and it behooves us to consider them somewhat carefully. Here we find the first hints of

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



RALPH ADAMS CRAM

the man and his style. Ruskinism is their dominant note, but a Ruskinism so turgid, and with such a barbaric wealth of adjective, as might cause even that much discussed master to lift his lids. Everything is here set down which may have chanced to impress the author during his foreign sojourn; and whether he is critically discussing the pictures of the English pre-Raphaelites, or rhapsodising over some opaline Italian landscape, it is always in the same luxuriant and Persian manner, which bespeaks strange modes of thought in one reared in such simple fashion.

However, these *Transcript* letters were but 'by-the-ways' with Mr. Cram, for his prime motive in going abroad was the study of architecture, a motive never lost sight of, which has since stood him in good stead.

Perhaps the chief difficulty in the way of one's giving any adequate account of Mr. Cram in anything short of a folio volume is his manysidedness. A very Proteus is he in his different characteristics, and while not unstable in himself or the practice of his profession, he still finds the time to interest himself in a thousand things bearing no relation whatever to one another. Some latter-day philosopher has pointed out that the successful man now-a-days cannot be a specialist, as in the good old time, but must carry a compendium of references in his head for any and every subject. If the philosopher is right, and we believe he is, then Mr. Cram holds his future success in the hollow of his hand. With a vehemence and sincerity which are the wonder of his less gifted friends, he has an able argument for every occasion. Is it a question of politics? He overthrows your humble difference of opinion with an apt quotation from the "Statesman's Year-book." Of warfare? He can tell you just why "bullet-proof" gun shields should be discarded, and when and where their defectiveness has been proved. Or, to rise to more god-like subjects, he can discuss

in another fashion the merits of Hermitage,—red and white,—all the vintages of the *Côte d'or*, as well as those fabulous dust-encrusted bottles which have thrice rounded the Cape.

Of course there is danger in all this,—not the Madeira, but the quality of mind,—and it must be confessed that at times Mr. Cram's ability has led him into those paths where only editors dare to tread. Still there are many who love him for the enemies he has made, and, at least, one may safely affirm that never does Mr. Cram allow any other interest to clash with the practice of his chosen profession. In the least poetical and most business-like quarter of Boston is the office of the architectural firm of which he is the head, and every morning finds him there long before many of his subordinates have finished their breakfast.

It is but natural that such a poetic and artistic nature should turn in time against the bare and rather cheerless belief in which it was at first grounded, and so, one is not surprised to learn that he has departed from the Unitarian faith of his fathers, and gravitated towards our Red Aunt sufficiently to become an Anglican Catholic (*sic*), and this will serve to show why this firm's work is mainly ecclesiastical in character.

So much for the slight biography which seems essential to a right understanding and appreciation of his literary labors.

On careful investigation it will be found that nearly every author, branded as new or unknown, has written considerably before the success of this or the other of his books sets his name on the lips of the multitude. This is particularly true of Mr. Cram. Even in the *Transcript* letters it is evident that no 'prentice pen is at work; and, as a matter of fact, one discovers, in the verses which began to appear at intervals thereafter, an easy familiarity with rhyme-forms and metrical effects which argues long and careful practice.

It is a number of years now since Mr. Cram wrote the *Transcript* letters, and during this time he has put forth, in a desultory way, stories, pastels, and verses. It is in verse that his best known and appreciated work has been done: yet even this lies now in the limbo of such dead and gone periodicals as the *Knight Errant* and the *Mahogany Tree*. I cannot help hoping that some fine day certain of these contributions may be reprinted in more accessible form, notably the 'Roy René,' which seems to me one of the best attempts in the essentially Gallic pastel form ever made in English.

Of Mr. Cram's verses it is almost indiscreet to speak, since they are so far from being what is known as magazine poetry as, for the most part, to have escaped publication. Suffice it to say that his lyre is no tetrachord instrument, and though its twang is but too frequently voluptuously Lydian, still on it he can wander at will from the basses of the most ambitious dramatic work to the high piping trebles of amorous trivialities. Fortunately I am permitted to quote from one or two which have been circulated among his friends after the manner of the pugillaria of the Roman authors, and which will serve to show the general character of his verse. Of course the reader will readily catch echoes of Rossetti or Tennyson, and even of Swinburne—Swinburne, so easy to ape, so difficult to approach.

One of the earliest of his sonnets is called "Last Night," and carries in its very title a suggestion of the great prae-Raphaelite, while the figures all hint of him; yet I am sure that, when all is said and done, there will remain the overtone of Mr. Cram's own personal note, less self-conscious than Rossetti's, and naturally enough less perfectly beautiful.

LAST NIGHT

"As when, aweary with the dying day,
The traveller stands silent on the height
So hardly won, and, wistful, sees the night

Grow in the east along the road that lay
Dawn-lit, long hours before, now fading gray
Through wreathing, rising mists : Lo, full in sight
Lie the broad fields, hills, forests, rivers white,
That vanished as he passed them on his way :—

“So on time’s wind-swept summit, when at last
The farthest height is reached, and the great sea
Lies round the sun of life ; the mist-wreathed Past
Glow in the sunset fire of memory :
Forbid forever, and the night sweeps fast
Across the ocean of Eternity.”

Surely it matters little whether this be imitation or no, the sextette could not easily be bettered and remain what it is. “Last Night” is, it must be confessed, one of the simplest of Mr. Cram’s verses. From it to “The Boat of Love,” a masque for music, is a far cry both in the matter of sentiment and the manner of expression. Into the masque are introduced choruses—

First, of Merchants, who sing :

“And out of the dubious ways
Of the uttermost, ultimate land,
Slow caravans crawl in the haze
Of a desert of shimmering sand.

* * *

“With the limitless power of Kings
I will buy me an Emperor’s nod :
With the treasure my galleon brings
I will buy me the power of God.”

And then the Warriors :

“Swords were made for men to use ;
Soldiers only crave
Now to win, if then to lose,

Now to love, if then to choose
Fame, or shallow grave."

In progression follow Monks, Crusaders, Friars, and finally the Narrator :

"Silence : save a sound of grieving
While the looming moon of brass
Lifts above the ocean, heaving
Hungriely. As in a glass
Dusky shadows stagger by,
Waving wings along the sky,
Where the tangled winds are weaving
Webs of tempest as they pass."

Ambitious enough, in truth, as is the long blank verse rhapsody, "Cor Cordium" :

"I built a mighty castle for my heart,
A refuge from the tumult of the End,
A house of memory—and forgetfulness ;
A house of dreams and visions, and I said :
'O ye who love me and who have my love,
Forsake the warfare of the crumbling world,
Forsake the bitter sunlight, and the dead
Drear tempest of the coming day of wrath.
The sun is burning to a pestilent ball,
Hopeless, malefic, and the evil stars
Are closing in their courses round the world ;
The night is coming : in the crowding dusk
Dream in my castle gardens, and forget.'"

In a more robust vein runs the ballad of "The White Ladye," of which the burthen is :

"Flame and rain and wind go by,
Lightning shatters the shrinking sky :
Ill hap to the dead to-night that die :
By our Ladye."

And "Nottingham Hunt," with its dashing equestrian lilt:

"Oh, the dawn is all about us, and the dew is in our faces,
Dashed from off the rushing branches as we ride and
riding sing:
'Yoicks, the hunt is up, the hounds are out, the beaters
in their places;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the
King!'"

I have said that the *Transcript* letters were overburdened with adjective, and that by far the greater part of his verse which has fallen into my hands is too tropically luxuriant of figures-of-speech and bric-à-brac generally. The same tendency is not confined to Mr. Cram's work; it may be found as easily in the writings of a dozen or so New Englanders. It is not necessary to give the names of all of them, but read Miss Gertrude Hall's "Garden Deadly," or Mr. Russell Sullivan's "Lost Rembrandt," and you will find the style in its perfection,—a perfection which suggests rather than catalogues.

Not so long ago, less long than Mr. Cram likes to think, I fancy, there appeared a very limited and generally hand-made edition of a book entitled "The Decadent," etc.,—the sub-title is far too long to be quoted here. In this book, if you can obtain it, which is unlikely, may be found some of the most poetical prose ever written in America. Since Mr. Cram himself regards this book as something of a mistake, an indiscretion of youth, as it were, it is, without doubt, equally indiscreet to quote any portion of it here; but since it is perhaps the most characteristic example of his style, I have prepared myself to brave his objurgations. Cast in romance form, it is in reality an anti-socialistic tract, and would be a powerful argument for the winning side, were it

not for the odor of drugs and faded flowers with which it is permeated. The *mise* of the book is an imaginary country house in some equally imaginary hollow of the New England hills. To visit its youthful lord comes one Malcolm McCann, a gentleman in a way, but a socialist agitator of the red-whiskered and unshaven sort. Listen to the description of the approach to the house. McCann has left his train at the station of a frightfully typical manufacturing town, and is being driven out across the country to his friend's manor :—

“The sun dropped down and lay on the edge of the world: from the farther side of the valley it poured a suave, golden glory of molten light down over the purple, serrated hills, that lay in the valley like amber wine. Smooth fields of ripening grain and velvet meadow-land chequered the valley irregularly, slim elms and dark, heavy oaks rising among them. In the midst, curling like level smoke, wound a narrow river, with black poplars and golden chestnut trees leaning above. In all the valley was no sign of a dwelling, save far away at the distant end, where, from the midst of thick foliage, rose dark roofs and towers and chimneys as of some château on the Loire.

“McCann caught his breath. ‘Is that the place?’ he said quickly.

“‘Suh, that is Vita Nuova,’ answered the footman.”

But we are still in the open air; it is within this château that Mr. Cram finds himself more at home. The love of beauty and beautiful things which has come to us from none knows where or how, and which can certainly be no heritage of our God-fearing and pleasure-hating ancestry, here reaches its extreme limit. It is a dangerous taste, though, and needs the sure hand and steady eye which are rarely its accompaniment. Hawthorne possessed both it and the power of repressing it. Poe had a connoisseur's appreciation of it,

though he frequently sipped too deeply. Theodore Winthrop, writing before the civil war, knew the value of such artistic properties as damaskeened armor and Venetian glass. I have mentioned Miss Gertrude Hall and Mr. Russell Sullivan as of the cult, but in Mr. Cram it finds its most unbridled expression. Within the portals of "Vita Nuova" all is shadowy, exotic. Beautiful as the descriptions are, they are too opium-saturated to be altogether agreeable. It is, nevertheless, pleasant to read of the "violet flames of a drift-wood fire." "Vast and precious missals, gorgeous with scarlet and gold and purple illumination, open, on a carved oak lectern." "The golden gloom of a Giovanni Bellini reft from its home in Venice, and as yet unransomed." "The red splendor of old lacquer, and the green mystery of wrought jade." Yet everywhere is the "warm, sick odor of tobacco and opium," nor does it greatly matter that with this strives the "perfume of sandalwood and roses."

But, after all, it is unfair to quote, in this random fashion, from an immature work. Much that is palling in style here disappears in his last book, while enough of the Persian manner remains to add an interest to the plots of the stories in "Black Spirits and White." These, in a simple afterword, are frankly acknowledged to be common to all lands, and the mine from which all writers of ghost stories must needs obtain their ore. Furthermore, here Mr. Cram shows himself in a new and somewhat unexpected light, that of a keen, clear narrator; when he wishes for the sake of contrasting effect to introduce a bit of description, we find all the old charm of word-painting, but never at the crucial moment does he wander in this way from the subject.

Out-and-out ghost stories are the first four in "Black Spirits and White;" and the last two, if not ghost stories, are at least grewsome enough to deserve a place in the volume. Personally, as a story, I prefer "In Kropfsberg

Keep." The scene wherein this is laid precludes any elaboration of the elemental plot, while the vision in the ghostly ball-room, with its dancing rout of spectres, some of them the dead of many years ago, and others the dead of yesterday (or, worse than all the rest, the dead of the day before yesterday), is one of the strongest pieces of work of the sort we can remember to have ever read.

It is interesting to compare "The White Villa" in Mr. Cram's volume with "The Graven Image," one of the stories in William Sharp's "Gypsy Christ and Other Tales." Both authors have evidently worked from the same original, and have ended in precisely the same fashion. Mr. Sharp's ability is well known, and his treatment of this plot is as characteristic in its way as is Mr. Cram's. The one lays the scene in London, and the other in a deserted villa in the neighborhood of Paestum. But why should I set myself to show at length the similarities and differences which exist here? They are but those which are bound to be in the work of two authors, writing simultaneously, with the sea between them. If Mr. Sharp's name is now more familiar than Mr. Cram's, it is partly because he has published vastly more.

"Black Spirits and White" is something more, then, than a book of capital tales which are bound to be read and enjoyed by many: it is a high fulfillment of the hopes of its author's friends, and, besides this, shows a degree of power in him which was hardly suspected even by the most sanguine.

BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE.





MANON LESCAUT

DRAWN BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

LITTLE ELIZABETH

STEPHEN HEARNE was the most eligible bachelor in the village. For not only was he more successful than most in the matter of duck-breeding, but report credited him with a freehold of his own in London, concerning which no one ever had any exact information to give, but which definitely established his reputation for solid respectability. Yet, for all that, he was thirty and unmarried, and the village matrons sighed as they saw their comeliest daughters wasted on mere agricultural labourers, or at the best upon inferior duckers with no particular reputation, and no wealth to speak of, and no freehold property in London or elsewhere. But Stephen Hearne plodded on alone in his road to opulence, and never stopped to look on a woman by the way, and bore his burden of respectability with a resigned air. For he was not happy, in spite of his balance at the county bank and the good name he enjoyed in the eyes of his neighbours: he was the loneliest man for miles round, and no one who envied his capacity for turning everything he touched into money had any idea how his loneliness was eating into his heart and making an old man of him before he had realized that he was a young one. Neighbour Beeson's youngest daughter, who came in by the day to "do" for him, was certainly the quietest girl he could have had about the place, and yet he missed her when she had gone for the night; and he would turn round sometimes from his unappetising supper and wish for a moment that she were still washing up the plates in the back house, or stirring the ducks' food over the fire. And yet, he had no one to blame but himself, and he might have changed his condition with a word, if he had had but the courage to speak it.

Young Jack Goodson was right when he said that Stephen

Hearne would let the girl he loved be carried off under his very eyes for lack of resolution to put the important question to her. But few who heard the jest and repeated it up and down the village guessed that this very thing would come to pass before long, and that it would be scapegrace Jack himself who would act the part of traitor. And yet it was so, and it all came about one dry, hot autumn, in the time of the second hay crop.

The Beesons lived next to Stephen's duckery, and their back yard touched his orchard fence. It was their last unmarried daughter, a mere child of seventeen, who went in by the day as his servant, and it was with them alone that the ducker allowed himself to become intimate. It was there that he would pass his Sunday evenings, while Neighbour Beeson went to sleep in his arm-chair, and Neighbour Beeson's wife read aloud from a commentary on Jeremiah, and little Elizabeth sat up in her Sunday frock and rubbed her big blue eyes to keep them from closing. And there it was that he met the beautiful red-haired Bertha Isabella, when she came to spend her month's holiday with her uncle and aunt in the country.

Bertha Isabella was not a native of those parts at all; she came of a distant branch of the Beeson family, which had settled at the sea-side some forty years back; and she was lady's-maid in a baronet's family. So the humble house of Beeson was greatly glorified by her presence in it, and Stephen found a marvellous difference in the Sunday evenings. To begin with, they lasted longer, for it was very often half past ten before Stephen would rise to take his leave. And there was much more conversation than of yore; and the commentary on Jeremiah was laid on the shelf altogether, while Bertha Isabella told how she had travelled on the continent last winter, and how Willis the footman never let her carry up my lady's hot water at night, and how my lady was

a *real* lady and never wore her things out, by which mark of good breeding Bertha Isabella profited greatly, as she proved to an admiring rustic audience on Sunday mornings. Neighbour Beeson gave up snoring in his arm-chair and sat bolt upright instead and listened, awestruck, to his niece's tales of her experiences among the aristocracy. Only little Elizabeth seemed indifferent to the conversation of her splendid cousin, and she dropped asleep in her corner by the fire without being noticed at all.

Any one could have guessed how it would all end. It was soon the talk of the village that Stephen Hearne was caught at last, and it became a subject for active speculation as to whether the bridal carriage would have one horse or two, for it was not often that such a wealthy couple joined hands as the ducker and his intended bride. The rumours naturally reached the ears of the lonely ducker himself, and he began, at last, to believe that there might be some truth in them, and a wonderful change came over his dull life in consequence. His gardening and farming were no longer mere occupations to him, for the best of his fruit and his flowers went over the orchard fence; nor did he sit alone in the evenings any more, for he took his hat instead and walked boldly into his neighbour's house and spent the evening listening to the aristocratic experiences of the beautiful Bertha Isabella. Yet it could not be said that they were openly betrothed, for even Neighbour Beeson only gave out that they were keeping company, while his wife confined herself to mysterious hints and signs which immensely added to her importance in the situation and did not commit her at all. So the rumours turned to taunts, and the impatient villagers scoffed over their tankards of ale at the man who did not know how to play the lover and was too timid to ask boldly for his wife. At last Jack Goodson, the popular empty-headed son of the village sexton, vowed that he

would find out before sundown how the matter lay, and in a rollicking, mischievous mood he set forth at once for the top of the village, and looked over the gate that opened onto Stephen's garden. And there he saw the ducker himself, busily trimming his raspberry canes.

"Morning, Steve," said Jack in his swaggering way; "be the ducks doing well, just now?"

That Jack Goodson should take an innocent interest in another man's business was incredible, and Stephen looked up suspiciously.

"Better nor they have been," he answered evasively, and returned to his raspberry canes.

"Oh, pray," exclaimed Jack in sudden astonishment, "what be come to them all at once?"

"Eh?" said Stephen, looking up again.

"Oh, it bain't anything to speak of," said Jack indifferently, "but I was a-noticing o' they white dahlias as I come by breakfast-time, an' there bain't one of 'em left now. I be a proper one to notice flowers, I be."

Stephen glanced involuntarily across at his neighbour's cottage, and turned slightly pink. There was a jug of white dahlias on Bertha Isabella's window-sill.

"Sorry to hear ye 've been took with the toothache agin, Steve," the tormentor continued.

"Toothache? I bain't had never a toothache since doctor took out they two double ones last harvest. What be ye a-meaning of, Jack Goodson?" asked the ducker in a surprised tone.

"Ye doan't mean it, sure?" said Jack. "The lads, they thought ye must have took to your bed, as there bain't no light in your windows now o' nights. But maybe ye 've gone visiting instead. Have ye ought to say to Neighbour Beeson, man? I be going in as I'm passing."

Stephen vouchsafed no answer, and remained staring after

the impudent fellow as he strolled towards the cottage that contained the red-haired Bertha Isabella.

"I must do it to-night," he muttered to himself in an agitated tone; "she be an okkard maid to deal with, that 's sure; but I'll do it, for all that. That be a meddling, dangerous lad, what won't come to no good, that be!"

Meanwhile, Jack had sauntered into Neighbour Beeson's garden and discovered Bertha Isabella, in a white muslin frock, picking roses. Bertha Isabella always contrived to present picturesque possibilities, even at an extremely short notice, and she had seen Jack Goodson coming across the yard.

"Morning to ye, miss, an' there ain't no manner o' need to ask how *you* be this morning!" said scapegrace Jack, with his swaggering smile.

Bertha Isabella, although accustomed to the more subtle gallantry of Willis the footman, was not proof against a pair of wicked black eyes and a bold, impudent look.

"I do n't 'ardly understand your meaning, Mr. Goodson," she said, in the simpering accents of the town; "but I 'ope as you 'll walk in and take a chair."

"I don't know as to that," drawled Jack, still covering her with an admiring stare; "that depends on who is a-going to walk in along o' myself, that do."

"And do you always require a companion, Mr. Goodson?" asked the lady's-maid demurely.

"Not always, not I! I be proper hard to please, I be; but I know when I've found what I want," laughed scapegrace Jack, and slipped an arm around her dainty waist.

"Oh, Mr. Jack, if you please,—indeed I am not accustomed—" exclaimed Bertha Isabella, and she escaped indoors with burning cheeks, while the sexton's son walked away down the street, and felt in no wise displeased with himself.

There were more aristocratic experiences than usual that evening, and they lasted without a pause right up to the moment of Stephen's departure. He had never seen the lady's-maid look so brilliant before, and her sparkling conversation had set his heart ablaze. In a trembling voice he begged her to walk to the gate with him, and was conscious of a sudden feeling of chill when she excused herself gracefully. So he did not get his opportunity that night; and the next morning, for the first time in his life, he spoke harshly to little Elizabeth for forgetting to feed his cat, which she always had forgotten ever since she served him, though he had never scolded her for it before.

And now the drama of three lives was being slowly played out in the dull little village. It was a comedy, perhaps, but, like all comedies, contained the elements of a tragedy. Every evening before sunset Jack Goodson and the red-haired lady's-maid met and walked together in the meadows down by the water-mill; and every evening, after the September moon came up, Stephen Hearne walked across his orchard to Neighbour Beeson's, and spent the evening in the homely kitchen listening to the tales of aristocratic circles. Little Elizabeth had never dropped asleep in her corner by the fire since the day the ducker had been cross to her; she sat with wide-open eyes instead, and stared wistfully at him; but that, of course, the ducker could not be expected to notice.

One afternoon there were hot words between the two who met among the willows down by the water-mill. There was a red sunset in the west that threw warm tints into the mist that was rising over the fields, and the faint smell of the aftermath made a curious contrast with the autumnal freshness of the air; but nothing of all this made any impression on the handsome pair of lovers who met and quarrelled under the willows with the sublime and unconscious egoism of youth.

"I assure you, Mr. Jack," protested Bertha Isabella, "it is beneath me to stoop to such mean tricks."

"Oh, pray, that bain't no mean trick, that bain't," laughed Jack; "that be a good bit o' fun, that 's all. Why, the man be sick o' love for ye, for all his psalm-singing ways; an' ye knows it, too, my girl."

"That may be, but—" said Bertha Isabella, visibly appeased.

"And I owes him one, I do, for setting of your aunt agin me, which he did afore Maria were married, an' she 'd have made me a tidy wife, too—"

"*That* is n't no concern of mine, Mr. Jack," interrupted the lady's-maid with dignity.

"No more it ain't, my girl," cried Jack admiringly; "no more it ain't, for sure! Lord sakes, I allers did admire a girl wi' sperrit, I did. Now, for sure, ye 'll do as I ask ye, for friendship's sake, won't ye, my pretty?"

When Jack once began to wheedle no girl was able to resist him, and Bertha Isabella capitulated slowly.

"Though I do n't see as I'm likely to get any good by it," she said, looking over the mill stream through the gathering mist. Jack whisked her round, and imprisoned her in his strong arms, and laughed boldly in her face.

"We 'll see about that, no fear," he drawled, and kissed her before she could prevent him. Bertha Isabella struggled weakly.

"Then if I makes a pretence of encouraging 'is attentions to-night, so that he asks for me, what then?" she began reluctantly.

"Then we 'll have the laugh of him to-morrow, and our banns shall be given out come next Sunday!" said Jack heartily, and this time she kissed him of her own accord. For the woman in her had overcome the lady's-maid, and the handsome scapegrace son of the sexton had fascinated

her in a single week as none of her aristocratic or respectable lovers had ever succeeded in doing before. So she put the thought of the wealthy ducker out of her mind altogether, and she comforted herself further by the reflection that Willis the footman never need meet her rustic husband at all.

Stephen Hearne was made the happiest man in the village that night. For the aristocratic experiences were shorter than usual, and he spent most of the evening in the garden close to his orchard fence. And the next morning little Elizabeth wondered greatly why he only smiled at her when she forgot to feed the cat as usual; and when she timidly asked him three times if he had ordered the food for the ducks, and could get no answer to her question, she came to the conclusion that something very serious must certainly have happened. So she followed him about his work with her great searching eyes, and haunted him with her silent presence all the morning until at last even the unobservant ducker began to grow conscious of a change in her.

"You look fair and tired this morning, Elizabeth," he said half absently; "you can go home against it's dinner time, if you like."

Little Elizabeth turned very red.

"Please, Master Hearne, I bain't feeling tired," she stammered, "it be you as looks worrited, I'm thinking."

"Me?" said the ducker in a surprised tone, "bless the child; why, I be the happiest man in the village this morn, I be. Doan't ye see the joy a-shining in my face, Elizabeth?"

Neighbour Beeson's youngest daughter saw nothing just then, for her big eyes were swimming in tears. It is true that she was only seventeen, and that her hair still hung down her back, in one long plait, and that every one called her "little Elizabeth," but she was more grown up than her in-

sufficient print gown would seem to denote, and she had seen quite enough of Bertha Isabella to know what he meant by his words. The truth was more than she could bear, and she stood and stared piteously at him until his astonished face became misty and indistinct to her blurred vision, and she turned and fled into the back house. And there Stephen Hearne found her a few minutes later, sobbing her heart out over a sack of meal.

"Little Elizabeth," he exclaimed, bending over her, "what's come to the maid? Women be curious folk, I'm thinking. Shall I go fetch your dear mother, eh?"

"No, no," sobbed the child, "I be 'fraid to tell mother, I be. Oh, Bertha Isabella, how could ye?"

Another man might have found it embarrassing. But Stephen Hearne forgot his fear of women, and his ignorance of their ways, and sat down to comfort little Elizabeth. Somehow the neighbour's youngest daughter who came in to "do" for him did not strike him in the light of a woman, and he forgot to feel shy or awkward.

"There, there," he said gruffly, and stroked her tidy brown hair with his hard, rough hand, until she grew quieter, and wiped her eyes with a sodden pocket-handkerchief.

"I be proper sorry to have worried ye, Master Hearne," she said humbly.

"Lord alive," said the kindly ducker, "it bain't me that's worried. Be it the hot weather as set ye off, do ye think?"

Elizabeth began to weep again. Life resumed its dreary aspect at the sound of his familiar voice.

"It bain't nothing to do wi' the hot weather," she sobbed miserably; "it be all along o' you an' Bertha Isabella. I be a foolish girl, I be, but I can't abear it just yet, I can't. O Bertha Isabella, how could ye? An' ye doan't love him like I do, neither; that ye doan't."

Slowly the truth dawned upon the unsuspecting ducker. And it meant that after a loneliness of thirty years he had received two declarations of love within twenty-four hours! But he was not angry with little Elizabeth as she lay with her warm, wet cheek against his rough hand; and a new kind of feeling altogether crept into his heart as he looked down upon the tidy brown head—quite a different feeling from the one he had experienced when he stood in the moonlight with Bertha Isabella. Then he had felt nervous, anxious to please, afraid of looking ridiculous; now he was only conscious of liking the feel of that wet, warm cheek against his hand. Most people would have laughed at the contrast between the splendid Bertha Isabella, who had led him on with mocking words in the moonlight, and this poor little tear-stained creature, who sobbed out her secret to him because she was unhappy. But Stephen Hearne was not the kind of man who laughs.

“Little Elizabeth,” he whispered in her ear, “the Lord bless ye for telling me so straight. An’ it be you as I’ve been a-waiting for this long time past, an’ I never knowed it until now.”

They sat silent for a long time after that on the sack of meal, the man of thirty years and the maiden of seventeen. And they were certainly a most strange pair of lovers, for they had nothing whatever to say to one another. But the ducker did not feel lonely any more, and little Elizabeth was not weeping.

“Stephen,” she said to him presently, when he had taught her to say his Christian name after him; “Stephen, what be ye a-going to say to Bertha Isabella?”

The ducker mopped his face and sighed. He had forgotten the magnificent lady’s-maid for the last ten minutes.

“I be going to tell her as I’ve made a mistake, and she be the wrong one, I suppose,” he said dejectedly.

"I doan't like that way, I doan't," said little Elizabeth thoughtfully. "Bertha Isabella won't stand such as that, I'm thinking. Tell me, Stephen, how did ye ask her to marry ye, now?"

Stephen scratched his head and sighed again. Now he came to think of it, he had not asked her at all. It was Bertha Isabella who had asked *him*, and he said so, at last, with some diffidence.

"Then," said little Elizabeth, "ye must go to her, an' speak her fair, an' say as how ye've bin a-thinking of it over, an' ye have n't got the money to keep her as the likes o' she ought to be kep', an' ye think it best to part friendly, like. Then she'll go back to her grand folks agin, an' us two can keep company."

Neighbour Beeson's daughter was not devoid of good common sense.

"Ain't that a bit sharp on the maid?" asked Stephen doubtfully.

"No; that ain't too sharp for the likes o' she," said little Elizabeth decidedly. "No maid did n't ought to ask for a man herself; that be for the man to ask, that be!"

And Stephen Hearne, who had asked neither of them, but had accepted them both, went into Neighbour Beeson's after sundown with a heavy heart. Bertha Isabella seemed almost as embarrassed and ill at ease as he was. She had come in rather later than usual from her stroll along the mill stream, and there was a bright spot of colour on each of her cheeks, and her manner, as she greeted the guilty ducker, was down-cast and confused. But this Stephen, in his ignorance, attributed to the maidenly reserve she would naturally feel after the words that had passed between them in the moonlight, and his task only seemed the harder as he approached it. There were no aristocratic experiences at all, this evening; and Neighbour Beeson began to snore gently in his arm-chair as of

yore, and the little kitchen almost regained the peaceful aspect it had worn in the old days before the red-haired Bertha Isabella came to disturb it with her magnificent presence. But little Elizabeth sat upon a high-backed wooden chair, and reminded the ducker, by the look in her big blue eyes, that the old days were not here any longer, and that the time had come for him to bestir himself, and openly proclaim which of the two women he meant to have for a wife. More than once, and fervently, did Stephen wish that the splendid lady's-maid had never left the house of the boronet and Willis the footman to come and disturb his peace of mind. But there sat Bertha Isabella, with red hair that had come out of curl and hung lankly over her eyes, and a white muslin frock, that had lost its crispness in the evening mist and no longer displayed the seductive charms that had proved so irresistible to him at the beginning of his courtship; and he got up desperately, at last, to put an end to his own embarrassment.

"Be ye inclined for a stroll as far as the gate, Bertha Isabella?" he asked, rather awkwardly. Neighbour Beeson smiled placidly, with his eyes closed, and Mrs. Beeson gave her an encouraging nod, with a great deal of meaning concealed therein. But little Elizabeth still sat bolt upright in her chair, and fixed her large, bright eyes on her shame-faced lover.

Outside, by common consent, the two came to a stand-still close to the orchard fence. They each had an unpleasant avowal to make, and neither of them knew how to begin. The moon had not come up yet, and they could not see one another's face.

"I'm glad you 'appened to drop in this evening, Mr. Hearne," began the woman at last, encouragad by the memory of a pair of bold black eyes.

Stephen wondered at the tone of formality. Had she al-

ready guessed his secret? But a pair of big blue eyes came to his rescue, and he collected himself with an effort.

"It be proper kind of ye to put it in that way—Miss Beeson," he rejoined awkwardly, and there was another pause.

"It ain't always easy for folks to know their own minds, is it, Mr. Hearne?" continued Bertha Isabella desperately.

Stephen trembled like a leaf. It was true, then, and she *did* know of his treachery.

"That be true, that be," he said faintly, and wondered what she would say next.

Bertha Isabella waxed courageous. He was taking it far better than she had dared to hope.

"Then you—you won't be too 'ard upon me, will you, Mr. Hearne?" she said pleadingly.

Stephen scratched his head with perplexity. He had never, in his most sanguine moments, expected her to abdicate like this. Certainly Bertha Isabella was a most generous girl, and he paused for an appropriate sentence with which to comfort her in her disappointment. She placed her hand within his arm in a confiding manner.

"You do n't know, Mr. Hearne," she murmured in her soft accents, "how 'ard it is for a girl to be beat by a couple of black eyes, and nothing more."

Stephen found words at last.

"Not black, Bertha Isabella," he corrected her; "they be blue, bless 'em!"

Her hand was suddenly withdrawn, and the darkness closed in between them. There was not a word spoken for a moment or two; then Bertha Isabella's voice came across to him in its thinnest, most biting tones.

"Nasty, designing little *minx*!" she seemed to hiss between her teeth. "I always knew it."

Stephen stood still with amazement.

"Do n't you tell me," cried Bertha Isabella, though he had not spoken a word; "she always meant to 'ave you with her nasty underhanded ways of going on. I can't abide folk who does n't do things open; I never could as a child. Give me openness, I always say. Nasty, 'orrid chit!"

Stephen grasped the top rail of the fence with both hands, and tried to think what her sudden change of front could possibly mean.

"It ain't a mite of good your telling me that," continued the infuriated Bertha Isabella, though he still remained dumb and motionless. "I knows better. Leading me on with sly words and then dropping me like a 'ot coal for the sake of a little, mean brat like that! I ain't accustomed to such treatment, Mr. Hearne, and it's shameful, it is. I'll 'ave it out with her in the morning, see if I do n't!"

At that, Stephen made an effort to interrupt the torrent of reproaches.

"That ain't the child's fault, Miss Beeson, that ain't," he ventured to say; "that were all along o' my own foolishness, that were."

Bertha Isabella tried another stratagem, and burst out weakly sobbing.

"I've been treated shameful," she wailed; "I'm too innocent and trusting, that's what it is. Most girls would 'ave made you come up to the scratch long ago, instead of waiting so patient for you to speak first. And me so loving and confiding all the time! You've treated me real shameful, Mr. Hearne, and you knows it."

Stephen felt nothing short of a criminal as he stood helplessly and looked at the superb creature who was weeping so bitterly for love of him. Again, he regretted having had matrimonial intentions at all, and he sighed with despair at the state of confusion to which his affections had brought him.

"And she asked you herself, I 'ave n't a doubt," wailed Bertha Isabella in the darkness.

It was odd, he thought, that little Elizabeth should have made the very same insinuation with regard to Bertha Isabella; and he wished again that he was in a position to contradict it.

"Little Elizabeth bain't forward, she bain't," was all that the truth allowed him to say.

"Do n't you tell me," said the injured lady's-maid again. "I 'ave n't no patience with them 'umble bits of girls who don't know how to look you in the face. But there, I'm simple and open, myself, and now I've got to suffer for it. I 'ope as you'll never live to regret your choice, Mr. Hearne, and that's more than you deserve."

At this point it was Bertha Isabella's intention to beat a dignified retreat and rejoin her black-eyed lover, who was waiting round the corner of the house to hear how she had managed to dismiss her accepted suitor. But as she took a step backwards the impressionable Stephen, who had been thoroughly overcome by the spectacle of the beautiful lady's-maid in tears, put out a hand to detain her.

"Doan't ye take on so, Bertha Isabella," he said eagerly; "shake hands, my girl, and let's part friends, now do."

Bertha Isabella was fond of admiration, and she had a moment's desire to make him forget the big blue eyes of little Elizabeth.

"You may kiss me, once, if you like, Stephen," she whispered, and laid her head on his shoulder.

There is no doubt that the astonished ducker would have kissed her once, although he had not forgotten the blue eyes of little Elizabeth at all, but somebody crashed over the fence just then and sent him spinning backwards with a blow on the chest.

"Give over and be hanged to ye," said the sexton's son

with a rough laugh, and he drew Bertha Isabella away towards the house.

Stephen picked himself up and peered after them. He was not a warlike man, but he had some wit on occasion.

"I won't fight ye for your wife, Jack Goodson," he called after them; "ye may keep her an' welcome. She be too simple an' confiding for my taste, she be."

Jack turned to reply, but the triumphant lady's-maid put her hand over his mouth.

"Not but what," she said as she paused to tidy her hair before going indoors, "I don't 'ardly know whether I 'aven't made a mistake after all."

And she returned the next day to the society of the baronet's lady and Willis the footman.

But blue-eyed Elizabeth was the happiest little matron in the village.

EVELYN SHARP.

AN OBLATION

BEHIND the fateful gleams
Of Life's foretelling streams
Sat the Artificer
Of souls and deeds and dreams.

Before him April came ;
And on her mouth his name
Breathed like a flower
And lightened like a flame.

She offered him a world
With showers of joy empearled ;
And a spring wind
With iris wings unfurled.

She offered him a flight
Of birds that fare by night,
 Voyaging northward
By the ancestral sight.

She offered him a star
From the blue fields afar
 Where unforgotten
The ghosts of gladness are.

And every root and seed
Blind stirring in the mead
 Her hands held up,—
And still he gave no heed.

Then from a secret nook
Beside a pasture brook,
 A place of leaves,
A pink-lipped flower she took.

Softly before his feet,
Oblation small and sweet,
 She laid the arbutus,—
And found the offering meet.

Over the speaking tide,
Where Death and Birth abide,
 He stretched his palm
And strewed the petals wide ;—

And o'er the ebbing years,
Dark with the drift of tears,
 A sunbeam broke,
And summer filled the spheres.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

AT THE SIGN OF AUTOLYCUS

I CONFESS to no little surprise at the report that the famous column in *Vogue* entitled "As Seen by Him" is regularly written by Mr. Hamlin Garland. His pose has been so careful and his information so new; he has spoken with so authoritative a voice, and so aristocratic and swagger a manner, that I never for a moment suspected him.

I have always fancied "Him" to be an Easterner; not exactly a New Yorker, and yet closely connected with the city. He might, perhaps, live in Brooklyn, or Harlem. I have even suspected a certain resident of Yonkers, but I knew "Him" was not a society man—as his articles show very plainly—so I was thrown off the track. But, in truth, I never thought of a Westerner—the most likely person in the world. I knew "Him" was a keen observer; a man whose eyes were always open; I knew him for a Realist and one gifted with convictions, strength, and an intense personal opinion. All of these Mr. Garland obviously is, and the riddle was so simple I wonder it was not guessed before.

The announcement is one of import, and I congratulate *Vogue*, Mr. Garland and the West. Yet I cannot but think it regrettable that so much of the clever work of our western authors should make for the fame of the East, and I look forward—with hope and with confidence—to the establishment in Chicago of magazines, bicycle factories, publishing houses, and department stores, where the native literary talent will find not only opportunities and remuneration, but fame as well.

¶ Parisians have had the opportunity, during the last few winters, of seeing some English





plays which for years have not been seen by English-speaking people in their own land. Otway's "Venice Preserved," and one of Webster's, both of which are classics of the language, have been revived and discussed with the same eagerness shown about contemporary or advanced drama. Meanwhile, in our own country, with the single exception of Shakespeare, we never see an Elizabethan or Restoration play. It is true, of course, that Paris has just decided to appreciate foreign literature, and thus the revivals come at an especially favorable time; but the example is none the less one we might follow here. We should need some discretion in the choice of plays, and, at times, in the choice of audiences. But, as a tribute to the glories of the past, and as a work of real importance to the culture of the present, the effort would pay.

I do not pretend for a moment that our regular theatres can undertake revivals of this sort. Nor, after the failure of "The Theatre of Arts and Letters," can we hope for much from a subscription theatre, such as the many independent theatres in Europe are. But there are a thousand and one "schools of dramatic art" in the country which constantly give public performances. These need not limit their ambitions to the rendition of farces by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. Farces are amusing; Mr. Bangs' are at times brilliant. I am willing to admit them more suited to beginners than are the classics of the language. Yet these people are beginners; that is, they hope for better things. And their series of trifling performances suggest the amateur, who limits his aim to the play in hand. A dignified attempt at revival would be distinguished even were it a failure.

These students have peculiar reason to be daring. The financial conditions of their performances are unique. The actors give their services, and merely through their personal acquaintance can count unfailingly on an audience. They have youth and should have high ambitions. Indeed, they have already proved this to be so. It is owing to them, in the main, that we know anything of the new drama, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Maeterlinck. Let them push their missionary work still farther, and show us something from Webster and Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher and Congreve.

¶ On the front page of *The Athenæum* the following extraordinary advertisement recently appeared :

“Book-lover wanted who would be willing to correspond about literature, for pure love of it, with the advertiser. L. P. Post office, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.”

With this, a new terror has been added to life. It is bad enough to think of the thousands and thousands of books issued every year ; it is awful to consider the mile after mile of copy about these which literary editors grind out ; but it is simply maddening even to suspect that through our post-offices there is forever flowing an unseen and unceasing stream of letters “about literature, for pure love of it.” The seven venerable plagues of Egypt are mere child’s plagues compared to the modern pestilence of books. Everyone—men, women and children—chiefly children—is engaged in writing books, in reviewing them, or in prating about them in private life.





And now the card in *The Athenaeum* caps the climax. It is the most tremendous warning I have seen for years. That anyone should be so madly desirous of talking about books that he must advertise is to me both degraded and immoral. And who *could* reply? Surely no one but a victim—or another maniac!

DIGNITIES

[IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE]

Or there or here, to toil or pleasure led,
The tenants pass, and cut each other dead :
Jones, second floor, administers affronts
Because his father was a governor, once ;
The third floor Smiths regret the fourth floor Browns ;
The latter deprecate the the fifth floor's gowns ;
And Mrs. Carrollton, the first floor,—she
Whose carriage chills the street, from nine to three—
Bemoans the fate that here hath fixed her tent,
And queries how those people pay the rent.

Meanwhile, beneath their several stations sunk,
The janitor abides, serenely drunk,—
I wonder whether, if the boiler burst,
He or the Carrollton would come out first?

¶I suppose it is nothing more, after all, than what the psychologists call “selective attention,” these queer coincidences where certain things unknown or unnoted pour upon us cumulatively.

For instance, my paper this morning has an article upon the Renaissance of Belief. While reading it I lifted my eyes mechanically to the building my car was passing and read

that there was, most appropriately, a Bible Truth Depot. A half an hour later a friend introduced me to a long, thin man, who confessed to being a professor of Dogmatic Theology. On my way home I passed a doorway of the "Infinity Co." and in the English magazine on my study table I read this advertisement :

"Religious doubts removed—1 pound.

Curate."

Certainly if the world is n't getting better it is n't for need of intelligent guidance.

¶ Humphrey was acknowledged to be the sweetest fellow in the world, and the cleverest in his way—which was the whole world's way, to judge by the demand upon him.

He danced with heavy women and put pots in front of lovers at balls; he brought home curios for his relatives, let his friends have 'em at cost and put on a prohibitive price for tourists; he made such salads and rarebits and punches as never were—eaten, and his afternoon teas were positively vertiginous. No one had ever known him to refuse to do anything required, except four or three girls who had proposed marriage, and they kept comparatively quiet about it.

The best of it all was that Humphrey never reposed on his reputation and let it get sere or wilted, but kept it green by hourly grubbing.

But it's Day came.

It was one of the nicest old ladies in the town did it. On Easter morning she had seen him—pagan and hedonist—mounted on the spindling ladder that nobody else would use, trying to



turn the wobbling elbows of a green Greek cross into something sufficiently episcopalian for church use. She nodded familiarly at him, and murmured automatically: "the dearie!"—for so he was popularly quoted.

Alas, later on the same day she was seen surrounded by an eager group attentive to the downfall of the Idol.

"You know, dears," so ran the gentle Iliad, "that a message came for Dr. Hart, our organist, to go way over to Palmetto to set somebody's stupid leg, and there was all the Easter music and the choir and everything waiting, so I just ran over to Humphrey's. He had on his pajamas, but you could n't have seen 'em behind the curtain, and our congregation never looks back, like those vulgar methodists. And do you know he positively refused!"

A cry of horrified surprise broke from the crowd. And then one of the girls, proud of esoteric knowledge of Humphrey, cried: "But he does n't know one note from two others."

"And he does n't know Bach from Bingo," said another girl. And then the men roared. But the old lady shook her head mournfully. The Idol had clay feet.

"He might have tried," she sighed, and on the breath of that sigh, Humphrey's reputation fled forever.

¶ In a recent letter from Jacques des Gachons, comes news which will cause sincere regret to all who are interested in the charming work done by him and his brother, Andhré.

"Malheureusement, j'ai du renoncer à la lutte—pour cette année—de façon à repartir plus ferme l'an prochain. Il faut être riche pour entreprendre pareille tâche: et je ne le suis pas. Il faut être riche ou bien pouvoir, comme dans votre fier pays, compter sur l'aide des réclames. *Le Livre des Légendes* ne paraîtra donc pas en 1896."

¶ The first adequate performance of a decadent play ever given in this country took place during the last fortnight in

Chicago. The occasion was the initial production of a one-act mediæval play by Laurence Irving, younger son of Sir Henry Irving. It is called "Godefroi and Yolande," and the leading parts were taken by Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Cooper. At this moment I am quite unable to say whether the performance was deadly dull or thrillingly forceful. I sat through it all; I applauded several times. The story tells of a masque, invented by Godefroi, a peasant's son and a mere clerk, for the entertainment of royal and distinguished visitors to the courtesan Yolande. King Phillip le Bel and his Archbishop appear masked as Jupiter and Neptune. Yolande comes in the guise of Venus. The hall is full of people. Godefroi is at one side. Yolande stands on her throne in the centre. All through the evening she has been growing whiter—whiter—whiter. She slowly unveils.

Sir Somebody—who has been to the Holy Land—starts to kiss her hand. The whiteness stuns him. He draws back in terror. The company is awe-struck; from mouth to mouth they whisper "The leprosy!" The hall is filled with the uproar. The King and the Archbishop hastily withdraw—cursing the foul Yolande, the leprous Yolande. The others go, leaving only Godefroi, standing stupidly still.

This, of course, is the climax, and, as is customary in modern plays, it is followed by a long and tiresome anti-climax. Godefroi, the servant, declares his love for Yolande. In her despair she clutches him; she kisses and embraces him—which is supposed to settle him. After that there is nothing for them to do but leave the stage. The play is over, but Mr. Irving has forgotten his final climax. Miss Terry and Mr. Cooper know this, and they wait for it. After a time it comes in, carried by a half a dozen priests. It consists of a pair of leper's rattles, a notice to leave town, and, incidentally, an excommunication. Climax—curtain!



Joliquet.

"YOLANDE"

DRAWN BY JOLIQUET

This is the main story. There are many minor points which I have n't time to mention : the appearance of Gode-froi's blind mother—who stands for sentiment ; the introduction of a doctor, who is cynical and rabid and rather amusing, and a phonographic mob that cries " Unclean ! unclean ! " and partially does away with the necessity of slow music.

Possibly I should incline to believe it all very stupid and wearisome—if Mr. Irving had n't begged me, along with the other spectators—to be indulgent. " Your encouragement will mean so much to him, a young man starting on his career," said he—and after that what is one to do ? In truth, there is enough of good in the piece to make me wish to say nice things of it. It is infinitely more interesting as literature than the thousand and one plays, it shows culture and taste and knowledge. The picture of the mediæval time is excellent, the introduction of the King of France and the Archbishop is a skillful thing and the wording of it all is done knowingly, deliberately and well.

The performance was respectful and serious ; the players gave an air of sincerity, which rescued the Maeterlinckian repetitions of the early part from absurdity, and the mounting was all that could be desired.

It cannot be said, however, that the play was convincingly a success in any sense of the word. The subject is far too morbid and disgusting to permit of popular pleasure.

In the hands of an actress of less power than Miss Terry, the piece would have been laughable ; played by a woman of more force, it might have been thrilling : as it was the applause which followed the first performance was partly a frank and childish response to Mr. Irving's ill-advised prayer for indulgence, and partly a tribute to Miss Terry's personality—and her gown.

¶ A poet sends me from the boundless ranges of Dakota what he calls "a brace of poems," with the request that if I like these two, I will at once undertake the publication of a whole volume of similar lyrical outbursts. Now, strange as it may seem, I find that I like the "brace" very well, and at the same time I promptly refuse to have anything to do with the book. The poet will curse me for a hypocrite and parasite of literature, mercenary and heartless. There is already a small band of bardlings who think thus. It is a case of frightful misjudgement. In fact towards no one, not even dumb animals, have I such a gentle, tender feeling than towards this same lovable race of poets.

They are, however, possessed of an over-reaching ambition, and they press with undue tumult towards the final goal of book publication. They forget that for years *The Sweet Singer of Michigan* appeared only in the newspapers.

Seriously, there is nothing more absurd than for a maker of verse to expect to make his first bow to the public in a volume of considerable size. The public will not buy books of poetry by totally unknown writers, and publishers will not, cannot print them. Magazines and reviews can and do constantly accept verse by unknown authors. It is a small thing to ask for a little corner of a magazine page. An editor will almost always give this to anyone in whom he believes. Why cannot poets arrange their affairs a bit? Let them try their verse on the hapless professional reader in small quantities, and not cast volumes at his luckless head. If John Smith of Kewancee would only try to have *The Century* print a ballad of twenty lines, instead of trying to force a tragedy in five acts and in blank verse down the throats of Messrs. Harper & Bros., he would suffer less from blasted hopes.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES

THE NEW POET LAUREATE AND
HIS PEGASUS

FROM AN OLD CHAP-BOOK

¶ Richard Harding Davis does not care if people know that he "keeps a man." In fact he rather courts the publicity. In registering recently at a Bryn Mawr, Pa., inn he subscribed himself,—*"Richard Harding Davis and valet."* A Philadelphia gentleman immediately followed Davis in registering, and, casting a quick glance at the scrawl above, wrote,—*"Bradley Warburton and valise."*

¶ Just what Mr. Stephen Crane's idea was in allowing two entertaining but quite different portraits of himself to be printed at the same time, is more than I can conceive. One is of a neat-looking boy with plastered hair and a Western-college appearance. It is stiff, with that "pleasant expression," and "the head tipped a little forward, please." There are signs of those invisible braces behind which insure a graceful pose. All this is the lovely boyish picture taken some months ago.

Then comes the other. The *Bookman* portrait is the more pleasing because it is nearer to our ideals—it has the more professional look. It is not so young; it has the frowzled hair and rampant look, which suggest the Literary-Man-Taking-Himself-Seriously. It is carelessly dramatic; nonchalantly unconscious—and marvellous! This must have been taken the day the "Red Badge of Courage" became a success.

"Oh! which wonderful change!" and "Who the little boy for the pleasure what he gives us!" as the Portuguese Grammar might say.

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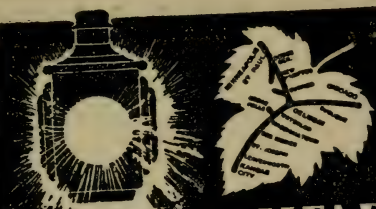
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SONG

WHEN all the moods had mated, two remained;
Sly Venus smiled upon their destiny
That jocund Joy with grey-eyed Grief ally:
Over her court their child has long since reigned.
PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

THE WAY TO CONSTANTINOPLE

MRS. DENBY poured the tea.
“Now, speaking of Constantinople,” Denby began.

Mrs. Denby blushed. I envied Denby.

“Ah, yes,” said I, “I have read Gautier, and that is a very good monograph of Marion Crawford’s. I was there once myself.”

“Were you?” said Mrs. Denby demurely. “Do you take sugar?”

“Oh, tell me!” I began, for I saw I was expected to show some interest.

“Do n’t, Dick,” began Mrs. Denby.

“Oh, it’s only Tom,” said Denby fondly; but not half so fondly as he had before he had found her, and persuaded her, and—I always have had such bad luck with the woman whom it’s worth while trying to marry!

“You see,—it’s a silly story. Dick’s usually are,” began Mrs. Denby.

“Oh, fiddlesticks,” said Denby. “Now, you know——”

“Oh, if you must,” said Mrs. Denby despairfully.

“Paris was a glare of splendor that February,—after the North Atlantic,” Denby went on. “Did you ever leave

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New York of a dismal day of winter fog and a week after find yourself in Havre? The boulevards are gay, the shops resplendent. Paris is a different place from Paris in July,—when hordes of our countrymen swoop down on it like the Huns. It's like the rural visitor doing Fifth Avenue in August, and wondering why New York is so much talked about. But Paris in February is the Paris one dreams of when the word is pronounced, with all its suggestiveness of the world's gaiety. Yet, it was cold that February,—as bitter as in New York; and after coming back one night to my lodging on the Avenue Carnot, where the cab was unable to make its way because of the frozen sleet on the smooth paving of the hill the Avenue des Champs Elysees climbs,—that night I concluded I had not intended exchanging New York for wintry unpleasantness, and decided to go to Constantinople. Constantinople, where I had never been, seemed so far away, and I did not know that it, too, could be bleakly dismal in the spring. The next morning I booked on the Orient Express. That evening I was snugly put away in my compartment, and the morning after was looking on a Bavarian landscape."

"You always were impulsive," Mrs. Denby interrupted.

"Yes; nothing proves that more than my conduct the next morning at breakfast in the dining-car. I appeared late. The place was crowded. A very pretty girl——"

"Did you really think so then?" said Mrs. Denby.

"Oh, I did, or else I should n't have taken the seat opposite beside a little chap who was ogling and embarrassing her dreadfully."

"Such a man's horrid," commented Mrs. Denby.

"I saw at once he was one of those little Parisians, whose kind I know well, who in some way lose their appropriateness when transplanted. For I knew at once they were not acquaintances. The girl appeared alone, English or

American—I could not be certain. Now, I was sure the man was objectionable,—not quite a gentleman,—or, if he had been, he had distorted the quality.”

“Now you need n’t explain,” said Mrs. Denby. “My honest opinion is that you took the seat for exactly the same reason as he, because——”

“Because the girl was pretty?” said Denby.

“I did n’t say she was,” Mrs. Denby hastened to add.

“‘I beg pardon, Monsieur,’ said I to the man, when he glared. Presently the Swiss brought the young lady’s bill, when a strange agitation appeared in my vis-à-vis. I saw and felt for her. She had no money. She probably had her ticket, but had lost her purse. She did not attempt to go back to the Wagon Lit.

“‘I am going to Constantinople,’ she said.

“‘I beg pardon, Madame,’ began the Swiss.

“‘Cannot the bill——?’

“‘I am sorry, Mademoiselle,’ said the Swiss, and he looked desolated, with a contrary gleam in his eye.

“Here the man by my side dropped from the category of the gentleman to that of the cad.

“‘If Mademoiselle will allow me,’ he began eagerly.

“I leaned under the table, pretending to pick up a purse, which I really took from my pocket.

“‘I think this is your purse,’ I said in English.

“For an instant she scanned me. The Frenchman looked daggers. She was blushing.

“‘Thank you,’ said she, and I knew she was an American; ‘how stupid of me to have dropped it.’

“And from my purse she paid the bill, nodded to me, ignoring the Frenchman, and without further word left the buffet.

“The particular French cad evidently wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and for a moment I was debating with my-

self whether I might not have been an ass. A fool's money goes the way of his scanty wit. The girl might appear pretty, innocent, attractive—and yet——? I swallowed my coffee, and returned to my compartment, which I had to myself. The door was open. Presently I saw the young woman of the breakfast table walking up and down the aisle. I was determined I should not notice her. Suddenly I heard her voice at the door.

“‘Sir, what can you think of me? But I could n't help it, really,—I have lost my purse. Here is yours; I will return the six francs at Constantinople.’

“‘I saw a tear; and I was sure my knowledge of femininity——”

“‘Conceited,” said Mrs. Denby.

“‘Could not be at fault,” Denby continued. “‘I bowed.

“‘‘I’m glad to be able to make the loan——’ I began.

“‘‘It’s good of you,’ said she.

“‘‘But if you have lost all your money, I do n't see——’

“‘‘What?’

“‘‘How can you avoid borrowing more?’

“‘That man at the table made me feel so detestably,’ she began.

“‘‘Oh, you must n't mind?’

“‘‘And you really are so nice—— What do you know about me?’

“‘‘Oh, I can tell.’

“‘‘I think you generally can,’ said she.

“‘‘Is n't that interesting?’ said I, pointing out of the window at some peasants in the field.

“‘‘Ah, yes!’ said she.

“‘‘May I sit down?’ said I.

“‘We had reached her seat.

“‘‘Why, certainly, I shall be glad to have you.’

“‘‘How does it happen?’ I began after a moment.

“ ‘Oh, here’s your purse,’ she interrupted.

“ ‘Now, really, please. It won’t inconvenience me in the least. There are only five louis there, and I have my portemonnaie besides, and——’

“ ‘And?’

“ ‘I believe I said I should I be delighted.’

“ ‘Oh, you did, but you began a——’

“ ‘What?’ said I, feeling uncomfortable.

“ ‘A question. I know what it was.’

“ ‘Well, if you do——?’

“ ‘I’m from Illinois. We do n’t regard chaperones as so necessary; besides——’

“ ‘Besides?’ I could n’t resist saying.

“ ‘I believe women should take care of themselves.’

“ ‘But they can’t——always.’

“ ‘You mean——?’ she began rather indignantly.

“ ‘Well,—well,—they sometimes have to borrow, you know.’

“ ‘That’s,—that’s mean of you.’

“ ‘Oh, I—I beg pardon.’

“ ‘You need n’t. I wish I could return your six francs. I am going to Constantinople to meet my father, who is up from the east. I went all alone—because—there was nobody.’

“ ‘I’m sorry,’ said I. ‘Now do n’t mind me, please.’

“ ‘She looked at me then.

“ ‘I suppose I shall have to tolerate you. You are the only American on this train.’

“ ‘I consider myself your guardian,—with letters testamentary.’

“ ‘I am forced to it,’ said she, but smiling.”

“ ‘Now, she did n’t smile,’ said Mrs. Denby.

“ ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘this is deliciously lucky. I thought I should have this ride alone.’

"At this moment—for some time had passed—the Swiss announced luncheon, which she——"

"How horridly forward it all sounds," interrupted Mrs. Denby.

"Which she took with me."

"Oh, dear, I wonder at it," said Mrs. Denby.

"She had to," said Denby.

"Yes, of course, you had the money," said Mrs. Denby.

"Well, she tolerated——"

"That's the word, I think," assented Mrs. Denby.

"We walked the station at Vienna. We took an ice at Buda-Pesth. We wondered about Queen Nathalie at Bucharest. We bought beads at Sofia. We shivered over the Bulgarian soldiers squatting on the platform against Turkish banditti. I told her how an Orient Express had been held up the autumn before, a Frankfort banker abstracted, and his ears sent to his counting-house with a request for a gold payment or else his tongue would follow."

"That was horrid of you," said Mrs. Denby.

"Well, at Constantinople, her father was not there."

"It was terrible," said Mrs. Denby.

"But I knew the American Consul's wife, who took in the situation."

"It was very nice of her," said Mrs. Denby.

"We roamed about the Pera; sentimentalized in San Sofia; bargained——"

"With your money," said Mrs. Denby.

"In the bazars. We rode in a palanquin, and drove to the Sweet Waters of Europe, danced at the Russian Legation, —where she was irresistible."

"Your eyes!" said Mrs. Denby, with severe sarcasm.

"One day her father appeared. She counted out three louis——"

"And five francs sixty centimes," said Mrs. Denby.

“‘That is n’t all,’ said I.

“‘Why, let me see,’ she began.

“‘It is n’t all,’ said I. ‘There ’s my heart.’”

“It was a very silly speech—not at all original,” said Mrs. Denby. “I should think you would be ashamed to repeat it—before visitors. But, Mr. Pemberton, you have n’t told me whether you take sugar?”

“Sugar, thanks,” said I. “That ’s a good story. It reminds me of an episode in Hunter’s novel——”

“This is a better story,” said Denby.

“Dick!” said Mrs. Denby, looking at him with sudden earnestness. “Do you mean that,—now!”

I felt, as is often the case lately, the superfluous bachelor. I went to call on Sally Waters.

CLINTON ROSS.

SONG OF THE SEA CHILDREN

AS if the sea’s eternal rote
Might cease to set remembrance wild,
The breezy hair, the lyric throat,
Were given to the surf-born child.

And the great forest found a voice
For her along the brookside brown,
That bids the purple dusk rejoice,
And croons the golden daylight down.

BLISS CARMAN.





THE SCHOOL OF JINGOES

IN a certain colored regiment there was a chaplain who was habitually called by the negroes, with their usual gift at lucky misnomers, "Mr. Chapman." He was very fond of risky adventures, and one of the negroes once said: "Woffor Mas' Chapman made preacher fo'? He's de fightin'est mos' Yankee I ebber see in all my days!" It is impossible not to read this in reading what is written by these friends of peace, who are constantly using the olive branch for a war club and hammering away at those who think differently. The excellent Mr. Angell, in the last number of *Our Dark Friends*, announces in one column that the object of his paper is "the humane education of the millions," and in another column that it is to be wished "that England had not only Venezuela, but every other Spanish-speaking colony on the face of the earth." In this manner, more prosaically, do Mr. Edward Atkinson and Mr. Edward D. Mead hold it up as the highest desideratum for every part of Spanish and Portuguese America to pass into English hands. Grant the force of all their arguments, can this be regarded as the gospel of serenity and brotherly love? It rather recalls Heine's glowing description of one of his early teachers, one Schramm, who had written a book on Universal Peace, and in whose classes the boys pummelled each other with especial vigor.

If jingoism there be on earth, where are its headquarters, its normal school, its university extension system? Where, pray, but in the example of England? No one who has watched the course of things at Washington can help seeing the influence of that vast object-lesson. Seeley's book, "The Expansion of England," is of itself enough to demoralize a whole generation of Congressmen. It is the trophies of Great Britain which will not allow Lodge and

Roosevelt to sleep. Logically, they have the right of it. If it be a great and beneficent thing for England to annex, by hook or crook, every desirable harbor or island on the globe; to secure Gibraltar by a trick, India by a lucky disobedience of orders, Egypt by a temporary occupation of which the other end never arrives, why not follow the example? This impulse lay behind the whole Hawaiian negotiation; it asserts itself in all the Venezuela interference, in all the Cuban imbroglio. Moreover, it is absolutely consistent and defensible, if England is, as we are constantly assured, the great beneficent and civilizing power on the earth. If so, let us also be beneficent; let us proceed to civilize; let us too, say, especially to all Spanish-speaking peoples, "*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue!*"

If there ever was a Church Militant, surely England is the Nation Militant. While we debate a gun-boat, she equips a fleet; while we introduce a bill for an earth-work, and refer it to a committee, she forwards ten additional guns to Puget Sound. "Her march is o'er the mountain wave," as Campbell long since boasted; and yet, whenever the youngest statesman asks why we should not be allowed to take a faltering step after her, he is treated as if he had violated the traditions of the human race and had indeed brought death into the world and all our woe. Let us at heart be consistent. To me, I confess, the old tradition of "an unarmed nation,"—about which that good soldier, Gen. F. A. Walker, once made so fine an address,—still seems the better thing. But the unarmed nation is the condemnation of England; if defencelessness is right, then England is all wrong, and we should say so. We can by no possible combination be English and pacific at the same time.

Above all, it seems to me an absolute abandonment of the whole principle of republican institutions to say that they are for one nation alone, and for only those who speak one

language. If deserving means anything, it means that sooner or later all will grow up to it. Nobody doubts that the Romans governed well and were the best road-builders on this planet; but all now admit that it helped human progress when they took themselves out of England and left those warring tribes to work themselves out of their dark condition into such self-government as they now possess. There was a time on this continent when Mexico was such a scene of chaos that the very word "to Mexicanize" carried a meaning of disorder. Yet what State of the Union has shown more definite and encouraging progress than has been accomplished in Mexico within the last ten years? What Mexico is, every Spanish-American or Portuguese-American state may yet be, only give it time and a fair chance. If we believe that the principle of self-government is unavailable for those who speak Spanish, we might as well have allowed Maximilian to set up his little empire undisturbed. No one ever doubted that Louis Napoleon knew how to build good roads and to shoot straight; and perhaps he might have taught the same arts to his representative. Whatever injury we may before have done to Mexico, we repaid it liberally when we said to Europe, "Hands off," and secured to that Spanish-American state its splendid career of self-development out of chaos. What Mexico has done the states of South America may yet imitate.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

MAD-TOWN

DID you ever hear of Mad-Town,
A town I wot of well?
How once men called it glad-town
And what the folk befell?

Of yore, the place was like to other towns,
Where old and young and seemly men and clowns
Lived out their lives ; and maidens smiled or broke
Deep hearts, or were bespoke.

Where tiny children sported midst the downs,
Weaving of flowers or bringing in the May,
Merry the live-long day.

And matrons most demure, with upbound hair,
Did household tasks and wept betimes for care ;
While Shrunken-shanks sat still and took their sunning,
And watched the youngers running.

II

Until, one morn, just as the night-lorn East
Turned into rose that wine sheds at a feast,
A stranger came, bearing an instrument
With carvings strange besprent,
And stood and played : the lordliest and the least
About the streets, afield, or housed at home
Stopt, and might not roam.

Stopt, and light ran over all their faces,
Yea, blest them in their places.
And as the minstrel, playing soft and sweet,
Waxed loving in his work, lo ! many feet
Kept rhythmic time, and bodies swayed, and hands
Were claspt for dancing-bands.

And e'en the little ones, too wee to beat
The perfect dance-time through its cadences,
Were rhythmic in their glees ;

One old man, too, albeit bent with eld,
Rose up in raptures never to be quelled
And cast afar his staff, to hobble gayly,
As he had done it daily.

III

The player played right on, tune chasing tune,
Until the clocks rang out, high noon ! high noon !
Then sudden vanished, sprang into the air,
Or sank through earth, ere any were aware :
And O ! the change, the sorry, woful swoon
From joyance that was rife ere-while he went
And ceased his blandishment !
Each face grew stony first, then vacant-eyed,
And gibberish loud laughter rose and died
To silence worse, like damnéd spirits striving
Against their Fate's contriving.

IV

And though this happed full many years ago,
And one might deem they had forgot it so,
Forgot the minstrel and his coming-time,
As one forgets a rhyme :
The good folk of the town forever show
This strange wild grieving after what is dead
In what the music said.
Until men call them mad : They neither reap
Nor sow, nor buy nor sell, but only sleep ;
Or, waking, roam with head aside, as trying
To catch some sound adying.

This is the tale of Mad-Town,
A town I wot of well ;
How once men called it glad-town,
And what the folk befell.

RICHARD BURTON.



ONE VOICE ALONE

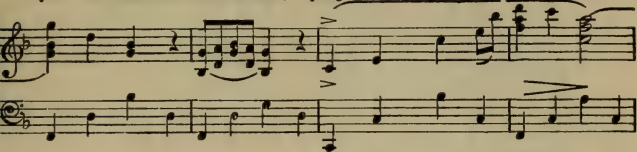
Words by
WM. MARC CHAUVENET.
Allegretto.

Music by
HARRIET P. SAWYER.

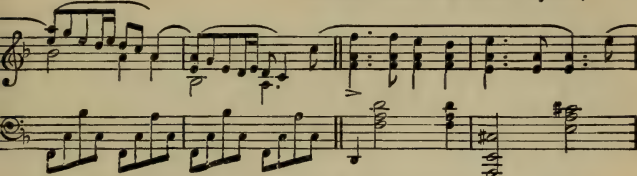
The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of five systems of three staves each. The first staff is the vocal line, the second is the right-hand piano part, and the third is the left-hand piano part. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings like accents and slurs.

Since ap - ple - blos - soms scent the air, And
birds a - long the hedg-es sing, And banks are green that late were bare, Some
hearts I know are glad with Spring. For
I re-mem - ber long a - go, Long ere the win - tar would de-part, While

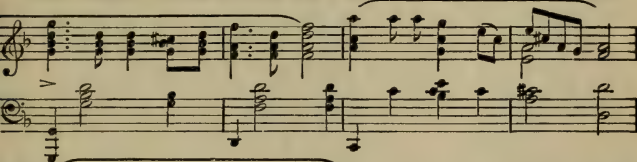
yet the banks were cold with snow, Spring would a - wa - ken in my heart.



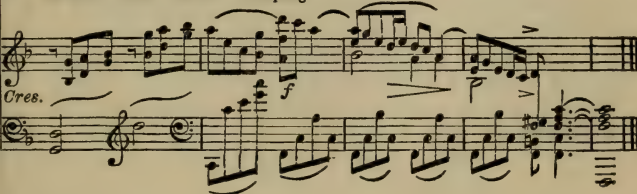
But now the fair - est blooms may blow, A



thou - sand flut - ter - ing birds may sing, Still in my heart a - bides the snow—



One voice a - lone can wa - ken Spring.



THE SPLENDID SHILLING

I

“PLEASE, Mr. John,” said Mary the servant, “Master’s sent me for ye; he’s above in the front parlour. An’—”

“What does he want?” asked Mr. John, and raised his eyes. “Tell him I’m busy.”

“I did, Sur. I said the machine was smashed an’ ye wur fixin’ it; but he only roared at me. I’d go, Mr. John; ’deed I wid.”

“What the sorrow now?” said John, and put down his wrench on the stones of the yard. “*Roared* ye say, Mary?”

“Ay. Och, Sur, spake him fair; do n’t anger him worse. I know what ails him. *Her* mother was here a while ago—it’s that, Mr. John.”

“Ay!” said John, and his face darkened. “Ay! An’ what the divil brought *her* here?” He rose from his knees, turned down his shirt-sleeves over his brown arms, then took his sleeved waistcoat from the pole of the mowing machine and buttoned it on. “Did she stay long, Mary?” asked he.

“No, Sur; only a wee while—but I heerd words.”

“Ay,” said John, and turned towards the kitchen door. “Oh, just so!”

“Ye’ll spake him fair, Mr. John?” said Mary the servant, and ventured to lay her hand on his arm. “Och, ye will, Sur! Ye know I’d—we’d be sorry to lose ye, Sur.”

John hung on his heel for a step, and looked down at his little well-wisher standing bare-headed and bare-footed in her rags and tatters.

“Oh, ay,” he said, and laughed. “Oh, ay. Never fear, Mary; I’ll speak him fair, true an’ fair as a die. An’ I’m thankful to you, me girl, for the hint ye gave me; it’s as well to know. Ay, it is.”

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Then his face fell solemn again, and, with his hands clasped across his body, he went in through the kitchen and along the red-flagged hall into the front parlour.

James Hewitt was sitting in an old leather armchair reading from a newspaper. A man of about sixty-five he was, gray-headed, swarthy, large-limbed, strong of face, a fine specimen of your Ulster Protestant farmer and the living image of what you would expect his son John to be when time had added another forty or so to the sum of his years.

"Ye wanted me?" asked John from his place by the door, where he stood fumbling with his cap. His father lowered his newspaper and looked at him over the rims of his spectacles; then raised the sheet again as if to read.

"Yes," answered he, "I did. You'd better sit down."

"I'd rather stand—I'm waitin'." Both the words and the manner in which they were spoken were disrespectful; very seldom had child of his dared venture so to speak in the presence of James Hewitt. For once, however, the words passed unrebuked.

"Have ye mended the machine?" came from behind the newspaper.

"No—nor wo n't! Is that all?" Clearly John Hewitt expected a storm, and was for brewing it at once.

"Won't? Won't?" cried his father wrathfully. "What d' ye mean, Sir? Have ye come here to defy me?"

"That's as maybe. I meant I could n't mend it."

"Then why did n't ye say so?"

"It's no odds. I'm waitin', I say. I know what I'm here for, so ye may as well say your say at once."

The two men eyed each other for a moment, straight and steadily. Along the deep lines of the father's face anger was swiftly flushing; in John's eyes a defiant obstinacy was fast seated.

"Oh! ye know, do ye?" the father began. Then, all

suddenly, broke out: "How dare ye disobey me, Sir! Did n't I tell ye, last time I spoke to ye about this, that ye were to give up your—your foolishness wi'—wi' that hussy over there? Did n't I, Sir?"

"Ye did."

"Well?"

"Well, I did n't choose to obey ye. Why should I? A man can do as he likes, I suppose?" John made a quick step away from the door. "Look here, father," said he—and his voice came low and solemn—"let's be plain an' have done, for God's sake! It goes against me to be doin' what ye do n't like; but that can't be helped, it seems. Ye bid me to give up Rachel Hoey, an' to have no more to do wi' her. Well, I have n't given her up—because I could n't; an' I won't give her up—because I can't, so help me God! Ye may say your worst, father, an' do it; but there's my say, as plain as I can put it."

The young man put his back against the door, folded his arms, and so standing, with his eyes steadily fixed on the wall before him, waited for the words of his fate. Very soon they came, swiftly, wrathfully, with gathering force at every sentence. James Hewitt was obliged to his son for his plain speaking and dutiful conduct and grateful reward for all that had been done for him. It was always pleasant for a father to find his children thwarting and defying him and insulting his grey hairs.

"I do n't want to defy ye, Sir," said John, and spoke more dutifully than he had yet done; "an' I do n't think I've insulted ye."

"But ye have, Sir," his father went on; "ye have insulted me, spoke to me like a plough-boy. Be God, Sir, for two pins I'd flog ye!"

John smiled. "It's too late for that, now," said he; "those days are past."

"Ay! they 're past, ye think," cried the old man; "they 're past, an' so ye defy me. But they 're not past, I tell ye; I'm master i' me own house yet, thank God! an' if I can't strap ye I can sack ye. Ye hear that? I told ye before what I'd do. I said if ye had any more doin's wi' them Hoeys, if ye did n't shun their house, if ye didn't renounce the arts o' that little jade, I'd——"

"She's no jade, father," said John quietly. "Even from you I'll not hear that."

"But ye will hear it, Sir! Ye knew, I told ye myself, that no Hoey'd ever call himself my friend; that between them an' me there never could be anything but hatred. They're a pack of rogues an' liars, one an' all; there never was one of them yet fit to carry rags to a beggarman. An' yet—yet ye tell me ye'll marry that jade! An ye send her mother here to speak for ye!"

"I did n't send her," said John. "I knew nothing of it."

"She came—that's enough; I want to know no more. An' now *you* come, an' forgetful o' all I've done for ye, you ungrateful scoundrel!—ye say ye'll defy me an' keep on wi' your devices; that ye *will* do what you like; that ye *will* marry this girl; that ye do n't care for what I say. Do n't ye? Look ye here, John; here's a plain word for ye: Are ye or are ye not goin' to do my biddin'?"

"Ye mean give Rachel up?"

"I do."

"No."

"Then out ye go! I disown ye. From this day on you're no son o' mine. Ye hear?"

"I do."

"I'll curse the day ye were born. I'll cut ye off wi' a shillin'. Wait!" The old man rose from his chair, crossed the room, and opening a safe which stood in the corner, took therefrom a folded paper. "Ye see that?" he

cried, and faced John again. "Ye see that? It's my will, an' in it I've left ye all I possess. Well"—and he took the paper between both hands—"here's your last chance. Take back your word an' it stands; say the word an' I flitter it. Come!"

"Flitter," said John, and the will went in pieces over the floor.

"It's the last o' ye," shouted James; "take yourself off—I disown ye. Out o' me sight!" But John stood firm with his back against the door and his arms still folded.

"Very well," said he, and the words came slowly as from a tongue striving for calmness. "Very well, I'll go, an' may neither o' us rue this day. But I'll say this—"

"Ye'll say nothin'. Me solemn curse on ye! Out ye go!"

John stepped forward.

"But I will speak, father," he said; "for it's my right, an' you're unjust. What have I done? Fell in love wi' a girl. What do I want? Only to marry her. It's true ye have an old grudge against her kind; but what harm did *she* ever do ye? I wanted nothin' o' ye only to be left alone. An' for that ye curse me an' disown me! Ye might ha' kept your breath to cool your porridge. I'll leave your house in welcome; an' may your curses come home." John stopped suddenly. "No," he went on; "I'll not say it—for cursin' is the work o' the devil. But as the word comes so I take it." He held out his hand, "Good-bye."

His father turned away.

"Ye won' shake hands? Come, father, an' may God forgive us!"

But the old man said not a word; and the next moment saw the door closed between father and son.

II

John took his coat from a peg in the hall, and without

more ado (without a glance, even, through the passage door into the kitchen where, all tearful, stood a little bare-footed figure) went out through the front door. He was homeless, now, and penniless; the wide world was before him; where should he go? He looked away across the fields, towards the place where dwelt the maid of his heart, the maid for whom he had just foregone so much. Ah! over there was a friend awaiting him, a friend true as steel, whose own dear self was worth all else in the world. . . . All else! Was she worth it all—those broad acres lying below there rich in crop and fat pasture, the cattle feeding on the hills, the orchard over there with the sunlight shimmering through the branches, the garden beyond the hedge big and bountiful; the great old-fashioned farm-house at his back, with its warm thatch and clinging ivy and little low-ceiled rooms? All that was his inheritance. In sight of it he had been born and reared; it was his, every acre, every stone of it—only for Rachel. “Is she worth it?” he asked himself, as, turning, he made straight down the lawn, and coming presently to a newly mown meadow, there flung himself on the cool grass. “Is she worth it all?” he repeated over and over. “Yes, yes,” his heart answered, “she is worth it all, worth the whole world to you, John Hewitt.” . . . Had he done wisely? Would it not have been better to have taken Mary the servant’s advice, and have spoken his father patiently and fairly, to have thrown himself on his forbearance and forgiveness; at least not so entirely to have ruined his chances? He had acted impulsively, obstinately; Rachel was worth all the world—still (thought this unromantic son of a high-handed father) there was no need for a man to make a fool of himself for her sake. No, no; all that was true; but what other way was there? Had he gone on his bare knees to his father, he would only have been cursed all the sooner. Ah! he knew that hot-hearted, stubborn old man:

wild horses would not move him; you might as well call the moon from the sky as ask James Hewitt to change his mind. . . . No, there was no other way; his bed was made and he must lie on it; for weal or woe the world was before him, empty of all but his own self and that little girl over there beyond the hills. Ah! but she was everything, everything: a bonnie lass, the pride of his heart. She was everything; let him go seek comfort and encouragement at her hands.

With this great yearning for sympathy close at his heart, John about nightfall set out across the Gortem country, and in a while came to a thatched farm-house set low in the hollow of the hills. A garden, enclosed by a painted fence, and full (just then in the peaceful gloaming) of the heavy odours of old-fashioned cottage flowers, lay in front; and at the gate, soberly clad in a fresh print gown, stood Rachel. Her face lit up at sound of his step, and at sight of his wished-for face; surely a bonnie lass was she—bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, a blessed vision, you would have said, for any disconsolate lover cast out into the hollow of an empty world.

John quickened his step along the path by the orchard hedge, and, with his hands out, came soon to the little gate and his sweetheart standing there waiting for his greeting. Ah! how glad he was to see her, to hear her voice! Never before had her face shone out more winsome or her hand clasped his with a warmer pressure of welcome. His heart was full of a great thankfulness for her dear presence and love. Ah! it was great, great; worth all the world, that moment there with Rachel in his arms.

Presently he took her hand, led her into the orchard, and there, under the spreading branches of an old apple-tree, sat down beside her.

“Well, Rachy,” said he all suddenly, “it’s come at last.”

"What, John?"

"The word to go. Father an' myself had a talk a while ago. We—we——'T was an angry scene."

"Oh, John!"

"Ay, Rachy, me girl, the world 's before us. I 've nothin' now in the world but you, *acusbla* ; only you, me girl. But it 's enough, is n't it, Rachy? Eh! Isn't it?"

Rachel dropped her eyes and began twisting her ring round her finger. "Yes, John," answered she, "I suppose so. But you 'll tell me about this affair wi' your father! Who—how did it begin?"

So John, without mentioning just then the unfortunate visit Mrs. Hoey had paid to his father that morning (a visit which, as he well knew, Rachel had neither prompted nor encouraged, but which was only the well-meant manœuvre of an anxious mother), and without much exaggeration—for John was a modest man and no artist in the science of words—told his sweetheart the story of his interview with his father, its beginning, progress, disastrous close.

"It was to be," said John, "it was to be. I knew surely when Mary—when I set foot inside the parlour and saw his face that it was all over wi' me. It 's been comin' for months; did n't I tell him months back, Rachel, that I would n't give ye up? An' did n't he know the kind o' me? He was only waitin' to see what I'd do; he wanted to be quit o' me. What kind is he?"

"Oh, it 's all a mistake!" cried Rachel; and John, not heeding, went on—

"What kind is he?" asked he, and spread his hands. "How could he do such a thing? His own flesh an' blood! Turn me out, fling me out, disown his own son! For what? Because I choose my own wife for myself; because I, a grown man, refused to do his biddin'; because you an' yours were n't to his likin'! An' to curse me!" shouted John, and

flashed into anger as swift and hot as any ever born of James his father—"curse me, his own flesh an' blood! Ah! may God repay——" Rachel caught his arm with both hands.

"No, no, John!" cried she. "No, no! I'm not worth that."

"But ye are," answered he, his wrath suddenly falling, "ye are, *acusbla*; 'worth all in the world. Never heed, my lass, never heed; let the curses go an' all else with them. I've got you, Rachy. Eh, Rachy? I've got you, an' you've got me, an' together we'll face the world. Won't we, deary? Look at me, Rachel, look at me. Ye do care for me?"

She looked up frankly at him.

"Ye need n't ask that, John," said she. "Ye know I'd go to the ends o' the earth wi' ye. Only——"

"Only what, Rachel?"

Her eyes fell again.

"Only ye know, John, I do n't like this between you an' your father. It's wrong—oh, more than wrong!"

"Let that go," said John, and took her hands in his. "Let that go; 't was to be. We'll manage, never fear. I'll work the hands off me to serve ye; we'll manage. Maybe, in a year or two, I'd have more land an' better than what's gone."

"Oh, it's not that, John; it's not that! I do n't mind the loss, or what's before us, or— It's not that. It's you being sent away—sent away wi' a curse on ye; it's this between you an' your father, an' because I'm the cause of all! Oh, it's wrong, it's wrong!"

"Ah, whisht, Rachel; whisht, woman dear! It's nothin'. Sure we'll all get used to it; an' sure ye would n't have had me give ye up? Ye would n't have had me put father an' the land an' the rest all before you? Eh, Rachy?"

"No, no; but it's wrong, wrong. John, it must n't be, it

won't be. Sooner than have such a thing on my soul, I'd go—go, an' never see ye again."

"Never see me again?" repeated John. He caught her face between his two hands and turned it up till it was close to his. "What's all this, Rachel?" he asked.

"I mean it, John."

"Ye mean what?"

"I won't come between you and your father, John; I won't have ye cursed an' turned out of home, an' have you an' yours made a by-word in the country. Oh! can't ye see how foolish, an' miserable, an' wicked it all is? Can't ye see how sorry ye would be before long, an' how angry ye would be wi' me, an' the struggle we'd have, the misery——"

John drew back his hands.

"Ah! that's it," said he, and (as lovers will, particularly your hot-headed kind) quickly changed from sweet to bitter; "that's it! Ye're afraid to face the world wi' me, afraid o' the struggle an' the misery—that's what ye care for me?"

"John," said the girl, "don't be angry wi' me; try to see things as I do. God knows my heart is sore, but—but what can I do? Ye know—ye know how I care for ye—more than heaven an' earth. Ye know the sore trial it is to me to have to say this——"

"No, I do n't," cried John; "I know no such thing. I've given up all for your sake. I come to ye for help an' comfort, an' ye turn from me!"

"I do n't, I do n't, John! I want ye to do right an' to do right myself. Oh! surely, surely, John, there's some other way? Surely in time your father would see an' forgive me, and take the curse off you?"

John jumped up and caught her hands, and pulled her to her feet.

"See here, Rachel," said he, "let's understand each other. Ye've heard what I said, ye know father, ye know me, an'

what's before us. Are ye afraid? Or are ye going' to give me up?"

"I can't do wrong, John."

"Answer! Will ye marry me or will ye not?"

"Oh, John, I can't, I can't!"

He dropped her hands, turned and looked out over the hills—the hills which but a few hours ago had shone so hopefully, and which now lay black beneath the hopeless night. Just to think of it! Over there a lost inheritance; at his back a faithless, heartless sweetheart; here, under the pitiless sky, himself, homeless and friendless? And that was the end? Good God! Again he turned and stretched out his arms.

"I give ye one more chance," he cried. "Rachel Hoey, as I am, will ye marry me?"

There came back no answer except the sound of a broken sob; and, mastered by black anger, John flung the reins to his tongue. This was the end of all. So much for woman's word and vows! Oh! but it had long been coming. She never cared for him. She had long wished to give him the go-by. There was someone else—someone who was n't an outcast and a beggar. Did he not see it? Who had sent her mother to anger his father and bring things to a climax? Ah, ah, let her whist!

"Ye need n't talk," cried John, this angry, foolish John, "I know ye sent her. Ye want me to go. This is your chance! Well, I'll oblige ye. From this night ye see my face no more. Ye hear that? An' *you've* done it, Rachel Hoey, mind ye. Of your own will ye've done it. Ah! the fool I was to trust your false, fickle face! May God forgive ye—may God forgive ye!"

And with that John turned, and closing his ears to the pitiful cry which came to him from the lovers' seat beneath the old apple-tree, "Oh, John, John, come back, come back!" went out wrathfully into the night.

III

For long, in that night of misfortune, John wandered aimlessly through the silent fields, now cursing his fate, now muttering dark vows of vengeance, now, as the monstrous demon of his anger tore at his breast, shouting fiercely and shaking his clenched hand at the solemn stars; at last, near the time of dawn, he found himself in the yard of his father's house.

For a moment his anger went. How came he there? he thought. He had no right now to a stone beneath his shoe in that yard; what devil of torture had led his feet thither? With an oath, he turned and slowly went down the lane towards the road; then at the gate, remembering that at least he had a right to his own, wheeled suddenly back, boldly crossed the yard, and lifted the latch of the kitchen door.

Much to his surprise the door yielded. Very cautiously (for all his angry boldness) John stepped on tip-toe into the kitchen. Not a sound was there; not a sound as he opened the passage-door and slipped up the stairs. Oh! home of John Hewitt's childhood, thus to have him enter you and, like a thief, go slinking for his own! You were born there, John; there your mother died; there your father sleeps whose face you have vowed never more to see; through the long days of your youth and early manhood it sheltered you. Now, like a thief, you glide through it; and only that little despised Mary up there in her bare attic has ear or care for you! And it is all for the sake of a maiden—a maiden who has turned from you, my poor, angry outcast!

Once in his room, John quickly changed his clothes, took his little store of money from a drawer, and noiselessly (for all his anger and bravery) started downstairs. On the landing he passed his father's door; it was open, and he peeped into the room. The dawn had come pale and ghostly;

there on his bed his father lay asleep. He could see the old white head, the texts on the wall, the open Bible on the dressing-table with the spectacles lying across the leaves; the shelf in the corner with its scanty stock of books and long rows of medicine-bottles. The demon plunged in John's breast. How could his father sleep there so calmly and his own son an outcast in the world—a friendless, angry outcast, obliged to sneak like a thief in search of his own! Oh, it was damnable! On tip-toe John entered. Black anger was on his soul; the demon was shouting "Vengeance!" There—there, snug and asleep, lay the cause of all his trouble. "Vengeance! Vengeance!" cried the demon. "Now is your time! A sudden blow—a sudden, swift blow——"

The first ray of sunlight shot across the dark counterpane and turned to the colour of blood there before the young man's eyes. Blood! Murder! Good God! The word was blazoned all round the room. His hands flashed red before his face; with a cry of a stricken animal, he turned swiftly, ran down and out of the house.

And soon after a little black figure also went out and followed in his footsteps.

Hardly knowing whither he went, and not much caring, John made across the fields, and before long struck the Bunn Road. The sun was risen; its strong, fresh rays smote him with utter weariness. Presently he broke through the hedge, stretched himself in the shade of a haycock, and soon was fast asleep. And close by that little figure in black watched and waited.

About mid-day John woke, sat awhile in deep thought, thinking, no doubt, above all things, though not half as much as when, once more his right self, he was bound to think, of that horrible temptation which had come to him but a few hours before. At last he rose and once more took to the

road. He was hungry and weary; the day was bright and gracious, but left him spiritless; in his breast anger was already well-nigh dispossessed before the stress of a fine spirit of utter and hopeless recklessness; an hour or two brought him to Bunn town, climbing white and straggling up from the tumbling river; there quickly he sought meat and drink.

At that time a disastrous war was draining these islands of their manhood; and through most of our towns (through those, at all events, which, like Bunn, boasted a barracks among its public buildings) recruiting sergeants stalked proudly in scarlet and ribbons. That day the quick eye of the Bunn sergeant, as he sat in the bar-parlour of the Diamond Hotel, winding his silver tongue into the dull ear of some gaping yokel, fell upon our outcast sitting forlorn over his meal in the corner. Here was his man, thought he; soon, having hooked his innocent, he was busy spreading the roll of glory before the listless eyes of John. Ah! the Army was the place for your strong, clever fellow—above all for the well educated, handsome giant that John showed himself to be; nowhere was promotion quicker or surer, particularly then, in times of war; the life was noble, healthy, manly; the girls ran wild after you.

"I say, Sergeant," John broke in, "leave the girls alone, me son. Ye'll not tempt me wi' them. Damn them! say I."

The sergeant looked hard at the young man; then winked knowingly, called for more drink, and went on with his skillful tappings on the drum of Fame. Ah! the sport soldiers had, the free and easy life—no troubles, no cares, plenty of food and drink, plenty of devilment; and at the end a glorious return to friends and home!

"Niver heed that either, Sergeant," said John. "There's no home for me now, nor friends. I'm done wi' them all, damn 'em! one and all. Divil cares! Out wi' your shillin', me son, an' pass the liquor."

So John took the shilling, and at sight of it lying bright in his palm, an idea came to him—a brilliant idea, he was sure (as, indeed, it was bound to be, being born of anger and recklessness and the fumes of recruiting whisky), one which made him slap his leg and laugh loud, and vow that the army was soon to receive a thundering comical dog.

“Easy a while, Sergeant,” said he; “take another glass till I write a scrap. Hi, there! more drink, an’ that paper an’ ink as fast as ye can. Now easy, Sergeant, easy! I’ll not be a tick, for the words are on the tip o’ me tongue. Whisht, now, an’ do n’t spoil sport,” said John, as, spreading his elbows and calling to his face a smile of supreme satisfaction, he began a letter; presently finished it, and with the shilling enclosed it in an envelope.

“Now, Sergeant,” said he, and set a great flourish beneath the superscription on the cover; “now, me son, I’m ready. Ye see that letter? well, that’s the finest joke I ever made—the very finest.” God forgive him, how often afterwards, when lying weary and home-sick under foreign skies, did he think with wondering shame of that heartless joke? “Man! when that comes to the right place it’ll make the man dance with rage—ay, and serve him right for what he’s done to me. Ay, ay! Och, och! but Irishmen are the play-boys, full o’ fun they are. No more drink? Come on; just one! Well, well, then, off we go—off for death or glory.”

So the two swaggered out; and half-way down Main Street, just as John was turning into the post-office, a little figure in black ran from a shop door and caught him by the sleeve.

“Aw, Sur, Sur,” said Mary the servant, “ye have n’t done it? Ye have n’t ’listed? Och! don’t say it! It’ll brek me—me. Och, no!”

The sergeant laughed knowingly and turned away. “The same old story,” thought he.

"Ay, Mary," answered John, "I 'm off—off to the wars, me girl. The morrow or next day 'll see me in scarlet red. But what brings you here, Mary?"

Mary's eyes fell.

"Ah," said she, "I—I—Master sent me a message. Ah! no, Sur," she went on, "do n't go. The Master 'll forgive ye. Come back, Mr. John. Ah! do, Sur, for God's sake!"

John laughed down at the serious little freckled face.

"No, no," said he, "there 's no forgiveness for me, now, an' I want none. Good-bye, Mary, an'—look here, take this letter to father. Just give it to him an' say nothin'. Good-bye, Mary; safe home, an' God be with ye!"

"Ah, no, no, Sur! Ah, no, no! I can't bear it. Ah, God ha' mercy! He 's gone, he 's gone, an' niver, niver will I see his face again! Ah! Mr. John, Mr. John, come back to me, come back!"

But John went on up Barrack Hill on his way to glory.

Some time that same day a tax-cart, driven by an old man, as it turned off into the Bunn Road, was met by a young girl. She snatched at the reins.

"Mr. Hewitt," she said, "I want John. Where is he?"

The old man looked down into the girl's pitiful face, all pale and worn with weeping. So this was John's sweetheart! this was the girl who had made him curse John and disown him and turn him out of doors! A bonnie lass she was, too; a bonnie lass. . . .

"John?" he answered. "John? I dunno where he is—I have n't seen him since yesterday. Have n't you, my lass?"

"Yes, yes; but he left me; went away in anger; an' he said I 'd never see him again. Oh, Sir, Sir! what has come to him?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders and turned away his

face. "God knows, lass!" he said. "God knows!" And once again, for the hundredth time that morning, there flashed before his eyes the picture of John as he had seen him in a dream at daybreak that morning, holding out his arms and begging for forgiveness, begging that the curse might be taken off his head and that he might be given shelter in his own home—then, with a great cry, turning away, and with his face in his hands go out through the open door. Yes, God knew; and God had sent him that dream to warn him of his sins; and now—now was God's swift justice about to show him that repentance had come all too late? He turned his face again, and looked down at Rachel. "Come, lass," said he, "jump up. I dunno where John is; but jump up, maybe we'd both find him."

So these two, John's father and his sweetheart, drove on together towards Bunn town, and half-way there Mary the servant stopped them, and delivered John's letter.

Very deliberately—for there was something like dread on his heart—the old man put down the reins and tore open the envelope. A coin dropped out, jingled on the bottom of the cart, rolled out upon the road, and was picked up by Mary the servant. Slowly the old man read the letter, then, without a word, handed it to Rachel.

"Dear Sir (she read).—Before you kicked me out of your house you swore you would cut me off with a shilling. As I know you would begrudge me even that, and as I have no wish to be beholden to you for anything, I herewith enclose twelve pence sterling, being the amount which you have decided to leave me under the terms of your new will. I may add that the money has just been handed to me by one George Brown, recruiting sergeant of one of Her Majesty's Regiments of Foot.—Yours, John Hewitt.

"P. S.—You will never see my face again."

"Never see his face again!" cried Rachel. "Never!"

"Niver see his face again!" cried Mary the servant.
"No, Sur, is that what Mr. John says? Niver see his face again!"

The old man picked up the reins and turned for home.

"No," he said, "I do n't suppose we ever will."

And they never did; for in the wars John's portion was not glory.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.



THE LAY OF THE LOST HERO

I

HOW sweet it was in by-gone times, upon a leisure day,
To take a novel from the shelf and while the hours
away ;

And with our kindly author-guide to wander hand in hand
Among the many winding paths of love's own fairy-land :
How sweet to toss the world aside, and in that freer air
Forget that there existed aught but beauty anywhere ;
To feel the cool, delicious wind blow on us fresh and strong,
And watch the troop of men and maids trip merrily along !

What matter if a cloud appeared in that serene blue sky ?
It lasted but a moment's space and then passed lightly by.
What matter if some thorns there were in paths true love
must tread ?

We knew that there were thornless flowers of happiness
ahead.

Yea, though Sir Villain plot his worst and steep himself in
crime,

His efforts, it was safe to say, were but a waste of time ;
For always, in love's fairy-land, of one thing we are sure,
Whatever woes the faithful pair of lovers may endure,

Kind Fate will let the hero win
The beautiful young heroine.

II

Now, sad to say, this all is changed. Our novel-reading
hours

We can no longer spend among those paths bestrewn with
flowers,

But, dragged into a wilderness, we soon have lost our way,
Entangled in that thicket dense, the Problem of the Day.

Our hero, gay and brave before, has vanished with a sigh,
Which is not strange when we perceive the Heroine near by,
For how can this poor youth exist (e'en though he should
prefer)

With qualities, both good and bad, monopolized by Her ?

One grand, gigantic Form alone comes slowly moving on ;
All others shrink to nothingness beside this Amazon.

What does She want with heroes, pray, when Her deter-
mined plan

Consists in showing to the world the wickedness of man ?

Yet e'en our friend, the villain bold, must think it hardly
fair

That he is forced to sin his sins with such an humble air.

Ah ! hopeless is the task indeed, and pitiable the fate

Of him who dares attempt to write a novel up to date,

For with the modern heroine

You *can not* get a hero in.

C. E. GREEN.



A TRICK O' TRADE

STRANGER, I'm a *separate* man an' I do n't inquize into no man's business—but you ax me straight an' I tell ye straight. You watch ole Tom!

Now, I'll take ole Tom Perkins' word agin anybody's 'ceptin' when hit comes to a hoss trade ur a piece o' land. Fer in the tricks o' sech, ole Tom 'lows—well, hit's diff'ent an' I reckon, stranger, as how hit sorter is. He was a-stayin' at Tom's house—the furriner was-a-dickerin' fer a piece o' lan'—the same piece, mebbe, that you 're atter now—an' Tom's keeps him thar fer a week to beat him out 'n a dollar an' then won't let him pay nary a cent fer his boa'd. Now, stranger, that's Tom.

Well, Abe Shivers was a-workin' fer Tom—you've heerd tell o' Abe—an' the furriner was n't more 'n half gone afore Tom seed that Abe was up to some of his devil*mint*. Abe kin hatch up more devil*mint* in a minit than Satan hisself kin in a week; so Tom jes got Abe out 'n the stable under a hoe-handle an' tol' him to tell the whole thing straight ur he'd have to go to glory right thar. An' Abe tol'.

'Pears like Abe had foun' a streak o' ore on the lan' an' had racked his jimy right down to Hazlan an' tol' the furriner who was thar a buyin' wild lands right an' left. Co'se, Abe was goin' to make the furriner whack up fer gittin' the lan' so cheap. Well, brother, the furriner come up to Tom's an' got Tom into one o' them new-fangled trades whut the furriners calls a option—t' other feller kin git out'n hit, but you can't. The furriner 'lowed he'd sen' his podner up thar next day to put the thing in writin' an' close up the trade. Hit looked like ole Tom was ketched fer shore, an' ef Tom did n't ra'r I'd tell a man. He jes let that hoe-handle drap on Abe fer haffen hour, jes' to give him time to study, an' next day thar was ole Tom a-settin' on his orchard

fence a-lookin' mighty unknowin', when the furriner's podner come a-prancin' up an' axed ef ole Tom Perkins lived thar.

Ole Tom jes whispers.

Now, I clean fergot to tell ye, stranger, that Abe Shivers nuver could talk out loud. He tol' so many lies that the Lawd—jes' to make things even—sorter fixed Abe, I reckon, so he couldn' lie on more'n one side o' the river at a time. Ole Tom jes' knowed t' other furriner had tol' this un 'bout Abe, an' shore 'nough the feller says, sorter soft, says he :

"Aw, you air the feller whut foun' the ore?"

Ole Tom jes' whispers : "Thar hain't none thar."

Stranger, the feller mos' fell off'n his hoss. "Whut?" says he. Ole Tom kep' a-whisperin' : "Thar hain't no coal—no nothing; ole Tom Perkins made me tell t' other furriner them lies."

Well sir, the feller *was* mad. "Jes' whut I tol' that fool podner of mine," he says, an' he pull out a dollar an' gives hit to Tom. 'Tom jes' sticks out his han' with his thum' turned in jes so, an' the furriner says, "Well, ef you can't talk, you kin make purty good signs;" but he forks over four mo' dollers (he 'lowed ole Tom had saved him a pile o' money) an' turns his hoss an' pulls up agin. He was a-gittin' the land so durned cheap that I reckon he jes' hated to let hit go, an' he says, says he : 'Well, hain't the groun' rich? Won't hit raise no tabaccy ner corn nur nothin'?' "

Ole Tom jes whispers :

"To tell you the pint blank truth, stranger, that land's so durned pore that I hain't nuver been able to raise my voice."

Now, brother, I'm a *separate* man, an' I do n't inquize into no man's business—but you ax me straight an' I tell ye straight. Ole Tom Perkins kin trade with furriners, fer he hav' larned their ways. You watch ole Tom !

JOHN FOX, JR.



¶ On the morning of All Fool's Day, when I had carefully read through a newspaper two weeks old and found it more interesting than usual, I fell to wondering how many old books I would call modernest of the modern could I read them now for the first time.

First I remembered that I had always thought the Golden Ass of Apuleius more decadent than anything from the modern French. Then, naturally enough, latter-day Paris furnished me with an illustration.

In America fifteen years ago the wayward sons and daughters of almost every orthodox family were devouring Emerson. Now, whether it be that children are less wayward or families less orthodox, almost no young people are reading him. In like manner Carlyle was read voraciously, and is not now. The American youth would air his French and say: "C'est déjà de l'ancienne histoire, tout cela." Yet in Paris "Sartor Resartus" is running as a serial in a *revue jeune* of the most advanced type; another magazine prints Emerson every issue, and Maeterlinck, himself the last word of the later decadence, has published a whole volume translated from our own Concord philosopher.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



Fred Richardson

HAROLD FREDERIC

¶ If Richard Harding Davis is not careful, the Czarina of Russia may have him kidnapped, before the approaching coronation, and crowned instead of her spouse Nicholas. It will be remembered that the Princess Aline, his disappointed heroine, who sighed over Mr. Gibson's drawing of that Adonis, was intended for the present Russian consort. And Mr. Davis is in Europe.

¶ My incidental reference in the last CHAP-BOOK to "The Portuguese Grammar" has brought to my knowledge the fact that no one apparently knows this classic of the ridiculous, which Mark Twain says "will never die while the English language lasts." "Whatsoever is *perfect* in its kind in literature," he says, "is imperishable; nobody can add to the absurdity of this book, nobody can imitate it successfully, nobody can hope to produce its fellow; it is perfect, it must and will stand alone: its immortality is secure." What the book is I must leave the author himself to explain, quoting from the preface:

"A choice of *familiar dialogues*, clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious Portuguese and Brazilian Youth; and also to persons of other nations, that wish to know the Portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and dividing the present little work in two parts. * * * * We did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to English and Portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the Portuguese pupils, or—foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms.

"We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idiotisms, proverbs, and to second a coin's index. * * *

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction), that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

I find a difficulty in choosing from the many "idiotisms," but I find a few dialogues suited to the season, and to the world of books.

DIALOGUE 26

THE FISHING

"That pond it seems to me many multiplied of fishes.

"Let us amuse rather to the fishing.

"I do like—it too much.

"Here there is a wand and some hooks. * * *

"I desire that you may be more happy and more skillful who a certain fisher, what have fished all day without to can take nothing."

DIALOGUE 31

THE BOOKS AND OF THE READING

"What read you there?

"A romance wrote very well, translated of the English entitled the independent. * * *

"Are you in reach of the good literature?

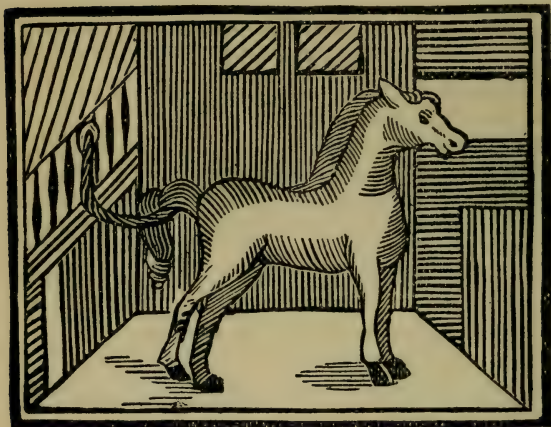
"I think to have read everything what have some reputation.

"Do you like the reading good deal too many which seem me?"

Does not the last question express a mood which we all know? I feel like putting the question to the public every time I see a bookseller's table weighted down with hundreds of new books.

RIDDLE

- Q. There was a sight near Charing Cross,
A creature almost like a horse,
But when I came the beast to see
The head was where the Tail should be.



- A. It is a Mare tied with her tail to the Manger.

From "The True Trial of Understanding ; or, Wit Newly Reviv'd. Being a Book of Riddles adorned with a variety of Pictures."

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT



From "The History of Joseph and His Brethren."

¶ At last we have a new thing, and, oddly enough, in the ranks of "miniature magazines," as they are called by the press.

"*Knots*" is a magazine of puzzles, and it introduced me to a new and strange world, the world of puzzle inventors. Instead of novelist and poet, I read about the anagram-maker, the master of rebuses and riddles, and the contriver of word squares. It appears that one may achieve much vogue and great fame in this branch of intellectual activity.

I confess to have felt a sense of shame when I realized that names totally unknown to me, such as Maud Lynn, H. S. Nut, A. L. S., were mentioned with all the reverence due to the masters of literature.

Listen to this anecdote, and compare it with many others you know of the early life of literary celebrities.

"The Bostonians are anticipating a visit by Cloves. It was years ago that Cloves and Sphinx and Ernest sat in Kendall's parlor at Allston and talked of word squares and diamonds and such vanities. Ernest was a puzzleistic exalte in those days. In his heart he knew that all Puzzledom was talking of his latest achievements in form building. He knew that Fame had taken him as one of her own and contentment filled him. He took little part in the conversation, however, and finally Cloves noticed it. He swung around and said kindly, 'You don't do much form building, do you?' And a lump arose in Ernest's throat as he answered, 'Very little.'"

In this submerged tenth of puzzle-makers there are all the figures we find in the greater world of letters, the conventional cowardly editor, the puzzle-maker of great renown but no real merit, and best of all, the young puzzler, talented and impatient of dullness, who prints his would-be caustic satire in a monthly booklet. No such reductio ad absurdum of the pamphleteering craze was ever found as this following:

"Puzzledom is getting into ruts up to the hubs of the wheels that are buzzing so busily in the heads of some of its devotees. Closer and closer it is hedging the field of its workers. The responsibility of this lies with editors. Because they care for no form work save sentimental charades all the genius of Puzzledom is concentrated on these.

"The anagram is almost forgotten and the cryptogram is neglected, save by a few staunch admirers. No neater puzzles ever eluded the wits of men.

“Originality is nowhere. Because a puzzler bases a word square on ZEMSTVO, which has not hitherto been used, because he makes a ballad to his mistress’ Psyche knot instead of her eyebrow and tucks in “glove” here and “love” there and marks it decapitation, we call it a “puzzle” and “original.” Not since Skeeziiks invented arithmonoma have we had anything out of the ordinary. Oh, for a Moses to lead us into a new light.”

¶ A clergyman writes to ask whether I publish a magazine giving aid and advice to young Western authors, and intimates that he will be much gratified if such be the case. By aid I suppose he does not mean out-door relief, and of course the CHAP-BOOK is not a charitable institution. Such aid and encouragement as I can give is chiefly printing the young Western author’s writings when they seem good enough. If the young Western author fails to obtain his quota of aid it is because he is too young and too Western, and not enough of an author.

Advice, however, is another matter, and I gladly give it. In fact, from the number of manuscripts which come in, I am inclined to believe that there are as many would-be contributors to the CHAP-BOOK as there are readers. So I ought to be sure of careful attention from a large proportion of my audience.

First of all I should say to the young author, be not proud beyond measure. The inexperienced writer, whose book has about one chance in a thousand of ever being published, writes in something like this style :

“Messrs. ———, ———.

“*Gentlemen* :—

“I have just completed a story of about 75,000 words which I am thinking of having published. I have been much pleased with the character of your work, and I there-

fore ask whether you would issue my novel? If so, what terms do you pay?

“Yours very truly,

“_____”

“P. S.—If you care to examine the MS. I can send it on to you.”

It is easy to see how this does not prepossess a publisher in favor of the author and his manuscript.

Second, I should say to the young author that the publisher is not always a ravening wolf. It is well enough to be cautious, but it is next to impossible for him to tell how much he can pay for a book until he knows that he cares to pay anything for it. The author, therefore, should not exact a contract, with his profits calculated to a nicety, before permitting the publisher even to see his manuscript.

The other day a man called up a certain publisher over the long-distance telephone, and the following conversation took place:

“Hello!”

“Hello!”

“Is this Mr. —?”

“Yes.”

“This is Dr. Edward Rogers of Sioux City.”

“Yes.”

“How long ought a novel to be to be the right length for publishing?”

“Oh, there’s nothing fixed about it. Anything from thirty-five to one hundred thousand words will do.”

“How much do you pay a word?”

“We don’t pay by the word. It is usually a royalty.”

“Well, I’ll send on my story in a couple of days. Good-bye.” And he rang off.

The next morning a telegram heralded Dr. Rogers’ approach; at 11:30 promptly he arrived, and, dashing into

Mr. —'s private office, promptly removed his coat and cheerfully planted himself in a chair.

"Are you ready to die a-laughing?" was his prelude to conversation. "You will die before you get through hearing this story of mine." With this he produced a manuscript.

"Yes," replied Mr. —; "but I shall probably not hear the story to-day."

"No? Well, now, over the telephone the other day you said something about royalties. Now, what, since the first of January, has been the average profit made by your books?"

"I am afraid I could n't exactly tell."

"Well, has it been a dollar a word?"

"No, indeed!" cried the horror-stricken publisher, going on to murmur something about Mr. Gladstone and the *Cosmopolitan*.

"You do n't pay a dollar a word? The *Wild-Cat* does."

"The *Wild-Cat* does, does it? I never heard of it."

It finally appeared that the *Black Cat*, the *Chicago Record* and the *New York Herald* were all paying a dollar a word. Dr. Rogers could not think of leaving his manuscript, and departed within three minutes of his arrival.

Now, should he fail of publication in the periodicals he named, and return to this publisher, he will doubtless find a certain prejudice against him and his work. In fact, C. Felix Tommy La Font once told me that he firmly believed that his own unbending attitude was the cause of Harper Brothers rejecting his now well-known drama, "The Princess of Zelda."



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The Review of Reviews

13 Astor Place, New York

SPRING SONG

ABOUT the flowerless land adventurous bees
Pickeering hum; the rooks debate, divide,
With many a hoarse aside,
In solemn conclave on the budding trees;
Larks in the skies and ploughboys o'er the leas
Carol as if the winter ne'er had been;
The very owl comes out to greet the sun;
Rivers high-hearted run;
And hedges mantle with a flush of green.

The curfew calls me where the salt winds blow;
His troubled note dwells mournfully and dies;
Then the long echo cries
Deep in my heart. Ah, surely I must go!
For there the tides, moon-haunted, ebb and flow;
And there the seaboard murmurs resonant;
The waves their interwoven fugue repeat,
And brooding surges beat
A slow, melodious, continual chant.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

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A MATCH AT BILLIARDS

IT was a moist, unpleasant day. The rain had begun immediately after breakfast, and now, at eleven o'clock, it looked like raining till the crack of Doom. I had wandered up and down seeking congenial company and finding none, and had finally cast anchor in the billiard-room, where I practiced the spot stroke.

I had made a break of nine and was beginning to feel more

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cheerful, when suddenly the door opened and Miss Anstruther appeared.

"Oh," she said, as she shut the door, and stood with her hands behind her upon the handle; "I thought it was Mr. McDonald."

"It is a better—and a poorer—man," I said, resting my cue on the floor. "Do you want to find Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes—no! it does n't matter," said Miss Anstruther.

"Perhaps you can say it to me as well?" I suggested. Miss Anstruther thought a moment or two and then shook her head.

"No; I could n't say it to you."

It may have been my fancy; but I thought that Miss Anstruther blushed.

"Anyway," I said cheerfully, "if it does n't matter, you can come and play billiards with me. I'm lonely."

"But I play very badly," said Miss Anstruther, doubtfully. "I do n't think I ever played seriously."

"Well, this won't be serious," I said, selecting a light cue and chalking the tip. "Now, all you have to do is to make your ball hit the red and go into a pocket, or put the red into a pocket—or both."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Anstruther, "what a lot to think about. There! What does that count?"

"One to me," I said, and missed an easy hazard.

"Why were you so funny last night?" said Miss Anstruther.

"I am never funny," I said; "serious, humorous, stupid—perhaps—but not funny."

Miss Anstruther aimed wildly. Her ball went twice round the table and hit nothing.

"How provoking!" she said. Then she lifted her chin and rested it on the tip of her cue.

"You know what I mean," she said. "Why did you leave me alone all the evening with Mr. McDonald?"

"Well," I said, "I was talking—let me see—to Miss Bates."

"You found her amusing?"

"Not amusing. Better. Pretty."

"Oh, you could n't call her pretty. Nice, but —"

"Decidedly pretty—in her way. Now—you are plain, aren't you?" I said, seeing a likely cannon.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Anstruther, coldly.

"I mean—I'm playing with spot. By Jove!" I exclaimed, as I turned away in disgust after missing the cannon. "There he is."

"Who?" asked Miss Anstruther.

"Mr. McDonald, walking up and down the garden, smoking a cigar in the rain. Shall I whistle him in?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Anstruther.

"Why not?" I asked, facing round towards her; "I thought you wanted to see him."

"Oh, there's no hurry—no immediate hurry," said she. "He does n't leave till this afternoon."

"I thought it might be something important," I said.

"It is important," said Miss Anstruther. "Oh! you are horrid," she continued, stamping her foot. "You know quite well what — I should n't tell you, should I?"

"But you haven't told me," I said, consolingly.

"Oh, but you can guess," said Miss Anstruther, shaking her head. "You must have noticed—something. And I've no right to say anything about it."

I paused judicially.

"It seems," I said, after an appropriate interval, "quite a suitable arrangement. Mr. McDonald is very wealthy."

"Yes," said Miss Anstruther reflectively, "he has money. But then, so have I."

"That is what makes it so suitable," I said.

"But," said Miss Anstruther, lifting her eyebrows pathetically, "he's—well——"

"That is true," I said. "But we all have our faults. And poverty's the worst of them."

"I do n't think so," said Miss Anstruther, quickly.

"Mrs. Anstruther thinks so," I replied.

"Yes, of course you could see mamma wanted——" Miss Anstruther tapped the floor with her foot.

I turned to the window and watched Mr. McDonald walking up and down in the rain. Miss Anstruther sat down upon one of the cushioned benches which ran round the billiard-room.

"It happened last night," she said suddenly, "when you were ——"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, you know!"

"Your engagement?"

"I am *not* engaged."

"Not engaged? Then what are you talking about?"

"You *are* stupid. Do n't you understand? That's what I have to decide—to tell Mr. McDonald this morning—before he goes away. Oh! I ought n't to tell you all this. But you made me, you know. And I think you might help me."

"I would with pleasure, if I only knew——"

"What should a girl do when her mother wants her to—you know—and the man is——"

"Rich," I suggested.

"Yes, and—like that." Miss Anstruther nodded towards the window.

"It's a difficult question," I said, "a very difficult question. As you have asked me to advise you—well—do you love him?"

"You may put that aside," said Miss Anstruther, with a sweep of her hand.

"That simplifies matters," I said. "Then there comes the question of filial duty. You see, a parent judges in these matters with less—I mean with greater freedom from—personal feeling."

"But," objected Miss Anstruther, "it is a very personal matter, isn't it? Besides, I am sure mamma would never want me to—to marry anyone whom she thought I did n't really—I did n't—or, I mean, if I——"

I shook my head gravely.

"You must really be frank with me, if I am to advise you profitably," I said.

"If I really cared for someone else," said Miss Anstruther, very softly.

"Ah—there's someone else?"

Miss Anstruther nodded.

"Who does n't care for you?"

"Oh, yes, he does," said Miss Anstruther quickly, raising her eyes for a moment to mine, and then dropping them again.

I was just addressing my mind to this fresh complication, when Miss Anstruther jumped up.

"Oh, but we are not playing," she said, "it's my turn, isn't it?"

"It is," I said, with a sigh; for I should have preferred to follow out the subject. "You have an easy losing hazard off the red into the top pocket."

"A hazard?" said Miss Anstruther, rather vaguely.

"It is a hazard," I explained, "when you go for the pocket."

"How funny?" said Miss Anstruther, stopping in mid-stroke. "It's like——"

"Yes," I said, "there are many analogies between bil-

liards and the tender passion. But, excuse me, you won't do it that way; and if you hold your cue like that, you'll dig a hole in the cloth."

I went round the table to where Miss Anstruther was standing.

"Keep quite still and I'll show you," I said. I placed her hand in the right position at the butt end of the cue, and, holding it there, showed her how to make a proper bridge with the left hand and slide the cue smoothly and horizontally over it.

"Now," I said, still retaining a guiding hand on the cue, "if you aim so, you'll get the pocket—unless the balls kiss."

Naturally I was compelled to stand very close to Miss Anstruther during the object lesson—so close that the curl that nestled round her left ear tickled my lips as my breath stirred it.

Miss Anstruther made her stroke. It was a ridiculous stroke.

"Were you really going for the pocket?" I asked.

"I think," said she, turning and facing me, "the kiss spoilt it."

Miss Anstruther was strangely agitated over her failure. Thinking it better to change the subject from billiards, I said:

"Tell me, what are you going to say to Mr. McDonald?"

We were, as I have said, of necessity very close together, and Miss Anstruther dropped her eyes.

"I am going to tell him," she said, "that I don't care for him—not in that way—and——"

"And that's what you meant when you said just now that—that—you couldn't say it to me?"

Miss Anstruther's attention was fixed upon the toe of her right shoe, which she was tapping with the butt-end of her

cue. Mine was concentrated on Miss Anstruther's dropped eyelids. Consequently neither of us heard the door open.

"Hullo! Playing?" said Mr. McDonald, walking round toward the marking-board. "What's the game?"

"The game," I said, looking up, "is—let me see—two and love; is n't it, Miss Anstruther?"

Miss Anstruther looked quickly at Mr. McDonald, and then at me.

"Yes," she said.

"H'm, last for ever," said Mr. McDonald, going out and slamming the door.

"I hope so," I said, as I turned again to Miss Anstruther.

CLARENCE ROOK.





AN IMPERFECT REVOLUTION

THEY crowded weeping from the teacher's house,
 Crying aloud their fear at what he taught,
 Old men and young, wives and maids unwed,
 And children screaming in the crowds unsought :
 Some to their temples with accustomed feet
 Bent—as the oxen go beneath the rod,
 To fling themselves before some pictured saint,
 “Alas ! God help us if there is no God.”

Some to the bed-side of their dying kind
 To clasp with arms afraid to loose their hold ;
 Some to a church-yard falling on a grave
 To kiss the carven name with lips as cold.
 Some watched from break of day into the night.
 The flash of birds, the bloom of flower and tree,
 The whirling worlds that glimmer in the dark,
 All said : “God help us if no God there be.”

Some hid in caves and chattered mad with fear
 At the uprising of the patient poor.

"He suffers with you," no more could they say,
Thus lock with keys of Heaven their bonds secure.
Some called their dead, and then remembering fell
Abusing death and cursed the wormy grave,
And wept for their long hoped-for Paradise,
"God help us if there be no God to save!"

And others sought for right and found it not,
And, seeking duty, found that it was dead,
Blamed their long blameless lives and vowed no more
To sacrifice, for "Might is right" they said.
And pleasure, leaping in the streets with sin,
Caroused through many days till wearily
She tired and met with death in bitter pain.
"Alas! God help us if no God there be."

A few rose up and speaking, "O be strong,"
Were answered, "There's no reason for your right,"
But many crept in thankfulness for rest
Into the river's darkness out of sight;
And others with their limbs deformed, or sore
Seared flesh, shrieked out their patient years of pain,
Crying to Death for their lost plains of Heaven.
"Oh, God help us if no God we gain."

DORA SIGERSON.

THE INTELLECTUAL PARVENU

AT a time when so many new ideas about the humanities are flooding America it is not surprising that among our ambitious and intelligent young men of the first generation of culture are many whose intellectual methods show more eagerness than measure. With no traditions behind them they do not realize how necessary are humility, repose, and care to sound ripening of the per-

ceptions and the judgment. As their fathers struggled for academic education and for material ease, the sons make a struggle and an excitement of ideas on art. They over-emphasize what they get hold of, from a deficient sense of permanent values. Though this spectacle has been seen at other times, probably never before was so large a mass of new ideas thrown to so hungry a public.

The men of whom I speak are more occupied with the idea of enlightenment than with the things which give light. Americans give too much importance to intellectual things, it is frequently said. Riper intelligence puts less emphasis on itself. When we first see beyond others about us we are dazzled by the idea of our own advancement. Because we have discarded some errors or removed some ignorance we rejoice in our grasp of truth. This often makes us set ourselves up as enemies of the Philistines and of all their ways. Seeing the futility of their labor we assume opinions on subjects over which we have not labored. Seeing the uselessness of much acquired fact we are content with superficial knowledge. We smile in satisfaction over the radicalness of our point of view, and because we know the deadness of some conventions we think that a thing is true because it is new. The established is commonplace. What is known to all or felt by all is unimportant. Distinction consists in seeing and believing novel things.

“I the heir of all the ages

In the foremost files of time.”

Most often these victims of their own progress are our college men. Indeed in a confused way the mass of our half-educated people who distrust the influences of our colleges have such products in their minds. Of course, however, the fault is not with our institutions, but with a hasty civilization. In an American college to-day altogether too much interest is taken in shallow modernity, but our colleges,

on the whole, send their students away with less of the bigotry of new knowledge than they had on entrance. Steadily assertion of intellectual heterodoxy, contempt for the conventional, is becoming less a source of general interest in our educational institution; steadily it is coming to be seen as a crudity. So many youths have flaunted end of the century banners that the device is already almost worthless, and it is not so much the graduate of to-morrow as the graduate of ten years ago, who is the centre of the admiring little circle which pins its faith in an enlightened life on some arbitrary and confident preacher of new things. The gospel of the prophet may be Japanese art; it may be the necessity of living in Europe; or it may be the futility of thinking anything is better than anything else. This American phenomenon is found in abundance in all of our cities, but if he can get away he lives in an European art centre, an essential part of no life except that of his apostles.

That these persons may be regarded as a class is proved by their surprising agreement of opinion. For instance, of eight young art prophets whom I know, all Americans, five living in Europe, three by necessity in America, every one thinks that the others are so shallow that what influence they have is surprising; each thinks that the only art of to-day is French or Japanese; that there has never been any art in England; that the most advanced literature of the world is the realism of the younger men in Paris; that Oscar Wilde is the most intelligent of British writers; that the admiration of Shakspeare is a superstition; that there is much less beauty in nature than in art; that work in any unartistic employment is a waste of life; and that it is impossible for an intelligent man to be contented in America. When so many radical ideas are held in common there must be some way of generalizing about the individuals holding them. They are alike, also, not only in their opinions, but in their fields of

ignorance. They are fond of talking about atavism, for instance, and cannot state exactly any one of the conflicting theories of heredity. They ostensibly treat art scientifically, psychologically, and do not know the simplest facts of experimental physiological psychology. They generalize about movements and periods after reading a few books about each. The saying that the French would be the best cooks in Europe if they had any butcher's meat, modified by Mr. Bagehot into the aphorism that they would be the best writers of the day if they had anything to say, applies also to these critics who make such striking theories out of so little. They accuse of ignorance all who lack knowledge in their fields; on all knowledge outside of their field they look upon as pedantry.

Salient, however, as are the weaknesses of these unformed prophets they do have their attractive side. They have enthusiasm about things of the mind, they have indignation for what they deem Philistinism, and with their love of prominence in the world of ideas is mixed some genuine respect for truth. They are strenuous, and they have their own kind of industry and conscientiousness. That a surprising number of the younger men slightly prominent as radical critics of life and art to-day are Jews suggests that both the virtues and the weaknesses of the class are analogous to that of the great race which has done so much that is strong and so little that is great. Are our Americans workers in the world of ideas to be permanently open to the charge of over-emphasis, of lacking distinction, finish, wholeness? Most of us believe not. We believe that the prominence of cleverness, rather than of soundness, just now is a temporary thing, like our social crudities, from which later will free themselves the powers of a race.

In the meantime, we have in an impressive form the first crop of the literature of the future. Journals are founded

all over the country which, in an average life of a few months, express the opinions and reveal the art of a few young men who think they are ahead of their times. Just now the main characteristic of this literature is that it suggests as often as it can the art of painting. It calls itself by the name of a color—yellow, green, purple, gray. Constant use is made of the slang of art. Indeed their only way of appearing artistic seems to be to make their writing as far as possible remind the reader of the plastic arts. Art is ostentatiously opposed to everything else, especially to scholarship, morality, and industry. The idea seems to be that art is made by talking about art, or by talking about life in terms of art. Equally noticeable is the instinct that in making one special quality conspicuous by neglecting others, they are showing originality. They do not see that in an artist great enough to give a large man the feeling of life there are too many elements for any detail to be conspicuous. The work of this artist will be life-like, commonplace, unless seen by an eye to which common life reveals its interests. Edmond de Goncourt can see nothing in "The Scandinavian Hamlet." He prefers Père Goriot, who is newer, he thinks, and more real. Edmond de Goncourt is an admirable example of the attitude of a few men in Paris who have largely influenced some of our tawdry literature. In one of his journals he remarks sadly that in a certain conversation about abstract things, general human points of view, he failed to shine, and he asks plaintively why it is that men who "On all other subjects" find original things to say are in these generalities on a footing with the rest of the world: which means to him, flat. Readers of the eight volumes of the journal may smile at the "all other subjects," but it is at least true that on certain narrow topics of which few persons know anything he could feel more profound than he could on subject of universal human interest. His test of Shakspeare, by the way, is an

apt one. It does not condemn a man that he does not find Hamlet interesting. Many intelligent men do not. Any man, however, who infers, from his lack of appreciation, that Shakspeare is not a great artist is deficient in critical intelligence and in understanding of the value of evidence. And when a man remarks that Raphael, Beethoven, or Shakspeare, was a great man in his time, but that the world has progressed, and that, as we stand on the shoulders of our predecessors, the Balzac of this century sees more than the Shakspeare of two centuries earlier, we have a subject for comedy. Artists, except the very highest, are likely to be as critics arbitrary and intolerant, though often acute and original, and these hangers-on of the art-world have the arbitrariness without the compensating exact knowledge.

That any critic who seriously treats with contempt any man or any institution that has a high place in the general world of ideas is shallow, an avoider and not a solver of questions which confront a man of mature culture and broad mind, is almost axiomatic. When we hear so many critics to-day expressing scorn of whole nations, saying of England, perhaps, that she has no art, of Germany that she has only dull learning, of America that she is Philistine; when we see these critics surrounded by groups of followers, do we not wish, with some reason, that we had a Moliere to-day? What a play he could make of *Les Critiques Ridicules*; or of *L'Ecole des Aesthètes*, or of *L'Américain Malgré Lui*. The poems of Mr. Gilbert and of Punch are pleasing within their range, but the subject deserves to be treated in one of the world's comedies. The scientific art criticism of men who know of art and science nothing except the jargon makes one sometimes doubt the value of the general spread of ideas. Lombroso, Nordau, even parts of Spencer, not to speak of the mass of inferior generalizing of wide scope, would have brought a sad smile to the face of the real scientist who

spent seven years studying earth-worms alone. Of the well-known advice, know everything about something and something about everything, it is not safe to adopt the second part alone.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

A BALLAD OF SAINT KAVIN

S AINT KAVIN was a gentleman,
He came from Tipperary ;
And woman was the only thing
That ever made him scarey.

For Kavin was a tender youth,
And he was very simple ;
He feared the wiles of maiden smiles,
And fainted at a dimple.

But when Kathleen at seventeen
Came down the street one morning ;
The luck of man come over him,
And took him without warning.

Afraid to meet a foolish fate
By green sea or by dry land,
He fled away without delay,
And sought a desert island.

But even there he felt despair ;
For happiness is only
The hope of doing something else ;
And he was very lonely.

He vowed to lead a life of prayer,
Because that he had lost her ;
And every time he thought of her,
He said a *Pater noster*.

Yet hard it is for man to change
The less love for the greater ;
And every time he reached *Amen*,
He must go back to *Pater*.

And so he grew a year or two
Disconsolate and holy,
While friends he 'd known long since had grown
Papas and roly-poly.

Until one day, one blessed day,
A-moping like a Hindoo,
He saw Kathleen in mournful mien
A-passing by his window.

He threw away his rosary,
His *Paters* and his *Aves* ;
For love is stronger than the wind
That wafts a thousand navies.

The holy man went forth to war,
But not against the devil.
He led the maid within for shade,
And treated her most civil.

He gave her cakes, he gave her wine,
He set his best before her ;
And then invited her to dine—
Thenceforth—with her adorer.

Her little head went round for joy ;
She tried to kick the rafter ;
So Kavin was a saint no more,
And happy ever after.

BLISS CARMAN.



PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



KENNETH GRAHAME

THE WAY IT CAME

YES, I may say I do find much that's interesting, but little that helps the delicate question—the possibility of publication. Her diaries are less systematic than I hoped; but she had a blessed habit of noting and narrating. She summarized, she saved; she appears seldom, indeed, to have let a good story pass without catching it on the wing. I allude, of course, not so much to things she heard as to things she saw and felt. She writes sometimes of herself, sometimes of others, sometimes of the combination. It's under this last rubric that she's usually most vivid. But it's not, you will understand, when she's most vivid that she's always most publishable. To tell the truth, she's fearfully indiscreet, or has, at least, all the material for making *me* so. Take as an instance the fragment I send you, after dividing it for your convenience into several small chapters. It is the contents of a thin blank-book, which I have had copied out and which has the merit of being, nearly enough, a rounded thing, an intelligible whole. These pages evidently date from years ago. I've read with the liveliest wonder the statement they so circumstantially make and done my best to swallow the prodigy they leave to be inferred. These things would be striking, wouldn't they? to any reader; but can you imagine for a moment my consenting to give such a document to the world, even though, as if she herself had desired the world should have the benefit of it, she has given her friends neither name nor initials? Have you any sort of clue to their identity? I leave her the floor.

I

I know perfectly, of course, that I brought it upon myself; but that doesn't make it any better. I was the first to speak of her to him—he had never even heard her mentioned.

Even if I had happened not to speak, some one else would have made up for it: I tried afterwards to find comfort in that reflection. But the comfort of reflections is thin: the only comfort that counts in life is not to have been a fool. That's a beatitude I shall doubtless never enjoy. "Why, you ought to meet her, and talk it over," is what I immediately said. "Birds of a feather flock together." I told him who she was, and that they were birds of a feather because if he had had in youth a strange adventure she had had about the same time just such another. It was well known to her friends—an incident she was constantly called on to describe. She was charming, clever, pretty, unhappy; but it was none the less the thing to which she most owed her reputation.

Being at the age of eighteen somewhere abroad with an aunt, she had had a vision of one of her parents at the moment of death. The parent was in England, hundreds of miles away, and, so far as she knew, neither dying nor dead. It was by day, in the museum of some great foreign town. She had passed alone, in advance of her companions, into a small room containing some famous work of art and occupied at that moment by two other persons. One of these was an old custodian; the second, before observing him, she took for a stranger, a tourist. She was merely conscious that he was bareheaded, and seated on a bench. The instant her eyes rested on him, however, she beheld, to her amazement, her father, who, as if he had long waited for her, looked at her in singular distress, with an impatience that was akin to reproach. She rushed to him with a bewildered cry, "Papa, what *is* it?" but this was followed by an exhibition of still livelier feeling when, on her movement, he simply vanished, leaving the custodian and her relations, who were at her heels, to gather round her in dismay. These persons, the official, the aunt, the cousins, were therefore in a manner witnesses of the fact—the fact at least of the impression made on her;

and there was the further testimony of a doctor who was attending one of the party and to whom it was immediately afterwards communicated. He gave her a remedy for hysterics, but said to the aunt privately, "Wait and see if something does n't happen at home." Something *had* happened—the poor father, suddenly and violently seized, had died that morning. The aunt, the mother's sister, received before the day was out a telegram announcing the event and requesting her to prepare her niece for it. Her niece was already prepared, and the girl's sense of this visitation remained of course indelible. We had all, as her friends, had it conveyed to us, and had conveyed it creepily to each other. Twelve years had elapsed, and, as a woman who had made an unhappy marriage and lived apart from her husband, she had become interesting from other sources; but as the name she now bore was a name frequently borne, and as, moreover, her judicial separation, as things were going, could hardly count as a distinction, it was usual to qualify her as "the one, you know, who saw her father's ghost."

As for him, dear man, he had seen his mother's. I had never heard of that till this occasion on which our closer, our pleasanter acquaintance led him, through some turn of the subject of our talk, to mention it and to inspire me, in doing so, with the impulse to let him know that he had a rival in the field—a person with whom he could compare notes. Later on his story became for him, perhaps because of my unduly repeating it, likewise a convenient wordly label; but it had not been, a year before, the ground on which he was introduced to me. He had other merits, just as she, poor thing! had others. I can honestly say that I was quite aware of them from the first—I discovered them sooner than he discovered mine. I remember how, even at the time, it struck me that his sense of mine was quickened by my having been able to match, though not indeed straight from my own ex-

perience, his curious anecdote. It dated, this anecdote, as hers did, from some dozen years before—a year in which, at Oxford, he had, for some reason of his own, been staying on into the “Long.” He had been, in the August afternoon, on the river. Coming back into his room while it was still distinct daylight, he found his mother standing there as if her eyes had been fixed on the door. He had had a letter from her that morning, from Ireland, where she was staying with her father. At the sight of him she smiled with extraordinary radiance and held out her arms to him, and then, as he sprang forward and joyfully opened his own, she vanished from the place. He wrote to her that night, telling her what had happened; the letter had been carefully preserved. The next morning he heard of her death. He was, through this chance of our talk, extremely struck with the little prodigy I was able to produce for him. He had never encountered another case. Certainly they ought to meet, my friend and he; certainly they would have something in common. I would arrange this, would n’t I?—if *she* did n’t mind; for himself, he did n’t mind in the least. I had promised to speak to her of the matter as soon as possible, and within the week I was able to do so. She “minded” as little as he; she was perfectly willing to see him. And yet no meeting was to occur—as meetings are commonly understood.

II

That’s just half my tale—the extraordinary way it was hindered. This was the fault of a series of accidents; but the accidents continued for years and became, for me and for others, a subject of hilarity with either party. They were droll enough at first; then they grew rather a bore. The odd thing was that both parties were amenable; it was n’t a case of their being indifferent, much less of their being indis-

posed. It was one of the caprices of chance, aided, I suppose, by some opposition of their interests and habits. His were centred in his office, his eternal inspectorship, which left him small leisure, constantly calling him away and making him break engagements. He liked society, but he found it everywhere and took it at a run. I never knew at a given moment where he was, and there were times when for months together I never saw him. She, on her side, was practically suburban; she lived at Richmond, and never went "out." She was a woman of distinction, but not of fashion, and felt, as people said, her situation. Decidedly proud and rather whimsical, she lived her life as she had planned it. There were things one could do with her, but one couldn't make her come to one's parties. One went, indeed, a little more than seemed quite convenient to hers, which consisted of her cousin, a cup of tea and the view. The tea was good; but the view was familiar, though perhaps not, like the cousin (a disagreeable old maid, who had been of the group at the museum, and with whom she now lived), offensively so. This connection with an inferior relative, which had partly an economical motive—she proclaimed her companion a marvellous manager—was one of the little perversities we had to forgive her. Another was her estimate of the proprieties created by her rupture with her husband: it was extreme—many persons called it even morbid. She made no advances; she cultivated scruples; she suspected, or I should perhaps rather say she remembered, slights; she was one of the few I have known whom that particular predicament had rendered modest rather than bold. Dear thing! she had some delicacy. Especially marked were the limits she had set to possible attentions from men: it was always her thought that her husband was waiting to pounce on her. She discouraged, if she did n't forbid, the visits of male persons not senile; she said she could never be too careful.

When I first mentioned to her that I had a friend whom fate had distinguished in the same weird way as herself, I put her quite at liberty to say, "Oh, bring him out to see me!" I should probably have been able to bring him, and a situation perfectly innocent, or at any rate comparatively simple, would have been created. But she uttered no such word; she only said: "I must meet him, certainly; yes, I shall look out for him!" That caused the first delay, and meanwhile various things happened. One of them was that, as time went on, she made, charming as she was, more and more friends, and that it regularly befell that these friends were sufficiently also friends of his to bring him up in conversation. It was odd that without belonging, as it were, to the same world, or, according to the horrid term, the same set, my baffled pair should have happened in so many cases to fall in with the same people and make them join in the funny chorus. She had friends who did n't know each other, but who inevitably and punctually recommended *him*. She had also the sort of originality, the intrinsic interest, that led her to be kept by each of us as a kind of private resource, cultivated jealously, more or less in secret, as a person whom one did n't meet in society, whom it was not for every one—whom it was not for the vulgar—to approach, and with whom, therefore, acquaintance was particularly difficult and particularly precious. We saw her separately, with appointments and conditions, and found it made on the whole for harmony not to tell each other. Somebody had always had a note from her still later than somebody else. There was some silly woman who for a long time, among the unprivileged, owed to three simple visits to Richmond a reputation for being intimate with "lots of awfully clever out-of-the-way people."

Every one has had friends it has seemed a happy thought to bring together, and every one remembers that his hap-

piest thoughts have not been his greatest successes; but I doubt if there was ever a case in which the failure was in such direct proportion to the quantity of influence set in motion. It is really, perhaps, the quantity of influence that was most remarkable. My lady and gentleman each declared to me and others that it was like the subject of a roaring farce. The reason first given had, with time, dropped out of sight, and fifty better ones flourished on top of it. They were so awfully alike: they had the same ideas and tricks and tastes, the same prejudices and superstitions and heresies; they said the same things, and sometimes did them; they liked and disliked the same persons and places, the same books, authors and styles; any one could see a certain identity even in their looks and their features. It established much of a propriety that they were, in common parlance, equally "nice," and almost equally handsome. But the great sameness, for wonder and chatter, was their rare perversity in regard to being photographed. They were the only persons ever heard of who had never been "taken," and who had a passionate objection to it. They just *would n't* be, for anything any one could say. I had loudly complained of this; him in particular I had so vainly desired to be able to show, on my drawing-room chimney-piece, in a Bond Street frame. It was at any rate the very liveliest of all the reasons why they ought to know each other—all the lively reasons reduced to naught by the strange law that had made them bang so many doors in each other's face, made them the buckets in the well, the two ends of the see-saw, the two parties in the state, so that when one was up the other was down, when one was out the other was in; neither by any possibility entering a house till the other had left it, or leaving it, all unwitting, till the other was at hand. They only arrived when they had been given up, which was precisely also when they departed. They were in a word alternate and incompati

ble ; they missed each other with an inveteracy that could be explained only by its being preconcerted. It was, however, so far from preconcerted that it had ended (literally after several years) by disappointing and annoying them. I do n't think their curiosity was lively till it had been proved utterly vain. A great deal, of course, was done to help them, but it merely laid wires for them to trip. To give examples I should have to have taken notes ; but I happen to remember that neither had ever been able to dine on the right occasion. The right occasion for each was the occasion that would be wrong for the other. On the wrong one they were most punctual, and there were never any but wrong ones. The very elements conspired, and the constitution of man reinforced them. A cold, a headache, a bereavement, a storm, a fog, an earthquake, a cataclysm, infallibly intervened. The whole business was beyond a joke.

Yet as a joke it had to be taken, though one could n't help feeling that the joke had made the situation serious, had produced on the part of each a consciousness, an awkwardness, a positive dread of the last accident of all, the only one with any freshness left, the accident that would bring them face to face. The final effect of its predecessors had been to kindle this instinct. They were quite ashamed—perhaps even a little of each other. So much preparation, so much frustration : what, indeed, could be good enough for it all to lead up to ? A mere meeting would be mere flatness. Did I see them at the end of years, they often asked, just stupidly confronted ? If they were bored by the joke, they might be worse bored by something else. They made exactly the same reflections, and each in some manner was sure to hear of the other's. I really think it was this peculiar diffidence that finally controlled the situation ; I mean, that if they had failed for the first year or two because they could n't help it, they kept up the habit because they had—what shall I call

it?—grown nervous. It really took some lurking volition to account for anything so absurd.

III

When, to crown our long acquaintance, I accepted his renewed offer of marriage, it was humorously said, I know, that I had made the gift of his photograph a condition. This was so far true that I had refused to give him mine without it. At any rate I had him at last, in his high distinction, on the chimney-piece, where, the day she called to congratulate me, she came nearer than she had ever done to seeing him. He had set her, in being taken, an example which I invited her to follow; he had sacrificed his perversity—would n't she sacrifice hers? She, too, must give me something on my engagement—would n't she give me the companion-piece? She laughed and shook her head; she had headshakes whose impulse seemed to come from as far away as the breeze that stirs a flower. The companion-piece to the portrait of my future husband was the portrait of his future wife. She had taken her stand—she could depart from it as little as she could explain it. It was a prejudice, an *entêtement*, a vow—she would live and die unphotographed. Now, too, she was alone in that state: this was what she liked; it made her so much more original. She rejoiced in the fall of her late associate and looked a long time at his picture, about which she made no memorable remark, though she even turned it over to see the back. About our engagements he was charming—full of cordiality and sympathy. "You've known him even longer than I've *not*," she said, "and that seems a very long time." She understood how we had jogged together over hill and dale and how inevitable it was that we should now rest together. I'm definite about all this because what followed is so strange that it's a kind of relief to me to mark the point up to which our relations

were as natural as ever. It was I myself who, in a sudden madness, altered and destroyed them. I see now that she gave me no pretext and that I only found one in the way she looked at the fine face in the Bond Street frame. How, then, would I have her look at it? What I had wanted from the first was to make her care for him. Well, that was what I still wanted—up to the moment of her having promised me that he would on this occasion really aid me to break the silly spell that had kept them asunder. I had arranged with him to do his part if she would as triumphantly do hers. I was on a different footing now—I was on a footing to answer for him. I would positively engage that on the following Saturday, at five, he would be on that spot. He was out of town, on pressing business; but, pledged to keep his promise to the letter, would return, on purpose, in abundant time. “Are you perfectly sure?” I remember she asked, looking grave and considering; I thought she had turned a little pale. She was tired, she was indisposed: it was a pity he was to see her, after all, at so poor a moment. If he only *could* have seen her five years before! However, I replied that this time I was sure, and that success therefore depended simply on herself. At five o’clock on the Saturday she would find him in a particular chair I pointed out, the one in which he usually sat and in which (though this I did n’t mention) he had been sitting when, the week before, he put the question of our future to me in the way that had brought me round. She looked at it in silence, just as she had looked at the photograph, while I repeated for the twentieth time that it was too preposterous it should n’t somehow be feasible to introduce to one’s dearest friend one’s second self. “*Am* I your dearest friend?” she asked with a smile that for a moment brought back her beauty. I replied by pressing her to my bosom; after which she said: “Well, I’ll come. I’m extraordinarily afraid, but you may count on me.”

When she had left me I began to wonder what she was afraid of, for she had spoken as if she fully meant it. The next day, late in the afternoon, I had three lines from her: she had found, on getting home, news of her husband's death. She had not seen him for seven years; but she wished me to know it in this way before I should hear of it in another. It made, however, in her life, strange and sad to say, so little difference that she would scrupulously keep her appointment. I rejoiced for her—I supposed it would make at least the difference of her having more money; but even in this diversion, far from forgetting that she had said she was afraid, I seemed to catch sight of a reason for her being so. Her fear, as the evening went on, became contagious, and the contagion took, in my breast, the form of a sudden panic. It was n't jealousy—it was the dread of jealousy. I called myself a fool for not having been quiet till we were man and wife. After that, somehow, I should feel secure. It was only a question of waiting another month—a trifle, surely, for people who had waited so long. It had been plain enough she was nervous, and now that she was free she naturally would n't be less so. What was her nervousness, therefore, but a presentiment? She had been hitherto the victim of interference, but it was quite possible she would henceforth be the source of it. The victim, in that case, would be my simple self. What had the interference been but the finger of Providence pointing a danger? The danger was, of course, for poor *me*. It had been kept at bay by a series of accidents unexampled in their frequency; but the reign of accident was now visibly at an end. I had an intimate conviction that both parties would keep the tryst. It was more and more impressed upon me that they were approaching, converging. We had talked about breaking the spell; well, it would be effectually broken—unless, indeed, it should merely take another form, and overdo their encounters as it had overdone their escapes.

This was something I could n't sit still for thinking of; it kept me awake—at midnight I was full of unrest. At last I felt there was only one way of laying the ghost. If the reign of accident was over I must just take up the succession. I sat down and wrote a hurried note, which would meet him on his return and which, as the servants had gone to bed, I sallied forth, bareheaded, into the empty, gusty street, to drop into the nearest pillar-box. It was to tell him that I should n't be able to be at home in the afternoon as I had hoped, and that he must postpone his visit till dinner-time. This was an implication that he would find me alone.

IV

When accordingly at five she presented herself I naturally felt false and base. My act had been a momentary madness, but I had at least to be consistent. She remained an hour; he of course never came; and I could only persist in my perfidy. I had thought it best to let her come; singular as this now seems to me, I thought it diminished my guilt; yet, as she sat there, distinctly white and weary, stricken with a sense of everything her husband's death had opened up, I felt an almost intolerable pang of pity and remorse. If I did n't tell her on the spot what I had done, it was because I was too ashamed. I feigned astonishment—I feigned it to the end; I protested that if ever I had had confidence I had had it that day. I blush as I tell my story—I take it as my penance. There was nothing indignant I did n't say about him; I invented suppositions, attenuations; I admitted in stupefaction, as the hands of the clock travelled, that their luck had n't turned. She smiled at this vision of their "luck," but she looked anxious—she looked unusual: the only thing that kept me up was the fact that, oddly enough, she wore mourning—no great depths of crape, but simple and scrupulous black. She had in her bonnet three small

black feathers. She carried a little muff of astrachan. This put me, by the aid of some acute reflection, a little in the right. She had written to me that the sudden event made no difference for her, but apparently it made as much difference as that. If she was inclined to the usual forms, why did n't she observe that of not going, the first day or two, out to tea? There was some one she wanted so much to see, that she could n't wait till her husband was buried. Such a betrayal of eagerness made me hard and cruel enough to practice my odious deceit, though at the same time, as the hour waxed and waned, I suspected in her something deeper still than disappointment and somewhat less successfully concealed. I mean a strange underlying relief, the soft, low emission of the breath that comes when a danger is past. What happened as she spent her barren hour with me was that at last she gave him up. She let him go forever. She made the most graceful joke of it that I've ever seen made of anything; but it was a great date in her life. She spoke, with her mild gaiety, of all the other vain times, the long game of hide-and-seek, the unprecedented queerness of such a relation. For it *was*, or had been, a relation, was n't it, had n't it? That was just the absurd part of it. When, as she got up to go, I said to her that it was more a relation than ever, but that I had n't the face, after what had occurred, to propose to her for the present another opportunity. It was plain that the only valid opportunity would be my accomplished marriage. Of course she would be at my wedding? It was even to be hoped that *he* would.

"If *I* am, he won't be!" she declared with a laugh.

I admitted there might be something in that. The thing was, therefore, to get us safely married first.

"That won't help us. Nothing will help us!" she said, as she kissed me farewell. "I shall never, never see him!" It was with those words she left me.

I could bear her disappointment, as I've called it; but when a couple of hours later I received him at dinner, I found that I couldn't bear his. The way my manœuvre might have affected him had not been particularly present to me; but the result of it was the first word of reproach that had ever yet dropped from him. I say "reproach," because that expression is scarcely too strong for the terms in which he conveyed to me his surprise that, under the extraordinary circumstances, I should not have found some means not to deprive him of such an occasion. I might really have managed either not to be obliged to go out or to let their meeting take place all the same. They would probably have got on in my drawing-room without me. At this I quite broke down—I confessed my iniquity and the miserable reason of it. I had not put her off, and I had not gone out; she had been there and, after waiting for him an hour, had departed in the belief that he had been absent by his own fault.

"She must think me a precious brute!" he exclaimed. "Did she say of me—what she had a right to say?"

"I assure you she said nothing that showed the least feeling. She looked at your photograph, she even turned round the back of it, on which your address happens to be inscribed. Yet it provoked her to no demonstration. She doesn't care so much as all that."

"Then why are you afraid of her?"

"It was not of her I was afraid. It was of you."

"Did you think I would fall in love with her? You never alluded to such a possibility before," he went on as I remained silent; "admirable person as you pronounced her, that wasn't the light in which you showed her to me."

"Do you mean that, if it *had* been, you would have managed by this time to catch a glimpse of her? I didn't fear things then," I added. "I had n't the same reason."

He kissed me at this, and when I remembered that she

had done so an hour or two before I felt for an instant as if he were taking from my lips the very pressure of hers. In spite of kisses the incident had shed a certain chill, and I suffered horribly from the sense that he had seen me guilty of a fraud. He had seen it only through my frank avowal, but I was as unhappy as if I had a stain to efface. I could n't get over the manner of his looking at me when I spoke of her apparent indifference to his not having come. For the first time since I had known him he seemed to have expressed a doubt of my word. Before we parted, I told him that I would undeceive her, start the first thing in the morning for Richmond and there let her know that he had been blameless. At this he kissed me again. I would expiate my sin, I said; I would humble myself in the dust; I would confess, and ask to be forgiven. At this he kissed me once more.

V

In the train the next day this struck me as a good deal for him to have consented to; but my purpose was firm enough to carry me on. I mounted the long hill to where the view begins, and then I knocked at her door. I was a trifle mystified by the fact that her blinds were still drawn: I reflected that if, in the stress of my compunction, I had come early, I had certainly yet allowed people time to get up.

"At home, mum? She has left home for ever."

I was extraordinarily startled by this announcement of the elderly parlour-maid.

"She has gone away?"

"She's dead, mum, please." Then, as I grasped at the horrible word: "She died last night."

The loud cry that escaped me sounded even in my own ears like some harsh violation of the hour. I felt for the moment as if I had killed her; I turned faint and saw,

through a vagueness, the woman hold out her arms to me. Of what next happened I have no recollections, nor of anything but my friend's poor stupid cousin, in a darkened room, after an interval that I suppose very brief, sobbing at me in a smothered accusatory way. I can't say how long it took me to understand, to believe, and to press back, with an immense effort, that pang of responsibility which superstitiously, insanelly, had been at first almost all I was conscious of. The doctor, after the fact, had been superlatively wise and clear : he was satisfied of a long-latent weakness of the heart, which had probably been determined years before by the agitations and terrors so quickly begotten by her marriage. She had had in those days cruel scenes with her husband ; she had been in fear of her life. All emotion, everything in the nature of anxiety and suspense, had been, after that, to be strongly deprecated, as in her marked cultivation of a quiet life she was evidently well aware ; but who could say that any one, especially a ' real lady,' could be successfully protected from every little rub ? She had had one a day or two before in the news of her husband's death ; for there were shocks of all kinds, not only those of grief and surprise. For that matter, she had never dreamed of so near a release ; it had looked uncommonly as if he would live as long as herself. Then in the evening, in town, she had manifestly had another : something must have happened there which it would be indispensable to clear up. She had come back very late—it was past eleven o'clock, and on being met in the hall by her cousin, who was extremely anxious, had said that she was tired and must rest a moment before mounting the stairs. They had passed together into the dining-room, her companion proposing a glass of wine and bustling to the sideboard to pour it out. This took but a moment, and when my informant turned round our poor friend had not had time to seat herself. Suddenly, with a little moan that was

barely audible, she dropped upon the sofa. She was dead. What unknown "little rub" had dealt her the blow? What shock, in the name of wonder, *had* she had in town? I mentioned immediately the only one I could imagine—her having failed to meet at my house, to which by invitation for the purpose she had come at five o'clock, the gentleman I was to be married to, who had been accidentally kept away, and with whom she had no acquaintance whatever. This, obviously, counted for little; but something else might easily have occurred; nothing in the London streets was more possible than an accident, especially an accident in those desperate cabs. What had she done, where had she gone, on leaving my house? I had taken for granted she had gone straight home. We both presently remembered that in her excursions to town she sometimes, for convenience, for refreshment, spent an hour or two at the "Gentlewomen," the quiet little ladies' club, and I promised that it should be my first care to make, at that establishment, thorough inquiry. Then we entered the dim and dreadful chamber where she lay locked up in death, and where, asking after a little to be left alone with her, I remained for half an hour. Death had made her, had kept her beautiful; but I felt above all, as I kneeled at her bed, that it had made her, had kept her silent. It had turned the key on something I was concerned to know.

On my return from Richmond I drove, after another duty had been performed, to his chambers. It was the first time, but I had often wanted to see them. On the staircase, which, as the house contained twenty sets of rooms, was unrestrictedly public, I met his servant, who went back with me and ushered me in. At the sound of my entrance he appeared in the doorway of a further room, and the instant we were alone I produced my news: "She's dead!"

"Dead?"

He was tremendously struck, and I observed that he had no need to ask whom, in my abruptness, I meant.

"She died last evening, just after leaving me."

He stared with the strangest expression, his eyes searching mine as if they were looking for a trap. "Last evening—after leaving you?" He repeated my words in stupefaction. Then he brought out so that it was in stupefaction I heard: "Impossible! I saw her."

"You 'saw' her?"

"On that spot—where you stand."

This brought back to me after an instant, as if to help me to take it in, the memory of the strange warning of his youth. "In the hour of death—I understand: as you so pathetically saw your mother."

"Ah! *not* as I saw my mother—not that way, not that way!" He was deeply moved by my news—far more moved, I perceived, than he would have been the day before: it gave me a vivid sense that, as I had then said to myself, there was indeed a relation between them and that he had actually been face to face with her. Such an idea, by its reassertion of his extraordinary privilege, would have suddenly presented him as painfully abnormal had he not so vehemently insisted on the difference. "I saw her living—I saw her to speak to her—I saw her as I see you now!"

It is remarkable that for a moment, though only for a moment, I found relief in the more personal, as it were, but also the more natural of the two phenomena. The next, as I embraced this image of her having come to him on leaving me, and of just what it accounted for in the disposal of her time, I demanded, with a shade of harshness, of which I was aware—

"What on earth did she come for?"

He had now had a minute to think—to recover himself and judge of effects, so that if it was still with excited eyes

he spoke, he showed a conscious redness, and made an inconsequent attempt to smile away the gravity of his words.

"She came just to see me. She came—after what had passed at your house—so that we *should*, after all, at last meet. The impulse seemed to me beautiful, and that was the way I took it."

I looked round the room where she had been—where she had been, and I never had been.

"And was the way you took it the way she expressed it?"

"She only expressed it by being here and by letting me look at her. That was enough!" he exclaimed with a singular laugh.

I wondered more and more. "You mean she didn't speak to you?"

"She said nothing. She only looked at me as I looked at her."

"And *you* did n't speak either?"

He gave me again his painful smile. "I thought of *you*. The situation was every way delicate. I used the finest tact. But she saw she had pleased me." He even repeated his dissonant laugh.

"She evidently pleased you!" Then I thought a moment. "How long did she stay?"

"How can I say? It seemed twenty minutes, but it was probably a good deal less."

"Twenty minutes of silence!" I began to have my definite view, and now in fact quite to clutch at it. "Do you know you're telling me a story positively monstrous?"

He had been standing with his back to the fire; at this, with a pleading look, he came to me. "I beseech you, dearest, to take it kindly."

I could take it kindly, and I signified as much; but I could n't somehow, as he rather awkwardly opened his arms, let him draw me to him. So there fell between us, for an appreciable time, the discomfort of a great silence.

VI

He broke it presently by saying : " There 's absolutely no doubt of her death ? "

" Unfortunately none. I 've just risen from my knees by the bed where they 've laid her out. "

He fixed his eyes hard on the floor , then he raised them to mine. " How does she look ? "

" She looks—at peace. "

He turned away again, while I watched him ; but after a moment he began : " At what hour, then——? "

" It must have been near midnight. She dropped as she reached her house—from an affection of the heart which she knew herself and her physician knew her to have, but of which, patiently, bravely, she had never spoken to me. "

He listened intently, and for a minute he was unable to speak. At last he broke out with an accent of which the almost boyish confidence, the really sublime simplicity rings in my ears as I write : " Wasn't she *wonderful!* " Even at the time I was able to do it justice enough to remark in reply that I had always told him so ; but the next minute, as if after speaking he had caught a glimpse of what he might have made me feel, he went on quickly—

" You see that if she did n't get home till midnight—— "

I instantly took him up. " There was plenty of time for you to have seen her? How so, " I inquired, " when you did n't leave my house till late? I don't remember the very moment—I was preoccupied. But you know that, though you said you had lots to do, you sat for some time after dinner. She, on her side, was all the evening at the 'Gentlewomen.' I've just come from there. I've ascertained. She had tea there; she remained a long, long time. "

" What was she doing all the long, long time? "

I saw that he was eager to challenge at every step my account of the matter; and the more he showed this the more I found myself disposed to insist, on that account, to prefer, with apparent perversity, an explanation which only deepened the marvel and the mystery, but which, of the two prodigies it had to choose from, my reviving jealousy found easiest to accept. He stood there pleading with a candor that now seems to me beautiful for the privilege of having, in spite of supreme defeat, known the living woman; while I, with a passion I wonder at to-day, though it still smoulders, in a manner, in its ashes, could only reply that, through a strange gift shared by her with his mother and on her own side likewise hereditary, the miracle of his youth had been renewed for him, the miracle of hers for her. She had been to him—yes, and by an impulse as charming as he liked; but, oh! she had not been in the body! It was a simple question of evidence. I had had, I assured him, a definite statement of what she had done, most of the time, at the little club. The place was almost empty, but the servants had noticed her. She had sat motionless, in a deep chair, by the drawing-room fire; she had leaned back her head, she had closed her eyes, she had seemed softly to sleep.

“I see. But till what o’clock?”

“There,” I was obliged to answer, “the servants fail me a little. The portress, in particular, is unfortunately a fool, though even she, too, is supposed to be a Gentlewoman. She was evidently, at that period of the evening, without a substitute and against regulations, absent for some little time from the cage in which it’s her business to watch the comings and goings. She’s muddled, she palpably prevaricates; so I can’t positively, from her observation, give you an hour. But it was remarked toward half-past ten that our poor friend was no longer in the club.”

"She came straight here ; and from here she went straight to the train."

"She could n't have run it so close," I declared ; "that was a thing she particularly never did."

"There was no need of running it close, my dear—she had plenty of time. Your memory is at fault about my having left you late—I left you, as it happens, unusually early. I'm sorry my stay with you seemed long ; for I was back here by ten."

"To put yourself into your slippers," I rejoined, "and fall asleep in your chair. You slept till morning—you saw her in a dream !"

He looked at me in silence and with sombre eyes—eyes that showed me he had some irritation to repress. Presently I went on—

"You had a visit, at an extraordinary hour, from a lady—*soit* : nothing in the world is more probable. But there are ladies and ladies. How, in the name of goodness, if she was unannounced and dumb and you had never, into the bargain, seen the least portrait of her—how could you identify the person we're talking of?"

"Have n't I, to absolute satiety, heard her described ? I'll describe her for you in every particular."

"Do n't !" I exclaimed, with a promptness that made him laugh once more. I coloured at this, but I continued : "Did your servant introduce her?"

"He was n't here—he's always away when he's wanted. One of the features of this big house is that, from the street-door, the different floors are accessible practically without challenge. My servant makes love to a young person employed in the rooms above these, and he had a long bout of it last evening. When he's out on that job, he leaves my outer door, on the staircase, so much ajar as to enable him to slip back without a sound. The door then only requires

a push. She pushed it—that simply took a little courage.”

“A little? It took tons! And it took all sorts of impossible calculations.”

“Well, she had them—she made them. Mind you, I do n’t deny for a moment,” he added, “that it was very, very wonderful!”

Something in his tone prevented me for a while from trusting myself to speak. At last I said: “How did she come to know where you live?”

“By remembering the address on the little label the shop-people happily left sticking to the frame I had had made for my photograph.”

“And how was she dressed?”

“In mourning, my own dear. No great depths of crape, but simple and scrupulous black. She had in her bonnet three small black feathers. She carried a little muff of astrachan. She has near the left eye,” he continued, “a tiny vertical scar——”

I stopped him short. “The mark of a caress from her husband.” Then I added: “How close you must have been to her! He made no answer to this, and I thought he blushed, observing which I broke straight off. “Well, good-bye.”

“You won’t stay a little?” He came to me again, tenderly. At this time I suffered him. “Her visit had its beauty,” he murmured as he held me, “but yours has a greater one.”

I let him kiss me, but I remembered, as I had remembered the day before, that the last kiss she had given (as I supposed) in this world had been for the lips he touched.

“I’m life, you see,” I answered. “What you saw last night was death.”

“It was life! it was life!”

He spoke with a kind of soft stubbornness, and I disengaged myself: we stood looking at each other hard.

"You describe the scene—so far as you describe it at all—in terms that are incomprehensible. She was in the room before you knew it?"

"I looked up from my letter-writing—at that table under the lamp I had been wholly absorbed in it—and she stood before me."

"Then what did you do?"

"I sprang up with an ejaculation, and she, with a smile, laid her finger, ever so warningly, yet with a sort of delicate dignity, to her lips. I knew it meant silence, but the strange thing was that it seemed immediately to explain and to justify her. We stood, at any rate, for a time that, as I've told you, I can't calculate, face to face. It was just as you and I stand now."

"Simply staring?"

He impatiently protested. "Ah! *we're* not staring!"

"Yes, but *we're* talking."

"Well, *we* were—after a fashion." He lost himself in the memory of it. "It was as friendly as this."

I had it on my tongue's end to ask if that were saying much for it, but I remarked instead that what they had evidently done was to gaze in mutual admiration. Then I inquired whether his recognition of her had been immediate.

"Not quite," he replied, "for, of course, I did n't expect her; but it came to me long before she went who she was—who she could only be."

I thought a little. "And how did she at last go?"

"Just as she arrived. The door was open behind her, and she passed out."

"Was she rapid—slow?"

"Rather quick. But looking behind her," he added with

a smile. "I let her go, for I perfectly understood that I was to take it as she wished."

I was conscious of exhaling a long, vague sigh. "Well, you must take it now as *I* wish—you must let *me* go."

At this he drew near me again, detaining and persuading me, declaring with all due gallantry that I was a very different matter. I would have given anything to have been able to ask him if he had touched her, but the words refused to form themselves: I knew well enough how horrid and vulgar they would sound. I said something else—I forget exactly what; it was feebly tortuous and intended to make him tell me without my putting the question. But he did n't tell me; he only repeated, as if from a glimpse of the propriety of soothing and consoling me, the sense of his declaration of some minutes before, that she was indeed exquisite, as I had always insisted, but that I was his "real" friend and his very own for ever. This led me to reassert, in the spirit of my previous rejoinder, that I had at least the merit of being alive; which, in turn, drew from him again the flash of contradiction I dreaded—

"Oh, *she* was alive! she was, she was!"

"She was dead! she was dead!" I asseverated with an energy, a determination that it should *be* so, which comes back to me now almost as grotesque. But the sound of the word, as it rang out, filled me suddenly with horror, and all the natural emotion the meaning of it might have evoked in other conditions gathered now and broke in a flood. It rolled over me that it was a great affection quenched and how much I had loved and trusted her. I had a vision at the same time of the lonely beauty of her end. "She's gone! she's lost to us forever!" I burst into sobs.

"That's exactly what I feel," he exclaimed, speaking with extreme kindness and pressing me to him for comfort.

"She 's gone ; she 's lost to us forever : so what does it matter now ?" He bent over me, and when his face had touched mine I scarcely knew if it were wet with my tears or with his own.

VII

It was my theory, my conviction, it became, as I may say, my attitude, that they had still never "met ;" and it was just on this ground that I said to myself it would be generous to ask him to stand with me beside her grave. He did so, very modestly and tenderly, and I assumed, though he himself clearly cared nothing for the danger, that the solemnity of the occasion, largely made up of persons who had known them both and had a sense of the long joke, would sufficiently deprive his presence of all light association. On the question of what had happened the evening of her death little more passed between us ; I had been overtaken by a horror of the element of evidence. It seemed gross and prying on either hypothesis. He, on his side, had none to produce but a statement of his house-porter—on his own admission a most casual and intermittent personage—that between the hours of ten o'clock and midnight no less than three ladies in deep black had flitted in and out of the place. This proved far too much ; we had neither of us any use for three. He knew that I considered I had accounted for every fragment of her time, and we dropped the matter as settled ; we abstained from further discussion. What *I* knew, however, was that he abstained to please me rather than because he yielded to my reasons. He did n't yield—he was only indulgent ; he clung to his interpretation because he liked it better. He liked it better, I held, because it had more to say to his vanity. That, in a similar position, would not have been its effect on me, though I had doubtless quite as much ; but these are things of individual

humour, as to which no person can judge for another. I should have supposed it more gratifying to be the subject of one of those inexplicable occurrences that are chronicled in thrilling books and disputed about at learned meetings ; I could conceive, on the part of a being just engulfed in the infinite and still vibrating with human emotion, of nothing more fine and pure, more high and august, than such an impulse of reparation, of admonition, or even of curiosity. *That* was beautiful, if one would, and I should in his place have thought more of myself for being so distinguished. It was public that he had already, that he had long been distinguished, and what was this in itself but almost a proof? Each of the strange visitations contributed to establish the other. He had a different feeling ; but he had also, I hasten to add, an unmistakable desire not to make a stand or, as they say, a fuss about it. I might believe what I liked—the more so that the whole thing was, in a manner, a mystery of my producing. It was an event of my history, a puzzle of my consciousness, not of his ; therefore he would take about it any tone that struck me as convenient. We had both, at all events, other business on hand ; we were pressed with preparations for our marriage.

Mine were assuredly urgent, but I found, as the days went on, that to believe what I “liked” was to believe what I was more and more intimately convinced of. I found also that I didn’t like it so much as that came to, or that the pleasure, at any rate, was far from being the cause of my conviction. My obsession, as I may really call it, and as I began to perceive, refused to be elbowed away, as I had hoped, by my sense of paramount duties. If I had a great deal to do I had still more to think about, and the moment came when my occupations were gravely menaced by my thoughts. I see it all now, I feel it, I live it over. It’s terribly void of joy, it’s full, indeed, to overflowing of bit-

terness; and yet I must do myself justice—I could n't possibly be other than I was. The same strange impressions, had I to meet them again, would produce the same deep anguish, the same sharp doubts, the same still sharper certainties. Oh, it's all the easier to remember than to write, but even if I could retrace the business hour by hour, could find terms for the inexpressible, the ugliness and the pain would quickly stay my hand. Let me then note, very simply and briefly, that a week before our wedding-day, three weeks after her death, I became fully aware that I had something very serious to look in the face, and that, if I was to make this effort, I must make it on the spot and before another hour should elapse. My unextinguished jealousy—that was the Medusa-mask. It had n't died with her death, it had lividly survived, and it was fed by suspicions unspeakable. They *would* be unspeakable to-day, that is, if I had n't felt the sharp need of uttering them at the time. This need took possession of me—to save me, as it appeared, from my fate. When once it had done so, I saw—in the urgency of the case, the diminishing hours and shrinking interval—only one issue, that of absolute promptness and frankness. I could at least not do him the wrong of delaying another day; I could at least treat my difficulty as too fine for subterfuge. Therefore, very quietly, but none the less abruptly and hideously, I put it before him on a certain evening, that we must reconsider our situation and recognize that it had completely altered.

He stared bravely. “How has it altered?”

“Another person has come between us.”

He hesitated a moment; then he said: “I won't pretend not to know whom you mean!” He smiled in pity for my aberration, but he meant to be kind. “A woman dead and buried!”

"She's buried, but she's not dead. She's dead for the world—she's dead for me. But she's not dead for *you*."

"You hark back to the different construction we put on her appearance that evening?"

"No," I answered; "I hark back to nothing. I've no need of it. I've more than enough with what's before me."

"And pray, darling, what is that?"

"You're completely changed."

"By that absurdity?" he laughed.

"Not so much by that one as by the other absurdities that have followed it."

"And what may *they* have been?"

We had faced each other fairly, with eyes that did n't flinch; but his had a dim, strange light, and my certitude triumphed in his perceptible paleness. "Do you really pretend," I asked, "not to know what they are?"

"My dear child," he replied, "you describe them too sketchily."

I considered a moment. "One may well be embarrassed to finish the picture! But from that point of view—and from the beginning—what was ever more embarrassing than your idiosyncrasy?"

He was extremely vague. "My idiosyncrasy?"

"Your notorious, your peculiar power!"

He gave a great shrug of impatience, a groan of overdone disdain. "Oh, my peculiar power!"

"Your accessibility to forms of life," I coldly went on; "your command of impressions, appearances, contacts closed—for our gain or our loss—to the rest of us. That was originally part of the deep interest with which you inspired me—one of the reasons I was amused, I was indeed positively proud, to know you. It was a magnificent distinction; it's a magnificent distinction still. But of course

I had no prevision of the way it would operate now; and even had that been the case I should have had none of the extraordinary way in which its action would affect me."

"To, what in the name of goodness," he pleadingly inquired, "are you fantastically alluding?" Then as I remained silent, gathering a tone for my charge. "How in the world *does* it operate?" he went on; "and how in the world are you affected?"

"She missed you for five years," I said, but she never misses you now. You're making it up!"

"Making it up?" He had begun to turn from white to red.

"You see her—you see her every night!"

He gave a loud sound of derision, but it was not a genuine one.

"She comes to you as she came that evening," I declared; "having tried it, she found she liked it!" I was able, with God's help, to speak without blind passion or vulgar violence; but those were the exact words—and far from "sketchy" they then appeared to me—that I uttered.

He had turned away in his laughter, clapping his hands at my folly, but in an instant he faced me again, with a change of expression that struck me.

"Do you dare to deny," I asked, "that you habitually see her?"

He had taken the line of indulgence, of meeting me half way and kindly humouring me. At all events, to my astonishment, he suddenly said:

"Well, my dear, what if I do?"

"It's your natural right; it belongs to your constitution and to your wonderful, if not perhaps quite enviable, fortune. But you will easily understand that it separates us. I unconditionally release you."

"Release me?"

"You must choose between me and her."

He looked at me hard a moment. "I see." Then he walked away a little, as if grasping what I had said and thinking how he had best treat it. At last he turned upon me afresh. "How on earth do you know such an awfully private thing?"

"You mean because you've tried so hard to hide it? It *is* awfully private, and you may believe I shall never betray you. You've done your best, you've acted your part, you've behaved, poor dear! loyally and admirably. Therefore I've watched you in silence, playing my part, too; I've noted every drop in your voice, every absence in your eyes, every effort in your indifferent hand: I've waited till I was utterly sure and miserably unhappy. How *can* you hide it, when you're abjectly in love with her, when you're sick almost to death with the joy of what she gives you?" I checked his quick protest with a quicker gesture. "You love her as you've *never* loved, and, passion for passion, she gives it straight back! She rules you, she holds you, she has you all! A woman, in such a case as mine, divines and feels and sees; she's not an idiot who has to be credibly informed. You come to me mechanically, compunctiously, with the dregs of your tenderness and the remnant of your life. I can renounce you, but I can't share you: the best of you is hers; I know what it is, and I freely give you up to her for ever!"

He made a gallant fight, but it could n't be patched up; he repeated his denial, he retracted his admission, he ridiculed my charge, of which I freely granted him moreover the indefensible extravagance. I did n't pretend for a moment that we were talking of common things; I did n't pretend for a moment that he and she were common people. Pray, if they *had* been, how should I ever have cared for them? They had enjoyed a rare extension of being and

they had caught me up in their flight; only I could n't breathe in such an air and I promptly asked to be set down. Everything in the facts was monstrous, and most of all my lucid perception of them; the only thing allied to nature and truth was my having to act on that perception.

I felt after I had spoken in this sense that my assurance was complete; nothing had been wanting to it but the sight of my effect on him. He disguised, indeed, the effect in a cloud of chaff, a diversion that gained him time and covered his retreat. He challenged my sincerity, my sanity, almost my humanity, and that, of course, widened our breach and confirmed our rupture. He did everything, in short, but convince me either that I was wrong or that he was unhappy; we separated, and I left him to his inconceivable communion.

He never married, any more than I've done. When, six years later, in solitude and silence, I heard of his death, I hailed it as a direct contribution to my theory. It was sudden, it was never properly accounted for, it was surrounded by circumstances in which—for, oh, I took them to pieces!—I distinctly read an intention, the mark of his own hidden hand. It was the result of a long necessity, of an unquenchable desire. To say exactly what I mean, it was a response to an irresistible call.

HENRY JAMES.





EVOLUTION

CHAOS and Night and Silence : these.
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DOROTHEA LUMMI MOORES.

NOTES

¶ Mr. Frank Hazenplug's past life and his real name have always been something of a mystery to me. I therefore welcomed the following article from the *Dixon* (Ill.) *Evening Telegraph*. The facts are interesting, ministering as they do to the modern love of personal gossip, and the style brings the perfume of country airs and blossoms.

A DIXON BOY AT THE FRONT IN ART

"Many of our readers will remember Mr. Henry Hazenplug, for several years associated with Mr. Harvey Camp in the furniture business in this city, and who removed with his family in the spring of 1882 to Chicago. In that family was a bright little baby boy of two years. It is doubtful if to-day he has any remembrance of the city of his birth, but the day may come when Dixon will be proud to acknowledge him as her own. Very early in life he has developed a talent that bids fair ere long to place him in the front rank of decorative artists in this or any other country. In a copy of *The CHAP-BOOK* for March, sent us by Mrs. C. A. Baker, of Chicago, we find an article, which we copy entire, in which the author styles our young Dixonite 'A Little Boy Among the New Masters.'"

¶ If Madame Roland, standing at the foot of the guillotine, had substituted "Art" for "Liberty" in her carefully-prepared last words, the saying would have been even more memorable than it is. It would have been much more quotable, for there can be little doubt that the crimes committed in the name of Art outnumber those of any other of the words beginning with a capital. Most crimes are, after all, uninteresting—mere slaughter and suicides, which do n't appeal to one. From time to time, however, pathetic cases transpire which show real tragedy, and these are often incidents of the literary life.

One hears of the privations which an author's family is forced to endure that he may produce his mediocre verse or commonplace novel. I have known of a woman who went without food nearly half the time that her husband might do his best work. But this was surpassed when I heard, the other day, of a husband who had lived for two years on food cooked in a blazer in order that his wife might test the recipes for her forthcoming volume of "Hints for the Chafing Dish."

¶ It is pleasant to know that Mr. Leonard Smithers, publisher of *The Savoy*, is continuing his endeavors to bring himself more prominently before the public as a purveyor of books. Mr. Smithers has long been favorably known to a select circle of lovers of indecency as a publisher of the avowedly erotic. But now it seems that he is to extend his mission work to the great public. The avowedly erotic has not been faring so very well lately, since the *Yellow Book* went to the good. In spite of all that proper people may say about "Jude the Obscure," we have been fairly decent. In truth, until *The Savoy* appeared we were not well supplied with immorals in respectable guise, and we can but offer Mr. Smithers all good wishes.



LANDING OF MUTINOUS CREW ON ISLAND
From "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

We may, however, be permitted to doubt that he will have great success. I have noticed that when the most flagrant offense to modesty will sometimes fail to attract, if supplied through the respectable bookseller, a more harmless book put forth through select channels will sometimes appeal enormously to the improper-minded. A case in point, I remember, happened in Cambridge. A man engaged in collecting this form of literature once asked me where I supposed he could get a copy of DeFoe's "Moll Flanders." Having heard it spoken of in the vilest terms, he wished to possess it, and had vainly hunted through all the Boston book shops. I told him that it was not difficult to buy the book in Cambridge. It was prescribed reading in one of the English courses, and though not kept in stock in the

Boston shops, was to be had in a cheap edition at the Harvard Coöperative Society. His face fell at once; the whole charm of the volume for him had gone.

¶ So long as Mr. Bok and Mr. James L. Ford continue to make copy out of Chicago's position as a "literary centre," many persons will doubtless be interested in knowing what literary standing is necessary to dignify a place with the name of "centre." An article has recently appeared which throws some light on the subject. It is entitled, "Lady Authors in Melbourne."

"The literary ladies of Melbourne, Australia, have a club known as the 'Austrial Salon.' According to the rules and regulations, the object of this organization is the 'intellectual advancement of women,' and 'membership is limited to women actively engaged in literature, science, and fine arts.' No fewer than seven young ladies have recently had books completed, and are negotiating with London houses for their production during the present year."

The writer apparently feels that he has proven his case; let us assume that he has, for the sake of asserting that, at this rate, Chicago stands proudly in the fore front of the American literary world. There are, at the smallest reckoning, no less than one hundred and forty-three young ladies who "have recently had books completed and are negotiating with publishers for their production during the present year." In fact, one short street on the North Side has as many as eight of these ladies, thereby outpassing the "Austrial" Metropolis. Just how many of these literary ladies will complete their negotiations and get their books accepted for publication is another question.

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Chicago, April 20th, 1896.



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FROM NOV. 15 TO MAY 1

MDCCCXCV-VI

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